June 1, 1935

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

GASPANO RICCA

H. G. Wells **Quentin Reynolds** **"Bugs" Baer**

George Creel **Mrs. Lou Gehrig** **P**

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UNE 1, 1935

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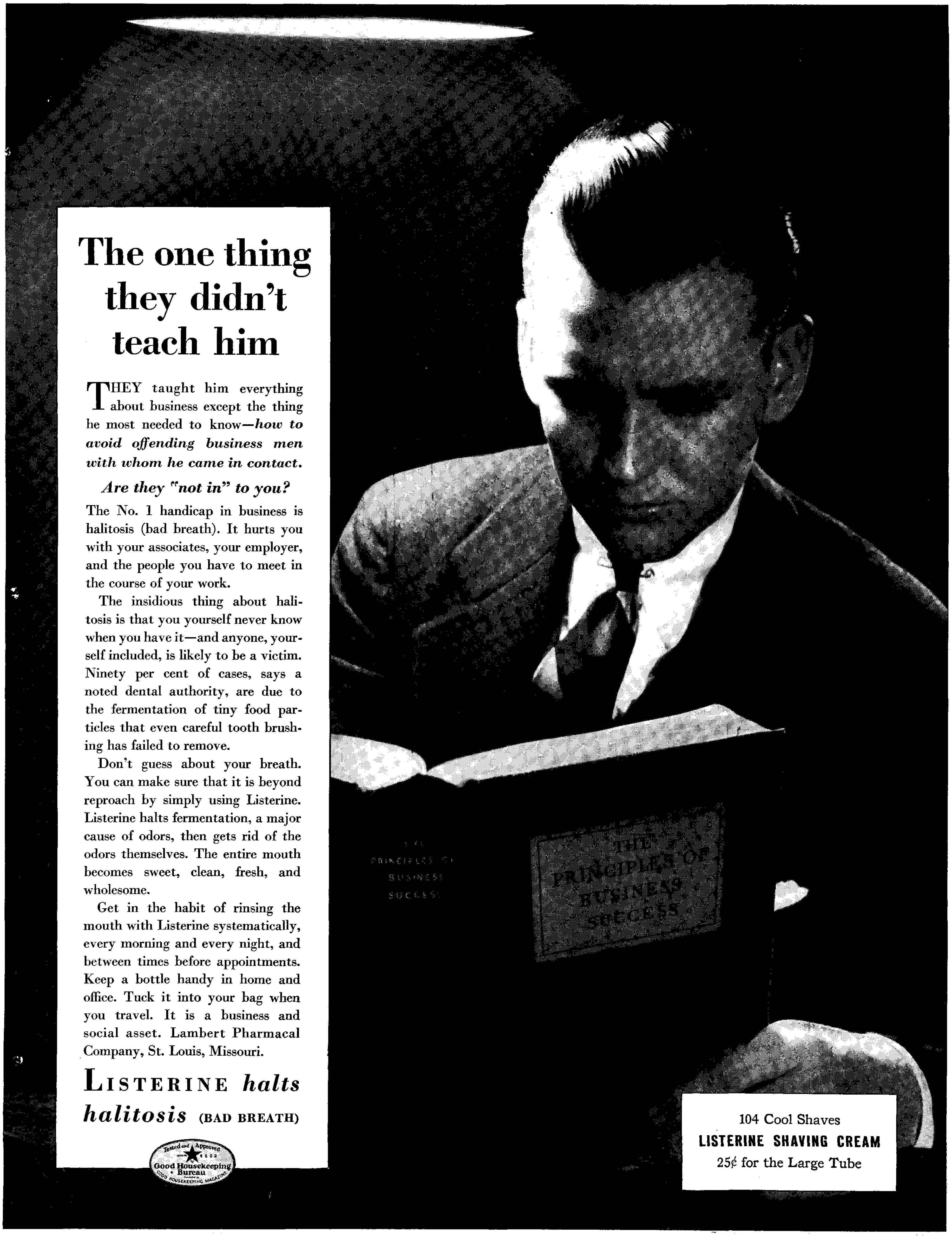
THE PRINCIPLES OF BUSINESS SUCCESS

The one thing they didn't teach him

THEY taught him everything about business except the thing he most needed to know—*how to avoid offending business men with whom he came in contact.*

Are they "not in" to you?

The No. 1 handicap in business is halitosis (bad breath). It hurts you with your associates, your employer, and the people you have to meet in the course of your work.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it—and anyone, yourself included, is likely to be a victim. Ninety per cent of cases, says a noted dental authority, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove.

Don't guess about your breath. You can make sure that it is beyond reproach by simply using Listerine. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. The entire mouth becomes sweet, clean, fresh, and wholesome.

Get in the habit of rinsing the mouth with Listerine systematically, every morning and every night, and between times before appointments. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. Tuck it into your bag when you travel. It is a business and social asset. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

SUE HARMOND was the highest-paid model in the world and she was heartily tired of the whole business. She was sick of the fuss and fury, of slightly mad advertising managers and of froth and flowery effects. What she wanted was rest—and "A Strong, Safe Man."

The only trouble with that program was in making sure of the man. At first glance it seemed easy enough. There was Rod Brooks, who was an advertising manager and represented everything Sue wanted to get away from; and there was George Cowdray, a very rock of dependability. But how can a girl be sure? Teresa Hyde Phillips dramatically answers that question.

WE HAVEN'T had a regular, free-for-all scrap about banking since Bryan's Cross of Gold flamed in the sky. It's about time for another. In fact the bugle has already sounded. The immediate issue is the Administration's banking bill, defended by the quiet and determined Marriner S. Eccles, assailed by the fiery and eloquent Carter Glass. The battle is to determine who shall control "Our Daily Dollars" and the question emerges as the possible issue around which the campaign of 1936 will be fought. So that you'll know exactly what it's all about, John T. Flynn provides the pertinent facts.

"GRAFT in the Air" is the title of an exciting short story by Francis and Katharine Drake in which political corruption reaches into the sky just far enough to precipitate a romance by parachute.

WITH an acute and illuminating analysis of education and the money-property system in this country, Mr. H. G. Wells ends his survey of "The New America" and gives his prescription for its future.

"I WISH I were a Russian kulak." Maxwell Black was simply arguing, but he happened to have in his hand "The Magic Egg." So of course Mr. Black became a Russian kulak. He had a chance to test his theory that all those unhappy landowners needed was a little American aggressiveness. Walter Duranty, who has spent the last thirteen years in Russia, writes the story.

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY, working once more with brilliant efficiency for William MacHarg, solves the perplexing mystery of "The Missing Man." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Helen Sprackling, Quentin Reynolds, James Warner Bellah and Sax Rohmer complete the program. But you'll have to wait till next week.

This Week

●

June 1, 1935

Cover by Gaspano Ricca

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EDITORIAL
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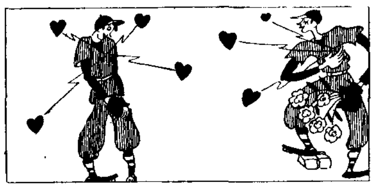
●

Any Week

THE chief reason we employ a staff of handsome and deeply discerning young men and women in our fiction department is that we long for good writing by new writers. Mind you—we said *good.* Therefore Mr. Roy McCann of Shoup, Idaho, shouldn't let his natural diffidence stand in his or our way. Mr. McCann wearies of the happy-ending story. He's soured on love. Asks he: "How *about some bitter-enders?* I can write some of the bitterest stories since Dostoevski quit. I think I can write—humor, sheer inspiration, nature, westerns or bitter-enders."

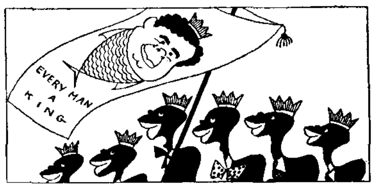
WHILE we wait for Mr. McCann to demonstrate, we hasten to assure Miss Thelma Brading of Memphis, Tennessee, that nothing unpleasant will happen to her if she "just makes up her mind to write a few stories that she has been thinking about for a year or two." She wants to know "What sort of stories would you prefer not to have?" Well, we don't like bad ones, nor stories that have been written several times by every other writer, and we got tired some years ago of the perennial baseball story about the love life of the shortstop and the second baseman.



BEFORE dismissing this morning's class in short-story writing we call on Mr. Wilbur J. Dowd of Madison, Connecticut. Says he: "I've just finished reading 'A Man of Achievement.' I certainly admire the heroine for turning down that Arthur guy. What a nerve, asking a girl to live on a lousy $4,000 a year. Imagine a lazy bum who can't make more than that in these boom times. Why doesn't he quit and get a regular job with the FERA, the PWA or the KKK or something? But what I started to say was this: When that other lad, the smart, ambitious one, gets through with that cheap, insignificant little fifty-a-week job, please let me know. A poor, half-witted friend of mine wants it."

"THE word is going around," says Mr. Hamp Trenholm of Atlanta, Georgia, "that the next President will be a man who hasn't said a word yet or offered a plan about how this country is going to recover. Figure it out for yourself, but this means to me that the poor guy hasn't been born yet."

THE Rev. Jason Welsh Kinsman, writing from East St. Louis, Illinois, "implores" us to "take up the cudgel for the first citizen of the United States, who is the biggest man this country has ever seen since Abraham Lincoln." The name of this wowser, the Rev. Mr. Kinsman volunteers, is "the Honorable Senator Huey P. Long of not only Louisiana but the hearts of all men." Mr. Kinsman says he has been the pastor of "some of the biggest colored churches in the South and Southwest" and is now "organizing with a special charter from the senator's office the colored brethren of the Share the Wealth Clubs of America with special emphasis on the fact that with Senator Long in the White House there will be no Black and no White but just American Patriots equal all around."



BUT we're a trifle suspicious of all these pre-fabricated salvations. Like Mr. James O. Kilgallon of Detroit, Michigan. "I," says he, "think that I and millions of others ought to have a share of the stocks and bonds bought up by the rich while we were hard at work. Still and all I do not see Huey Long coming out for any law making it illegal for the rich to take those stocks and bonds back again after we hard-working folks get our rightful divvy. What would the rich be doing while we are hard at work if we don't have a law making it illegal?"

MR. M. M. MALONEY of Dallas, Texas, sends us a clipping from Mr. Michael Scully's column in the Times-Herald of that vigorous city. Mr. Scully had a talk with a newsman who offered more than 400 different newspapers and magazines. "Collier's," Mr. Scully reports, "is the most popular weekly. He handles 175 copies usually, compared with 110 Saturday Evening Posts and 110 Libertys." Then Mr. Maloney makes a few observations. "Walter Winchell," says he, "in a recent radio talk gave Dallas credit (and deservedly) for being the home of beautiful women. Now Michael Scully finds that Collier's leads in newsstand sales here. We are wondering if all beautiful women read Collier's or if reading Collier's makes women beautiful."

BOTH. And terribly smart, too.

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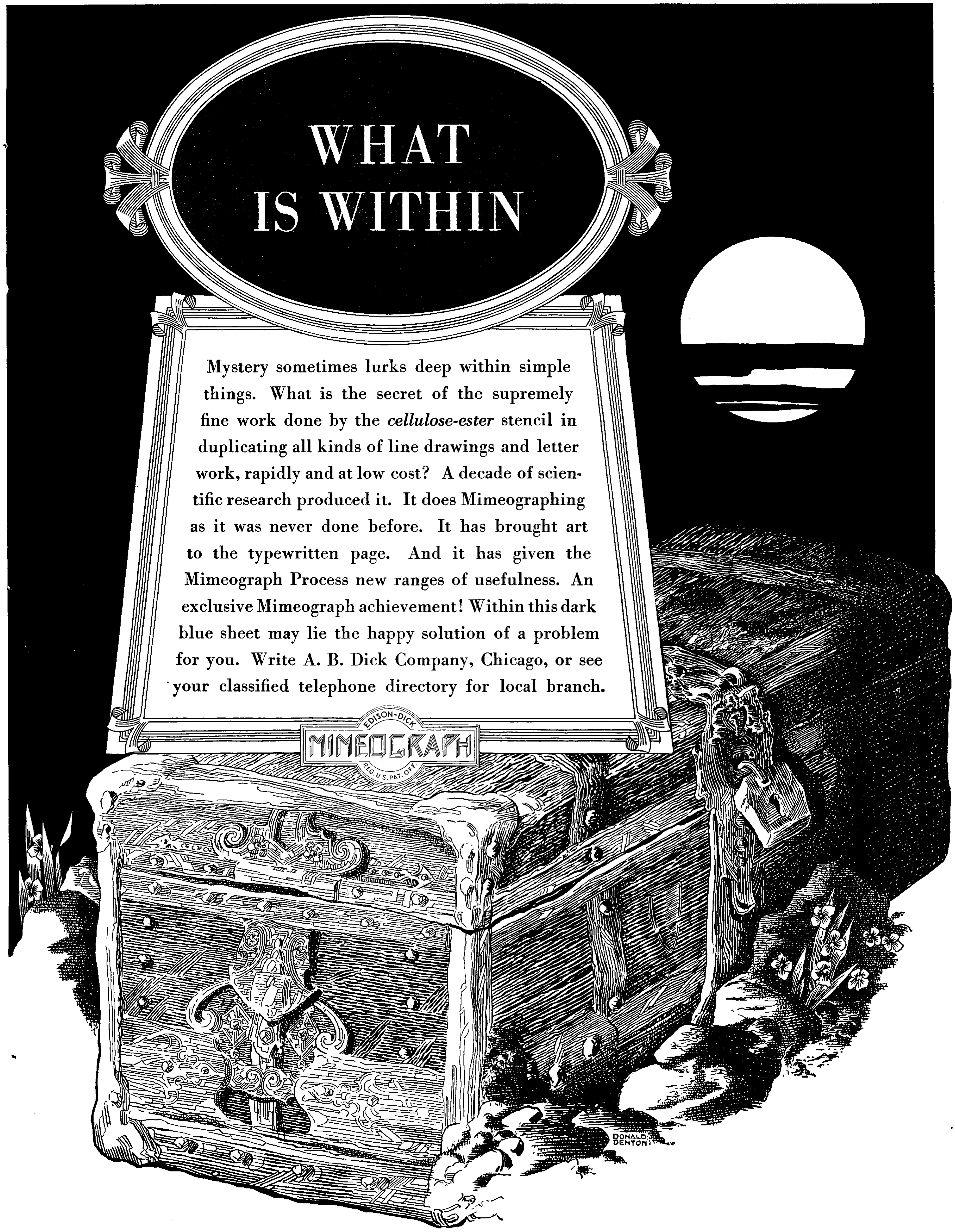

WHAT IS WITHIN

Mystery sometimes lurks deep within simple things. What is the secret of the supremely fine work done by the *cellulose-ester* stencil in duplicating all kinds of line drawings and letter work, rapidly and at low cost? A decade of scientific research produced it. It does Mimeographing as it was never done before. It has brought art to the typewritten page. And it has given the Mimeograph Process new ranges of usefulness. An exclusive Mimeograph achievement! Within this dark blue sheet may lie the happy solution of a problem for you. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for local branch.

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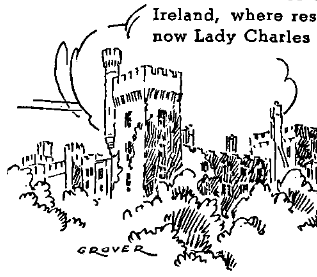


Beautiful Lismore Castle near Athlone, Ireland, where resides Adele Astaire, now Lady Charles Cavendish.

I would like you to know what a complete joy my Philco is to me here. On short wave receptions I receive many American stations in Lismore Castle equally as well as the British Broadcasting Corporation stations, and only a shade less clearly than our own Athlone. It certainly keeps memories of America fresh.

And thank your company for Boake Carter, who lets me know what is going on over there, long before I read it in the English or Irish newspapers.

Adele Cavendish

Lady Charles Cavendish

I am able to tune in on practically all the North American stations broadcasting on short waves.

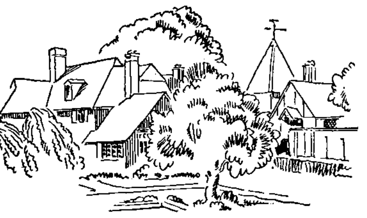
I have been residing in Europe for the past twenty years and I must say that never before have I had the feeling of being so near to America and my home in Dixieland.

Metallurgical Engineer

Just a word of appreciation from an American in London, who has been a user of the Philco for many years, keeping up to date as the models improved, and now finds the greatest possible satisfaction with Model 16.

Wilson Cross

President American Club in London



All I have to do to be in touch with the great world is to turn on my Philco in my library and there to take part in the world's movements as if I were still in the centre of things in Fleet Street.

I am particularly pleased to be able to turn on my American stations, so far away, and thus by means of the Philco keep in touch as if they were only separated from me by a few fields.

R D Blumenfeld

Chairman London Daily Express Group of Newspapers

I keep at home away from home with a Philco. Whenever I want to bring myself three thousand miles away to your shores, I turn the dial of my high fidelity 201-X, and there is brought to me in its purest form the music of your great orchestras, the speeches of your outstanding statesmen, the resumes of your current news and the delightful wit of your comics.

Frederick J. Wolfe

Chairman Anglo-American Oil Co.

Just a word of appreciation from an American in Paris:—

With your latest Model 16, I find that the American Short Wave Stations are particularly easy to get, and the thrill of hearing favourite items from one's own country has to be heard in order to be fully appreciated.

C. G. Irish

Director Standard Franco-Americaine de Raffinage

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Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the famous 16X or any of the many other splendid models. Ask about his liberal trade-in offer and easy payment plan.

*IMPORTANT ! *To span oceans you need a scientifically designed aerial. Install a Philco All-wave Aerial to get everything your set is capable of giving. Price $7.50, including lightning arrester.*

PHILCO 16X . . $175

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1. Its slant directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness, otherwise lost.
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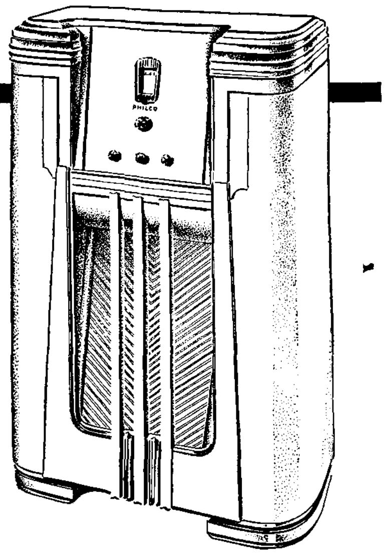

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Collier's The National Weekly for June 1, 1935

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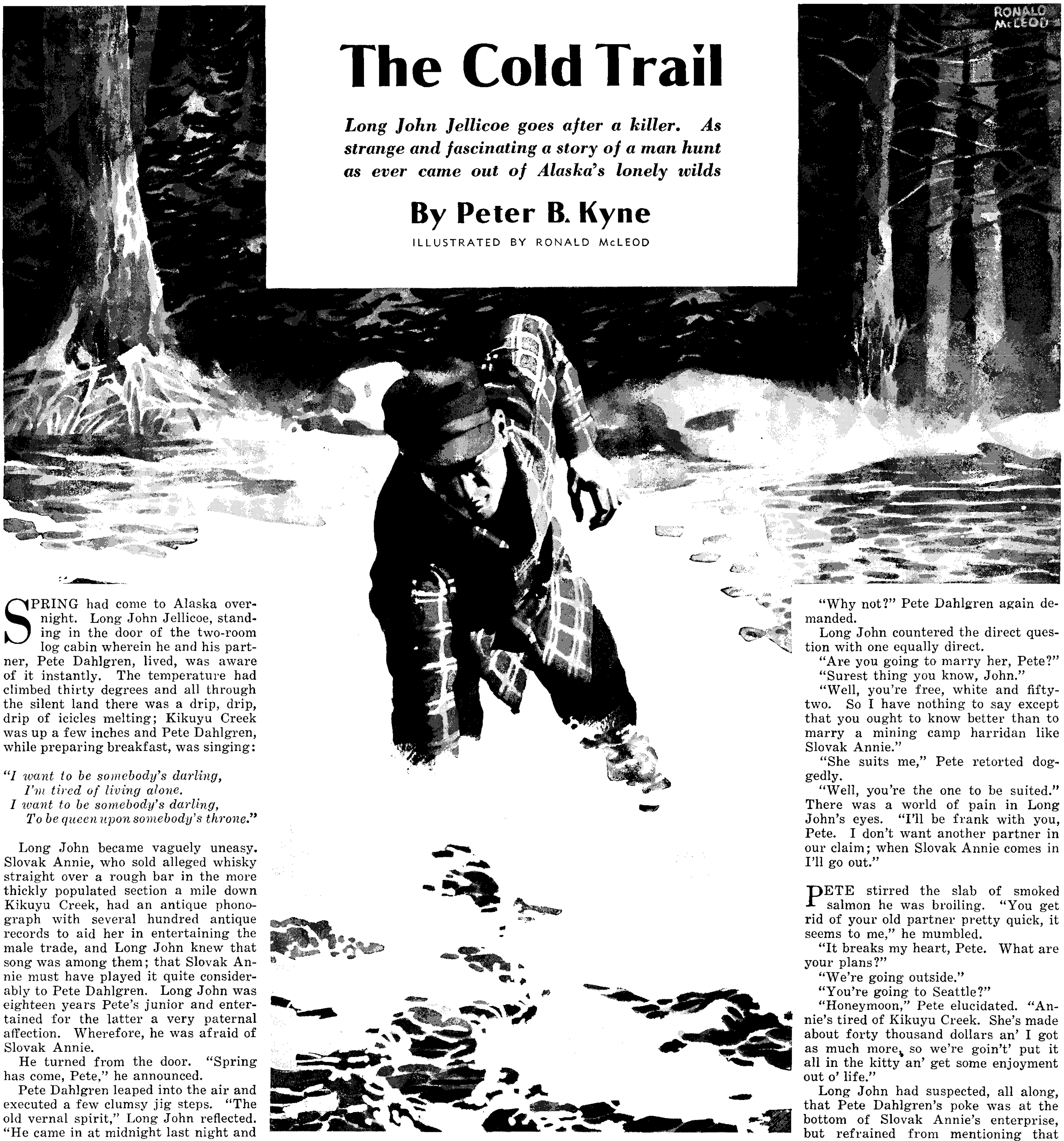
The Cold Trail

Long John Jellicoe goes after a killer. As strange and fascinating a story of a man hunt as ever came out of Alaska's lonely wilds

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



His hand closed on a smooth piece of wood. He had found the sledge!

SPRING had come to Alaska overnight. Long John Jellicoe, standing in the door of the two-room log cabin wherein he and his partner, Pete Dahlgren, lived, was aware of it instantly. The temperature had climbed thirty degrees and all through the silent land there was a drip, drip, drip of icicles melting; Kikuyu Creek was up a few inches and Pete Dahlgren, while preparing breakfast, was singing:

"I want to be somebody's darling,
I'm tired of living alone.
I want to be somebody's darling,
To be queen upon somebody's throne."

Long John became vaguely uneasy. Slovak Annie, who sold alleged whisky straight over a rough bar in the more thickly populated section a mile down Kikuyu Creek, had an antique phonograph with several hundred antique records to aid her in entertaining the male trade, and Long John knew that song was among them; that Slovak Annie must have played it quite considerably to Pete Dahlgren. Long John was eighteen years Pete's junior and entertained for the latter a very paternal affection. Wherefore, he was afraid of Slovak Annie.

He turned from the door. "Spring has come, Pete," he announced.

Pete Dahlgren leaped into the air and executed a few clumsy jig steps. "The old vernal spirit," Long John reflected. "He came in at midnight last night and he was cold sober. There must have been talk." Then to Pete: "It seems to me, Pete, that for no reason at all you're more than usually happy."

"I'm in love," Pete shouted, "an' I was never in love before. Fifty-two years old and never in love. Ain't that a hell of a note?"

"Slovak Annie?" Long John queried.

"Yep."

"You're not serious, are you?"

Pete turned a very serious face indeed toward his partner. "Why not?" he demanded, faintly truculent. Long John caught that note of truculence and recalled the old adage that though one convince a fool against his will he's of the same opinion still. And Pete, while not normally a fool, was pretty earthy—as Long John well knew, after having been his mining partner eleven years.

Long John was a university man and had a sheepskin that entitled him to call himself a mining engineer; eleven years of intimate association with Pete Dahlgren had not robbed him of an innate culture; it had made him merely more democratic and tolerant of Pete's occasional outbursts that revealed the touch of the primitive in him. And Pete had grand qualities to offset his commonness. He was a good miner, a hard worker, a true friend and loyal, as fearless as an Alaskan grizzly bear and, quite usually, good-natured. Long John loved him, for which reason it hurt him profoundly to see Pete made a victim of Slovak Annie; but he reflected that Pete knew quite as much about Slovak Annie's morals as he did.

Wherefore, being a wise man, he refrained.

"Why not?" Pete Dahlgren again demanded.

Long John countered the direct question with one equally direct.

"Are you going to marry her, Pete?"

"Surest thing you know, John."

"Well, you're free, white and fifty-two. So I have nothing to say except that you ought to know better than to marry a mining camp harridan like Slovak Annie."

"She suits me," Pete retorted doggedly.

"Well, you're the one to be suited." There was a world of pain in Long John's eyes. "I'll be frank with you, Pete. I don't want another partner in our claim; when Slovak Annie comes in I'll go out."

PETE stirred the slab of smoked salmon he was broiling. "You get rid of your old partner pretty quick, it seems to me," he mumbled.

"It breaks my heart, Pete. What are your plans?"

"We're going outside."

"You're going to Seattle?"

"Honeymoon," Pete elucidated. "Annie's tired of Kikuyu Creek. She's made about forty thousand dollars an' I got as much more, so we're goin't' put it all in the kitty an' get some enjoyment out o' life."

Long John had suspected, all along, that Pete Dahlgren's poke was at the bottom of Slovak Annie's enterprise, but refrained from mentioning that suspicion to Pete. He knew it would be useless and might easily result in their first quarrel.

"Well, Pete, if your mind's made up, discussion is useless. We're half owners in a claim that my judgment tells me will be quite rich if you stick by me and we sink twenty feet deeper. I'll sell out to you or buy you out. You say it."

"I'll talk it over with Annie," said Pete. Long John said no more and they ate their breakfast in silence; after breakfast Pete walked down the creek to Slovak Annie's dispensary and talked it over with her. When he returned at noon Long John had a bill of sale prepared, with Pete as seller and himself as buyer and the price was twenty thousand dollars.

"I'll sell," Pete announced. "Twenty thousand."

"I knew you would, Pete, and your price is reasonable. Here's the bill of sale. Read it and make suggestions if it isn't in order."

Pete thrust it in his pocket and they ate their midday meal, after which they walked down together to the office of the district recorder, where Pete signed the bill of sale and Long John left it for recording. They then returned to their cabin and divided their accumulation of gold. Then from his half Long John weighed out twenty thousand dollars' worth of the metal and he and Pete had come to the parting of the ways.

"WHEN do you start outside?" Long John queried.

"It'll be maybe a week before the ice goes out in the Yukon," Pete answered, "and maybe a month more before the first steamer of the season gets up to the N. C. Company's trading post at the head of navigation. We're three hundred miles from there, but Kikuyu Creek'll be running bankfull in a week and navigable to the Yukon. The Gooseberry Kid'll be up in his launch with a load of liquor from the N. C. Trading Post as soon as the creek's right, an' I'll arrange to go back with him to the trading post and take the steamer from there."

"I suppose it's the only way. But I hate to entrust you to the Gooseberry Kid with all the dust you and Annie will be taking with you. The man's thoroughly no good and it isn't well to subject him to temptation."

"No chance," Pete protested. "He couldn't get out of the country with that much gold. Besides, I'll keep my eyes open."

They did not see very much of each other for the succeeding two weeks. Long John was busy with some hired men drilling holes with a gasoline engine-driven diamond drill and breaking down with dynamite the frozen face of the gravel at the claim. Pete spent his time down in the settlement. Eventually the Gooseberry Kid came up the creek (it was now a river) in his shallow-draft, tunnel-stern, twenty-four-foot launch and Long John was aware of his arrival next morning when Pete Dahlgren packed his extra clothing and his blankets and sleeping bag. Long John helped him carry his gold down to the landing and load it in the launch. Slovak Annie, a coarse, stout, blond, dissipated woman who might have been anywhere between thirty and forty years of age, sat on a cushion in the stern sheets, her crafty face peering out from the rim of her parka, a wolfskin robe tucked around her.

Long John drew his ex-partner back from the bank about twenty yards, for he would say farewell in more or less privacy, since his heart was very full. "Pete, old walloper," he said, "I've bought your half interest in a claim that's going to make me a millionaire before next fall." He put his great right arm around Pete's shoulders. "But I haven't really bought it, Pete. I'm just holding it in trust for you. If things go against you, come back—we'll still be partners. Goodby, old man. Be sure to write to me."

Pete's simple Swedish heart was filled to overflowing. He crushed Long John in his arms, promised to write and ran down to the launch. . . . Long John stood on the bank and watched until the boat disappeared behind a bend. He was worried.

No, the ice or the few rapids they'd have to run did not worry Long John, but the Gooseberry Kid did. He was a man about forty, a ne'er-do-well, known in every boom camp in Alaska since his eighteenth birthday. Faro dealer, croupier, herder on various games of chance, prospector, swindler and, of late years, because his unsavory reputation barred him from more civilized centers, a peddler of rotgut whisky to the Indians along the Yukon and such of its tributaries as he found accessible for his launch; a trader in furs, freighter of supplies and men beyond the head of navigation for the steamers of the Northern Commercial Company, Long John liked him not.

As he turned to walk back up the creek to his claim he found Dan Stagg standing hard by. Stagg had a claim close to Long John's. The two men looked into each other's faces, and Stagg grinned.

"Same old story in the same old way, Jellicoe," he ventured.

"Nothing to be done about it, Dan. Boys will be boys."

"Too bad about Pete. He's a good man and deserves a better fate. Well, he'll be back."

"I saw four Taltan Indian dogs aboard," Long John ruminated. "They looked like yours."

"Used to be, but Slovak Annie coveted them, so Pete bought them for her. Two males and two females. Annie claimed she wanted to raise some pups when she got outside. She's got an eye out for the main chance. I reckon those'll be the only Taltan dogs in the United States and their pups'll be worth five hundred each. Pete gave me a thousand for the four."

LONG JOHN went back to his claim and carried with him a foreboding of evil. What things a ruthless, designing woman could do to a man when he's sex-starved and has more money than he knows what to do with and no place to spend it! Full well Long John knew, for he, too, had been tempted in his day.

He figured five days, at the outset, for the Gooseberry Kid and his launch to make the first trading post on the Yukon. Three weeks passed and a man in a skiff with an outboard motor came up the Kikuyu. Long John interviewed him. The man had been two weeks at the trading post and a week coming up, but the Gooseberry Kid's launch had not arrived up to the day he had left, nor had he passed it on his way up. There was no letter from Pete Dahlgren. He had other gossip, too. The mail carrier from Dawson had not arrived on schedule at the trading post. He was two weeks late and that had never happened before.

A MONTH passed and still no word came from Pete Dahlgren from the trading post, so Long John chartered that man's skiff with the outboard motor and went down to investigate. He ascertained that neither Pete, Slovak Annie nor the Gooseberry Kid had reported in. On his way back he searched the river bank on both sides with his binoculars and finally, about a mile below the junction of the Kikuyu with the Yukon, he made out the wreck of a boat among some rocks on the east shore. He pulled over to investigate and discovered the Gooseberry Kid's launch on its beam ends with a gaping hole in its bottom.

A couple of hundred yards of rapids a mile above appeared to tell the story. The launch had, in all probability, crashed down on an upthrust rock pinnacle, which had punctured the hull; the craft had then filled to the gunwales and sunk. There had been no time to beach her, evidently, because the rapidly mounting water had killed the motor ignition within two minutes after they had struck. Even had the Gooseberry Kid, Slovak Annie and Pete Dahlgren not been encumbered with boots and furs, even had they been expert swimmers, they would have perished in the freezing water before progressing two hundred yards. The four Taltan Indian dogs had probably swum ashore, to perish of starvation. However, the whisky barrel containing the leather bags of gold belonging to Pete and Slovak Annie should still be aboard, even though the launch had traveled quite a distance bottom-up under water until the inshore set of the current had beached it, in a deep bend. Long John had seen the Gooseberry Kid stow that barrel in the little forepeak with their food supply and snap a padlock through the steel hasp on the door.

The padlock on the door of the forepeak was still there, so Long John got a chisel out of his tool kit and pried off the hasp. The barrel of gold was not there. Nor was there a scrap of food.

Inasmuch as it was about time to camp for the night anyhow, Long John made camp on the shore above the wreck of the launch. He cooked his supper, made himself a bed of short fir twigs, spread his sleeping bag and crept into it. He wasted no time in speculation as to what had become of the keg of gold, because, being a practical man, he was quite confident he knew. The Gooseberry Kid had murdered Pete Dahlgren and Slovak Annie and taken the gold. The launch had not been wrecked in the rapids upstream. The Gooseberry Kid had landed, as usual, to camp for the night, and while Pete and Slovak Annie slept he had slain them. In the morning he had—probably with the head of an axe—pounded a hole in the boat and rolled it over on its beam ends in the wash of the shallow water alongshore, in order that anybody, discovering the launch, would decide, just as Long John had at first, that the hole had been pinched by an upthrust rock in the rapids upstream, that the launch had promptly filled and sunk, drowning its occupants. If the bodies had washed ashore, foxes and wolverines had eaten them, so anybody would decide. Certainly nobody would take the trouble to search for them. So there would be ample time, Long John decided, to search for details in the morning. Moreover, his head would be clearer after a good night's sleep.

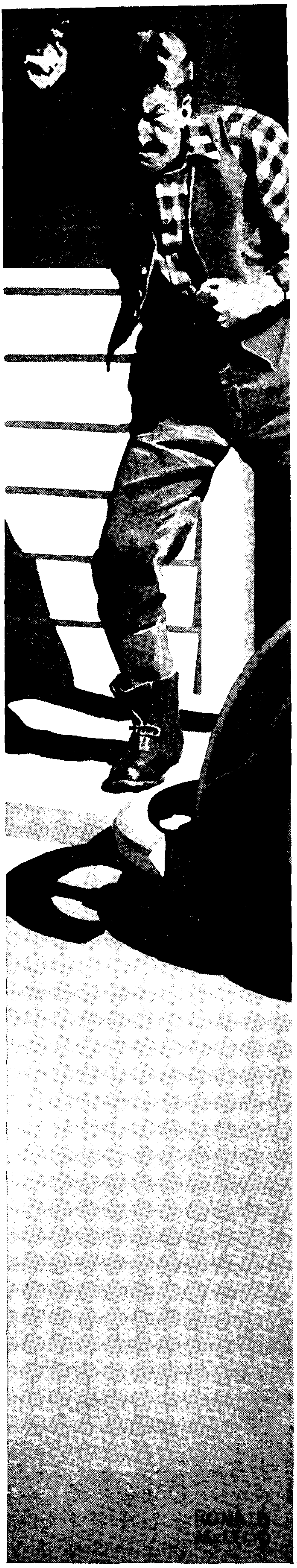
AFTER breakfasting he examined the interior of the launch and clinched into certainty his suspicion that the craft had never been under water. The dirt and litter which accumulate in the bottom of a launch on each side of the frames was still there. Had the launch floated a mile under water the bottom of the craft would have been washed clean.

The blow that had punctured the craft had been delivered from the outside. The hole had been punched cleanly, *but* the wood thus removed was not in the bottom of the boat. Naturally the Gooseberry Kid had tossed the piece overboard. On the off chance that it had drifted ashore in the bend below, Long John went searching along the river's edge.

Presently he found it, anchored in a growth of reeds upthrust from the silt. He brought it back and it fitted the hole; the outside face of it had the fiber crushed and telescoped over an area about equal to the head of a sledge hammer.

"Of course," Long John murmured, "he didn't take the sledge with him.

The Gooseberry Kid whirled; Long John sprawled flat in the street



The weight of the gold was sufficient embarrassment. He threw it in the river, and, because it was a sixteen-pound sledge, naturally he didn't throw it far—probably eight or ten feet."

He waded out from the shore, feeling around with his feet on the gravelly bottom until he stubbed one foot against what seemed to be a rock. When he reached under, his hands closed on a smooth piece of wood. He had found the sledge!

He retreated back into the fir growth and examined the lower branches of a number of trees. The evidences of his own assault on them for his bed the previous night were distinguishable, but he found where other twigs had been lopped off with a knife or small hand-axe at least a month before, for the stubs of the twigs that had been cut were faded and weather-stained.

"Yes, they camped here," Long John decided. "The Kid would make his bed down in the bottom of the launch, but Pete and Annie would camp in a clear space back in the fir growth. Naturally, they'd crave privacy."

He did not bother to look for footprints in the silt alongshore, for he knew that the Gooseberry Kid would have been cunning enough, before leaving, to eradicate them with a broom made from fir boughs. But in a little clear space under two wide-spreading, stunted larches he discovered a heap of withered small twigs that once had formed the mattress for two campers.

"He'd drag the bodies quite a way up into the timber, of course," Long John soliloquized. "He couldn't risk somebody else camping for the night in this sheltered cove and finding Pete and Annie when bedding down for the night. If he had a shovel he buried them, but not deeply."

He followed a dim trail through the carpet of decayed brown pine needles and leaves that littered the forest floor and where it ceased he found, in an area of about two hundred yards the scattered bones of two human beings, picked clean. A forearm with the hand attached had a heavy gold bracelet on it. He found two skulls with the tops crushed in—with a heavy sledge. By the gold teeth in one skull he recognized Pete Dahlgren. He wept a little as he examined it; when he could pull himself together he carried all of the bones back to the river, put them in a gunny sack he happened to have in his boat and hung them up in a tree by a piece of airplane cable that formed the tiller rope on the launch. He had to establish a corpus delicti and he saw to it that no wild animals should disturb his grim evidence.

EN ROUTE back to the river's edge he walked down the creek and found the shovel in its bed. About fifteen feet inshore, in the soft silt, he dug a hole about four feet deep and five feet long, and cut a five-foot log from a fir tree about a foot thick. He then fastened the launch's one-inch Manila painter to the ring in the bow, tied the other end to the five-foot log, buried the log in the hole and filled in the hole. He now had the launch securely moored by a "dead man"; hence a freshet could not carry it out into deep water. With a pencil he printed in large block letters on the white hull of the launch: "This launch is evidence in a murder case. Please do not remove."

His investigations in the arena of murder having now been completed, Long John cooked some luncheon and after luncheon sat down on the river bank to indulge in further deduction.

"He couldn't get out of the country with so much gold," he decided. "One hundred thousand dollars in dust would be too much for one man to carry along with his grub kit, clothing and sleeping bag, which alone would weigh a hundred and fifty pounds. He'd have to have a sled and a team of dogs. Now, where would he get them?"

From the mail carrier from Dawson, of course. The mail carrier had been two weeks late. During the winter he traveled on the ice down the Yukon, but on his last winter trip he could not risk taking to ice that might break up under him. He'd travel overland on that trip—and Long John, who knew his Alaska, recalled that the route the mail carrier traveled lay down a hundred-mile valley five miles east of the river. From the murder camp the land sloped gently upward from the river—a canyon that debouched into the wide valley down which the mail carrier traveled.

THE Gooseberry Kid knew to within a few days when the mail carrier was due at the head of navigation. He knew the approximate distance from where he'd beached his launch to the Northern Commercial Company's post; he figured he had ample time to intercept the mail carrier! So he had gone up the canyon and camped beside the trail; probably cleared a trail on the way up.

"I guess I'll go see," said Long John Jellicoe.

For the first five hundred yards up the slope it would have been easy going between the trees for a dog team; after that, from time to time, Long John came across small trees and brush cut out in the awkward places. As he climbed higher and the canyon grew narrower, the snow grew harder until finally he could walk on it instead of plowing through it halfway to his knees. He found old sled tracks now, old tracks of dogs in the frozen snow, tracks that demonstrated that a dog team had gone down and up the canyon several times.

"Had quite a job hauling his loot out uphill," Long John thought. He continued to the summit where the canyon debouched into the long transverse valley. He noted that the going would be easier for a dog team along the side of that valley nearest him; to his left rose a long and fairly steep slope. He reflected: "The mail carrier probably halted his team a bit back from that slope and rested them; that would be the time the Gooseberry Kid would let him have it—from ambush, of course." So Long John looked for the ambush—and found it in a little cluster of scrubby larches about a hundred yards off the trail. The snow had been shoveled out under these trees and Long John scraped away a few inches that had sifted in later from the branches overhead and found the remains of a campfire. He sifted it and discovered two empty thirty-caliber rifle shells.

Off in the snow field he made out presently a small hummock. He kicked the top layer of snow off this hummock and found three mail bags with the mail still in them. Under the mail bags lay the frozen body of the mail carrier, with two bullet holes in his chest.

Long John broke off some long, wide limbs from a larch tree, piled the mail sacks on them and placed the body of the mail carrier on top of the sacks. Then he dragged his crude sled to the summit and down the canyon to the river, arriving there after ten hours of horror on the trail. He was too exhausted to do more than crawl into his sleeping bag and sleep the clock around. Then he shot some ptarmigan, baked a quantity of soda biscuits in his Dutch oven, ate, and stowed the cold victuals in his boat. Into the boat also he placed the mail carrier's body and piled the mail sacks over it to conceal it; then he shoved off and the quick and the dead went downward with the current of the lonely Yukon.

A week later he pulled in at the dock of the Northern Commercial Company's most advanced post. "I've brought the mail," he announced calmly. "Also the mail carrier. The Gooseberry Kid killed him and stole the sled and team. Get some Indians and unload; I'm tired and besides I must send a radiogram."

His radiogram was to the United States marshal at St. Michael and ran: "Arrest on sight man known only to me as the Gooseberry Kid stop Never saw enough of him to give very accurate description of him but when found he will have about hundred thousand in placer gold and four Taltan Indian dogs two male and two female size of fox black or black and white fox head and short bushy tail stop Will book passage on steamer stop Murdered Peter Dahlgren and Slovak Annie of Kikuyu Creek for their gold and murdered mail carrier from Dawson to head of navigation here for latter's sled and dog team to transport the gold overland stop He has too much weight and snow will go soft on him and dogs wear out before he has traveled half distance stop Warn all points on river to watch for a man trying sell dog team or trade for boat with outboard motor stop Will wait here until I hear from you."

Nearly a month later the United States marshal at St. Michael radioed him: "Got a man with Taltan dogs and approximate amount gold you state stop Come here first steamer."

A WEEK later Long John went down the Yukon on an N. C. steamer and with him went the frozen corpse of the mail carrier. In response to his request by radio, the marshal and the coroner met him at the dock in St. Michael and to them Long John told his story.

"You had him figured to a nicety," the marshal informed him. "He came down to the river, after a sled journey of about fifteen hundred miles. He was all in. Found a half-breed trapper and traded his dog team and sled for a skiff with an outboard motor and some grub. The half-breed had had the warning, but he didn't bother to make the arrest. Just reported it to the first passing steamer, the captain radioed and we laid for him here. Come over to the jail and identify him and the dogs."

Long John identified the dogs first. The Gooseberry Kid came next.

"How did you know he could be identified by those Taltan dogs?" the marshal queried. "What made you so certain he would have them with him—that he wouldn't sell them upriver?"

"Well," Long John drawled, "there aren't many of those dogs in the world, and what there are are owned by the Taltan tribe of Indians away up on the Liard River, near its junction with the Mackenzie on the continental divide. The Taltans prize those dogs and will seldom sell one. A chap named Dan Stagg, up on Kikuyu Creek, bought four from an Indian who had lost his pelts gambling and had to have some ready money. Dan Stagg sold them to Pete Dahlgren, who bought them for Slovak Annie. Pete paid a thousand dollars for them.

"Of course I knew Slovak Annie would brag to the Kid here about how valuable they were and I was pretty certain the Kid knew they are unexcelled as bear, caribou and moose dogs. The Indian takes his post in a likely spot and sends out his dogs; they drive the game in to him—particularly moose and caribou. I knew—and the Kid here knew—that on the long trip he had ahead of him, without any supply of dried fish for his dogs and with no reserve of grub for himself, he'd have to rely on the game he could shoot en route. A dozen hungry dogs make short work of a caribou. So it seemed reasonable to

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By H. G. WELLS

The New America

Release of Energy

Is the surplus energy in this country running away with us like a car out of control? Are we headed for a crash? Mr. Wells in the third article of the survey of America he made for Collier's describes this danger and points out the way to avoid it

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

In the belated ending of child labor the NRA has done a long-needed piece of social work

IN THE two preceding articles I have tried to view the American spectacle from a broad biological standpoint; an ecological standpoint. We have considered mankind as a species in which there has been a continually more facile and extensive communication between individuals, so that at length what was a comparatively rare animal living in small communities is now compelled to face the necessity of a world commonweal. The closer intercommunication of mind with mind has developed such knowledge and coöperation, such science and combination in invention, that there has arrived at last an almost catastrophic acquisition of material energy.

The question I have put, with especial reference to the American instance, is whether this animal has sufficient intelligence and sufficient probabilities of a new morale to avert the crashes, the disorder, the degeneration and biological defeat that this sudden, unanticipated flood of power entails.

I have tried to show how all the revolutionary changes of régime that are going on almost everywhere in the world arise essentially from the pressures and tensions due to this change of conditions, and I have tried to define roughly the mental forces centering upon that outstanding representative figure, the President in Washington. I have given reasons for supposing that, in spite of still almost unrestrained freedom of discussion, the mental effort of America (and Britain is in no better case) is unlikely to avert a disordered revolutionary collapse. That is the primary conviction my visit to Washington confirms, that human destiny is a race between ordered thought made effective by education on the one side, and catastrophe on the other. So far, catastrophe seems to be leading. In this and the next paper I shall consider two main aspects of human perplexities about which this ordered thought has to play successfully if disaster is to be averted.

Energy—A Surplus in All Ages

The first of these aspects is the problem of surplus energy or, as some people prefer to put it, the leisure problem, and the second is the question of money. How is this great American community, which is, when all detraction is spent, still the most alert and inquiring in the world, seeing these problems, and what sort of tentative measures is it taking about them?

There has been a stupendous release of surplus energy for *Homo sapiens* during the past half century. We have that in view when we talk of an economy of plenty succeeding an economy of want. But always in human history man, as contrasted with most animals, has had some surplus energy. Otherwise he would not have multiplied and spread and raised his standard of living from the hand-to-mouth hardships of the early Stone Age. In every age he has been making more than a bare living and "getting on."

Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, written in the sixteenth century, in complete ignorance of any supplement to human force but windmills, sailing ships, horses and oxen, could imagine a human community living in sufficiency and happiness upon two or three hours' work a day. A certain ignorance of the housewife's side of life may have made him underestimate the minimum of unavoidable toil, but allowing for that, there is still a wide margin available. Holidays are known throughout all the world. Few animals take holidays. Human living has not been a whole-time job for thousands of years. Famine and shortage were frequent local and regional phenomena in the past, but in every age in history the surplus energy of man has found expression in art and ornament, in great buildings and gardens, and in the free life of a leisure class. There have been leisure classes at the top of the social order and generally there have been nonproductive religious classes to express and consume the surplus energy of the community. Humanity has been able to carry these. Now we are also getting a leisure class—the unemployed—at the base of the social pyramid.

But the chief release for surplus energy in the past has been war. It is too commonly assumed that peoples go to war because they are in want. Yet a very little consideration of history will show that, on the contrary, they go to war because they are fit and full. Miserable peoples do not go upon the warpath. War has been a sign of plethora through the ages. It is as closely interwoven into human affairs now as money. It has kept the balance and prevented overpopulation and degenerative crowding. It is an excretion of surplus energy, and it remains a necessary channel of excretion until some other outlet can be found for the accumulating energy. The immense exaggeration of war in the past century has destroyed our former balances and war becomes now rather an explosive than an excretion, but that does not alter the role it has hitherto played. Just as the varieties of dinosaurs and the titanotheria in the geological past grew to their maximum size with tremendous and often quite useless horns and humps immediately before extinction, so the human armature of tank and battleship becomes fantastically big and disproportionate to any rational need for it.

The Economic Function of War

This fact that war has been a release of surplus energy as human communities increased in their collective vigor and has been the easiest, most congenial path along which that energy has escaped, is one of quite primary importance in our study of this world-peace problem. Man could understand the hope and pride and triumph of warfare, with scarcely any education at all; it mingled with the aggressiveness of his sex assertion and his self-assertion. It is only as war has grown so big as to become impersonal and catastrophically destructive, so big as to reduce personal encounters and the physical glory of battle to rare and unimportant incidents, that there has been any considerable movement against war. But until other avenues open for the surplus energy of the community, it is idle to dream of a political solution of the war riddle.

If we could establish a legal peace tomorrow, throughout the earth, disarm universally and disband our armies, we should find the world at once confronted with the problem of overproduction and unemployment in a far more formidable form than at present. We should find the consumption of iron, steel, chemicals, clothes and a multitude of like munitions shrunken alarmingly and additional millions of able-bodied young men upon the labor market for whom industry has no use.

Moreover, with such a pacification the reason for what is called economic nationalism—the desire, that is, to make a country self-sufficient and capable of enduring a blockade—would disappear. The production of goods from less suitable materials in less suitable places would come to an end and the drift to production under the most economical conditions would further increase the stress. The question of what we shall do with the increasing surplus of energy that is overwhelming humanity is therefore far more fundamental than the war difficulty, and the settlement of the former is a necessity preliminary to the elimination of the latter. Until the human community discovers a pacific and creative method of consuming all excesses of energy, or else some means of restraining them, it must necessarily remain in constant danger of violent stresses and dislocations, of social and political earthquakes, that is to say, either wars or else social disturbance and disorder of an equal destructiveness.

Now, because America is still much further removed from the war menace than any other modern community, its responses to the difficulties created for it by the surplus of productive possibility are less belligerent than the similar responses on the European continent. It has not the stimulus of an enemy frontier to direct its energy in that direction. There have been considerable increases in naval and military expenditure, pointed chiefly at the nearest enemy country, Japan, but the main effort of the New Dealers has been directed to such readjustments of the internal situation as will either check the further production of energy or direct the surplus into amplifications of the capital of the community and a general raising of the standard of life.

What is the matter? Why is the citizen of our Western world not reaping the harvest of our material victories?

We are getting a leisure class—the unemployed—at the base of the social pyramid

The Fallacy in Production Control

I must confess that I am temperamentally hostile to all attempts to lower the vitality of the human community in order to ease its troubles. But I think that below this innate feeling there is an intuition of a primary biological fact. A living creature or species that will not live more and more will soon be living less and less and presently pass away. Restraint that concentrates vigor is always justifiable, but only if it amounts to a real net gain in vitality. Birth control, for example, may be either a means to fewer, better, and individually more energetic offspring, in which case it is admirable, or a mere evasion of parental responsibility, in which case it is an attenuation of life. And in a large part of the government's controls of production in America and Great Britain, I cannot see anything else but devitalization.

In America, under the AAA, growers are being paid to limit their output of cotton and hogs, just as people are being paid to underproduce hogs in England. This does no good to America or mankind. America diminishes its output of cotton, the price rises, and to almost the same extent that America contracts its output, the Brazilians and Egyptians increase theirs. A former fraction of the export trade of America is wiped out forever. An artist takes a cottage in Kent, in England, with some land that was formerly a hop field. He is astonished to receive a handsome check from the government for not growing hops.

America, which was a pioneer in the heroic "scrapping" of old plants, is now discouraging the setting up and equipment of new vigorous labor-saving factories. The old plant is to be "made to do." Hours and days of work are reduced by regulation, and everything is being slowed down. Train crews are increased in number beyond all experience; five men are to do the work that

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The Man Who Went Back

The girls who once thrilled us—how wonderful it would be to meet them again! You agree? Here is the story of a man who did

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

NOBODY had heard of Lee Beam since he had graduated. The Alumni Monthly, which publishes such items as "So-and-So is a research chemist," queried in its columns: "Who has heard anything of Lee Beam?" There was no response.

But there wasn't any mystery. Lee Beam was in New York, manager of the sales branch of the New England firm of Tower & Patton. The reason no one had heard of him was because he had buried himself in his job. It was in the spring of his fifth year after graduation that Lee Beam became suddenly dissatisfied. And in this disturbing mood he received by mail the notice of his fifth reunion. It brought a flood of memories.

He thought of venerable University Hall and the paths under the elms and the old faces, and he dug into a trunk and pulled out some dusty year books and some clippings about his football heroisms, and a worn red leather notebook. He opened this. There were smudged, penciled notes he had taken on Greek art, a schedule of classes in his senior year, and a list of names and addresses which he studied with a thrill. They were also written in pencil and in not too good a hand; some of the names were hard to make out. Alice, Betty, Louise, Helen, Evelyn. Hmm. There were eight or nine of them. Some he had forgotten.

He saw himself then as an old young man, stuffy and lonely. He sat looking at the list, recalling Evelyn and the shadowy shore along the Ten Mile River, and a ghostly New England winter night and Elizabeth in a fur coat, and a night at the hotel after the last game and Louise dancing, and even a wan face with blond curls and an anonymous girl who made him walk two miles before she would let him kiss her once though long and passionately—all these memories came back to warm him, an old young man not sure whether he was pleased or embarrassed. He thought of five years with Tower & Patton, silversmiths, two years in the home office and three years here as manager of the New York City sales branch.

THE next morning he said to his secretary, "I am going to be away this week-end—going back to my fifth reunion. I'll be leaving—Friday morning. I guess you can take care of things, Miss Tower."

"Yes."

"I want to dictate some letters now. Have you your book?"

There was something inscrutable and therefore annoying about Abigail Mary Tower. She was the daughter of Waterman B., who was the head of the firm. She had come down a year ago with a letter from her father. "Abby wants to live in New York and study designing but take her into the office in some capacity so as to keep her out of mischief. If you would pay her the regular salary of a stenographer. . . ."

He had resented her from the beginning because the arrangement was not businesslike, and then because she was surprisingly capable and because she understood his feelings and showed him by her elaborately formal manner that he was unjust.

She might have been attractive. When she had first come into the office he remembered being aware of a tall blond girl with blue eyes—before he found out what she wanted and who she was. After that he had coldly fitted her into the office routine until she became a merely familiar figure, usually in a dark dress with white collars and cuffs. Except once in a while when he glanced at her suddenly and surprised something enigmatic and therefore annoying.

MECHANICALLY Abby Tower drew pothooks and thought, "He is preoccupied about something, he has cut himself shaving, I approve of his blue tie, in a few days he will need a haircut, those lines around the mouth are fainter this morning, as though he is softening." He finished his last letter and said briefly, "That will be all."

Like a dash of cold water. She rose and went out to her desk, put her dictation book down and doubled her fists and banged them down on the space bar. She looked around in alarm. The small staff of the New York sales branch of Tower & Patton hadn't noticed her and she returned to her thoughts. Sometimes she could laugh at herself and more often she couldn't laugh. Oh, it cost her something to present this wooden face and spare, efficient manner to him. What would he do if she threw off this attitude? He would look at her with an expression of having known it all along, as though he knew he had been right in distrusting her from the start. She gazed into his office, through his half-open door, where she could see him, the smoke of a cigarette trailing up from his fingers and his broad shoulders hunched, and the side of his face flat and strong.

She stretched her neck. What could he be doing? Usually right after he got through dictating he made his telephone calls. Now he sat writing.

He was copying the names out of his old notebook onto a single sheet of bond paper which could be placed in his billfold. He was thinking, by leaving Friday noon I can arrive in the late afternoon. The class of 1930 was not scheduled to gather until Saturday afternoon to go down to Matunuck where they were holding the clambake and reunion, so he would have the night before. Somewhere in that list of half-forgotten names was what he sought. It was a romantic notion, turning back five years, and his heart beat faster.

IT WAS evening when his train crept into Union Station. He came out of the waiting-room into dusk and streets washed by a brief shower. There was the freshness of the park and the looming statue of a great hero, and five years became yesterday. Instead of taking a taxi he walked down the remembered street. A man carrying a raincoat came toward him.

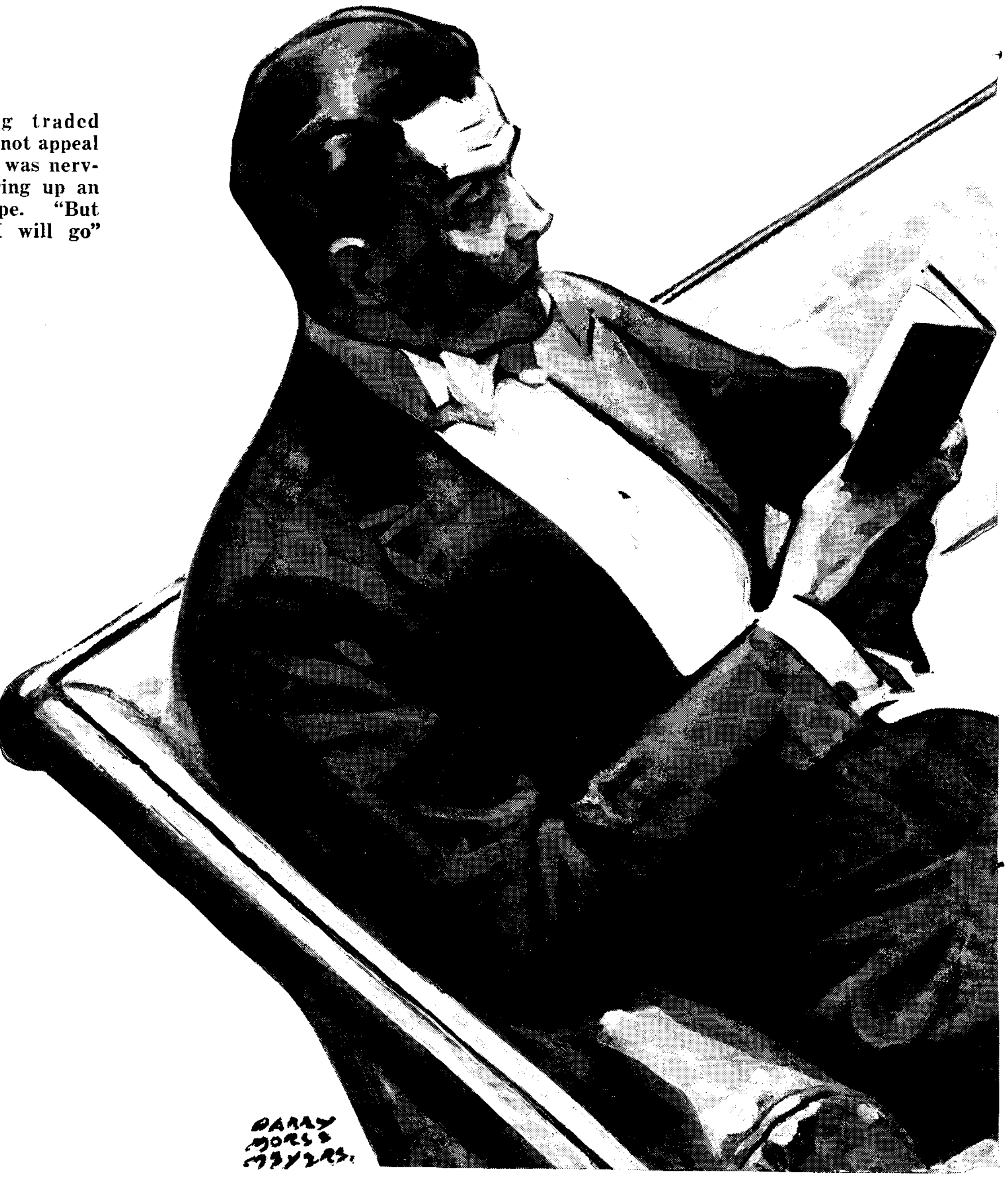
"Hello, Lee Beam."

They shook hands, though Lee did not recall his name.

"You haven't changed," the man said. "Where have you been? I heard you were coaching."

"No; I'm in business, in New York."

"This being traded around does not appeal to me." She was nervously gathering up an evening cape. "But very well, I will go"



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"I remember your last game against Yale, Lee, running a punt to their twenty-yard line or something like that. You don't look any different now."

The name came to Lee. It was Perkins. He finally said, "I'll see you again, Perk," and walked on down the street. He crossed over to the hotel. There were handsome girls, with ankles spattered from the rain-wet streets. His heart beat faster with the feeling of adventure.

In his hotel room, after he had had supper, he examined the list which he took out of his billfold, and confronted with the problem of choosing one name from all of them, he asked himself, "Exactly what am I after?" The name at the top of the list was Alice. He passed over it, hardly remembering her, and came to Evelyn, and with anticipation picked up the phone.

It was not Evelyn's voice that answered. It was a woman's voice but harsh and impatient. "I would like to speak to Evelyn—" He glanced at his list. He could not remember her last name and Evelyn was all he had.

There was silence at the other end and then he heard the same woman's voice, remote, calling, "It's for you."

He pressed the receiver to his ear.

"Who is it?"

"Some guy."

"What's he want?"

"How the hell should I know?"

"Why the hell didn't you find out?"

Silence, and then her voice, honeyed and refined, saying into the telephone, "Why, hello-oo?"

Quietly he hung up. He pulled on his ear. He had a curious feeling, as though he had just been caught at something.

At length, shaken by this first disillusionment, he traced down the list again. There again was Alice, strangely dim in his memory—but one name sprang out and with some anxiety lest Evelyn still be waiting on the wire he lifted the receiver and gave the number of Elizabeth Hope Noble.

IT WAS Mrs. Noble who answered. "Lee Beam!" Her familiar, thin, cultured voice restored his self-esteem. "How surprised Elizabeth is going to be. We speak of you so often, Elizabeth does."

"I suppose she is married—"

Her cultured laugh broke in. "No, not yet. She is so busy, the League—she is at a meeting tonight—and her settlement work, and you must have read about her setting a new walking record from here to Fall River. But when are you coming to see us? She speaks of you so often. We want to see you again. Elizabeth—when can you come—?"

As he listened he had the conviction that at the other end of the wire Mrs. Noble looked coy and desperate.

He said, "I don't know."

"When are you going back? How long are you in town? Come to dinner tomorrow—"

"I am here on a very short business trip—I just thought I would telephone—I have to go right back—remember me to Elizabeth." And he hung up with Mrs. Noble's frantic voice in his ears.

He fled from the telephone and paced around his room. He thought of the Plantation Club and the Agawam Hunt and himself a simpering youth in white gloves, pompous and posturing, with Mrs. Noble in the background. He thought again of Evelyn, and peered at his list. Was it possible that they fell into only two categories and that he had already explored both, and these affairs were what had passed with him for romance five years ago? It was a dismaying thought. There was Alice—Alice? He scowled. Why, by the Lord, hadn't he called Louise Arnold?

He had passed "Tommy" Arnold over because it had seemed so useless. She would be married. She had become engaged during his last year to one of his fraternity brothers. Tommy, a face framed in a fur collar waiting for him in front of the fraternity house in her roadster. Tommy, the life of the house dances. Tommy's voice on the phone that night breaking a date because she had just decided to become engaged to Ken Harvey. He had been blind. He realized it now. All of them, all the brothers in the house had congratulated Ken because Tommy was a grand girl; in a way she was a Delta Delta girl. He lifted the receiver.

"Tommy," he said to the voice that answered and sent a thrill through him, "this is Lee Beam. I came up for my fifth but I want to see you. You're still Tommy—Arnold?"

"Still Tommy Arnold."

His heart jumped. "I'd like to see you—"

"I've got a date tonight but I'll break it."

HE LOOKED at the clock. Quarter to eight. His whole night still before him.

She sat there, not changed a whit. How curious it had been to come in her front door as though it were not five years but five days.

"Lee, how are you?" she said and gave him her firm hand to shake. The same exuberant Tommy. She had one of those wide mouths and large, even white teeth that give some girls a friendly, vigorous look. She flung at him, "Have you been around to the house yet? They pledged a swell delegation. Twelve freshmen. . . ."

He shook his head. "Who did they get?"

She leaned forward, her eyes crinkling. "Lin Toohey, who was football captain at Andover. . . ."

"I am with Tower & Patton in their New York office," he told her when she asked him. "I have been there five years." He tried to say that he had come back to look for something that he wanted and that it was she. He leaned forward to reach her hand.

"How do you like it?"

"I like it but I have missed something," he said quickly. "This year I wanted to come back—"

"Did I say the Delts won the relays? Did I tell you Al Parker is living in town selling bonds? He was at the Spring Dance—at the house. . . ."

He sank back. It was great to hear all about the Delts.

"Sandy Kinder would have been Junior Prom chairman but the Dekes and the Psi U's ganged up on us. Remember Tip Tyler and Joe Sprague and Jim Gordon—?" She reeled them off, forgotten names of brothers to whom he had solemnly pledged brotherhood in Delta Delt.

HE WANTED to say, "I came back because I suddenly remembered you, at the house dances, waiting for me outside the Delt house in your roadster." She sat there talking, only pausing to light a cigarette, telling him things that he wanted to hear. She was a grand girl, a Delt girl. She had always gone around with Delta Delts. She was a better Delta Delt than he. That was a curious idea. Better Delta Delt. . . .

A bright blue vase that held some straw flowers on the white mantelpiece began to duplicate itself and recede and advance weirdly. A bronze clock said ten-thirty. Was that really ten-thirty already? He held his hand over his mouth. A long day and the trip up and everything. He had to go. He ought to get some sleep. . . .

(Continued on page 50)

A big-league wife and her husband, the Lou Gehrigs

Baseball Bride

By Mrs. Lou Gehrig

"No woman," says Mrs. Lou Gehrig, "likes to have someone directly behind her calling her husband a big yellow bum all afternoon." That has never happened to Mrs. Gehrig, but you have to be prepared for anything when you marry into the big leagues. It's fun, though, and very exciting

I WAS pleased when I knew it would not be necessary for me to pickle eels to make my husband happy. A bride worries about such things.

So much had been printed in the newspapers about Lou's skill as a fisherman and particularly as a catcher of eels, and about how fond he was of those eels after they had been pickled by his mother, I was afraid he would be disappointed in me.

"One wonders," wrote one of the newspapermen, "whether Mrs. Lou Gehrig, who was Miss Eleanor Twitchell of Chicago, is as good as Lou's mother at preparing pickled eels, the favorite dish of the Yankees' famous first baseman and slugger."

I didn't wonder. I knew. I had never pickled an eel in my life. I wouldn't know how to begin. It was terrible. Our happiness might be smashed by eels. Lou's batting average might slump. At the first opportunity I broached the subject.

"Lou," I said, wistfully, "are you so very fond of eels?"

"Why, I never ate an eel in my life," he replied, laughing.

What a relief; like getting out of a tight pair of shoes.

"I like to catch 'em," he continued. "Mom fixes 'em up for the boys. Babe Ruth likes them. But I can't stand 'em."

My hero.

I take no credit for Lou's excellent work on the ball field last year. I had nothing to do with it. But it is interesting that in his first year of married life he should have his best year as a ball player. If he had played poorly, I would have been blamed for it. People would have said that he was worried about my health; or that I nagged him; or that any one of the countless difficulties in the first year of married life had upset him and taken his mind off his playing.

We were married three days before the major-league season closed. We had planned to have the wedding in the home of my aunt, Mrs. Gene Austin, in Freeport, Long Island, on Saturday, September 30th. The flowers had been ordered. Everything had been arranged. But when Lou came around to the apartment in New Rochelle Friday morning to help me put things in order we both dreaded the ordeal of having to escape from the crowd of curious, peering people, of the news photographers and the reporters.

"What do you say, El?" asked Lou. "Let's be married today."

"How can we?"

"I'll get the mayor to marry us," he said, eagerly. "You call up your mother and your aunt. Tell 'em to get over here right away. I'll get Fred Linder to help hold me up. He's a big, strong guy. And we'll be married at noon."

It was ten o'clock. The carpenter, the plumber and the carpetlayer were busily hammering and clattering.

The mayor, Walter Otto, answered our call. My aunt entered, breathless. Mr. Linder hurried to the scene. At noon we were married.

Without a Proposal

When the ceremony was over, the carpenter, the plumber and the carpetlayer congratulated us.

"This," said the carpenter, "is great. It's the first prominent wedding I ever attended."

I thanked him feebly. I felt weak in the knees. We had been terribly nervous. I didn't know who would collapse first. I thought it would be Lou; but for all his previous bashfulness he went through it like a veteran. When it was over I had to sit down, and Lou had to run and drive fast to get to the ball park in time for the ball game.

We had been engaged six months. We had known each other for six years. Lou is not impetuous in an affair of this kind. As a matter of fact he has not proposed to me yet.

Knowing the curiosity of members of my own sex, I can read in their glances the question: "How do you suppose she ever got him?" Well, I'll tell you.

I was introduced to Lou in Chicago in the fall of 1927. Mutual friends invited us to a party. I was twenty-one. He was twenty-four. I was nobody. He was the most valuable player in the American League.

Our mutual friend said: "If

(Continued on page 30)

Mrs. Gehrig's worst moment: Lou being helped from the field after he was hit by a pitched ball

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The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

A FRAGMENT of ancient Egyptian papyrus, containing secrets of vast import to the entire modern world, is stolen from Lincoln Hayes in New York City. Whereupon, Hayes—a wealthy Egyptologist and head of a great electrical corporation—goes to Egypt. There, he is convinced, he can find a spot (referred to in the papyrus as "The Place of the Lights") where wonders exist such as we of today do not dream.

One of two men has stolen the papyrus: Simon Lobb, a business rival of Hayes, or Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a mysterious Egyptian with whose beautiful niece, "Hatasu," Hayes (encountering her on several occasions) presently finds himself in love. And, deep in the desert—where Hayes leads his party—he learns that Ahmes Bey is the guilty man.

He learns it strangely. His party consists of Ann Wayland, his charming secretary; Captain Paddy Rorke, whose love for Ann is ardently reciprocated; Eric Stefanson, a brilliant young authority on ancient tongues; and Slim, his chauffeur and handyman. Shadowed day and night by Ahmes Bey's followers (members of a secret order which has been in existence for thousands of years), and beset with conspirators who endeavor to frighten them into abandoning the quest, they push far into the desert.

There, accompanied by Hassan ès-Sugra, his guide, Hayes finds "The Place of the Lights." It is a temple, its walls gray with the centuries. Priests are everywhere. They welcome the strangers kindly. And presently, Hayes, alone in a quiet room, has a visitor. The woman he loves: Hatasu!

Hatasu tells Hayes that she loves him. She then outlines the amazing history of "The Place." There, carefully guarded, she says, is the world's most remarkable book: "The Book of Thoth," a digest of all mankind's knowledge wherein are described wonders far surpassing those of today. She leaves. But before she does so, she says: "I love you, Lincoln. I want you to join our order. If you do, you shall have me.". . .

Meanwhile, Rorke has not been idle. With Ann and Slim, he, too, has pressed on. And somewhere near them is another small party, headed by an invalid—Mr. Mick, whom Hayes and his friends know slightly. . . . Hayes has another caller—Mohammed Ahmes Bey. The Egyptian urges him to join the order. Then he exhibits some of the wonders of The Place. Among them is a tiny lamp—*of three million candle-power!* Among them is a device which makes it possible to view any spot on earth! Among them is The Book of Thoth.

As Hayes marvels at what he is shown, another visitor—a very ill man—arrives. Mr. Mick.

X

WHEN night spread its myriad veils over the desert, transforming that dreary wilderness into a scene of beauty, as it passed through the wonderful phases of sunset, shutters concealed in the mud-brick walls were drawn across the windows by a silent monk, whose duty was evidently that of waiting upon visitors.

Lamps were lighted in Lincoln Hayes' apartment, lamps of a pattern with which he was quite unfamiliar, but nevertheless very ordinary oil lamps. Twice since his return from the sick bed of Mr. Mick he had asked the taciturn attendant to send Hassan ès-Sugra to him.

But Hassan ès-Sugra had not come.

He was on the point of setting out to try to find the room in which he had left the Egyptian, when a faint sound in the corridor arrested him and a monk entered bearing a large tray. Upon the plain table he set a repast consisting of some sort of meat stewed in an earthenware pot covered by a lid, a plate of dark native bread; various kinds of uncooked vegetables, a large dish of excellent fruit, a pitcher of fresh water, and a small bottle of the unpalatable wine.

Lincoln Hayes addressed the monk: "Know you are not allowed to speak," he said, "but if you understand English, send Hassan ès-Sugra to me, here."

The monk smiled; he was a man of not more than thirty, with fine, ascetic features. He raised his finger to his lips, bowed and went out.

Lincoln Hayes dropped down on the settee, staring at his dinner. The stew in the earthenware pot had an appetizing odor. He suddenly realized that he was very hungry. Perhaps after a meal he would feel more capable of dealing with the problem which immediately confronted him.

He took his seat at the table.

He had gathered from Mr. Mick, with whom he had been able to hold only a very brief conversation, that his presence in the monastery was due primarily to a miscalculation of route upon the part of the dragoman leading his party. He had not planned to travel so far as Sîwa. But, following the initial error in regard to the route, Abdûl had detected the presence of hostile Arabs—behind them, eastward.

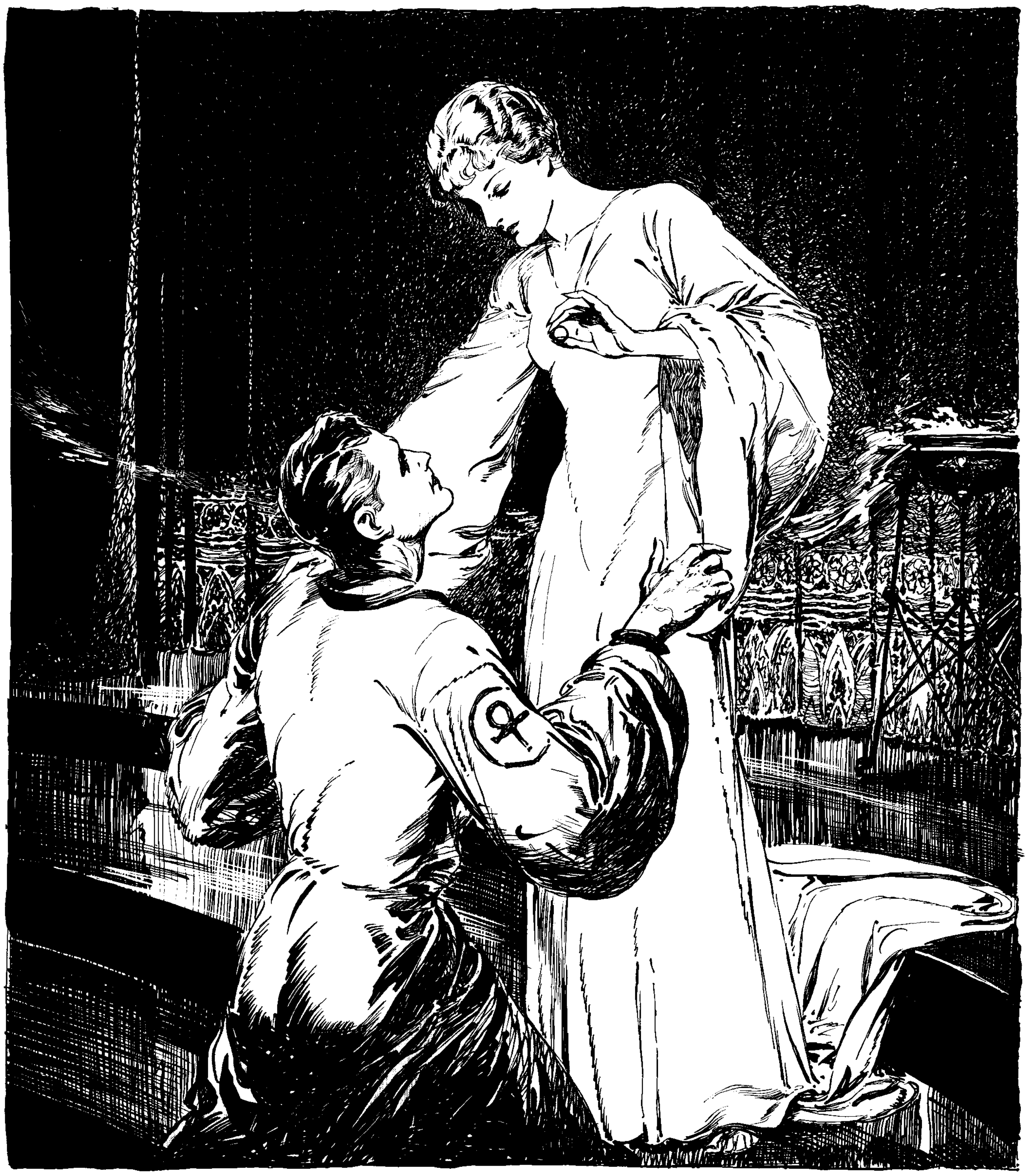
THEY had endeavored to cut northwest to the old caravan road to the Oasis; and as a result of this hazardous speeding had come collapse. Abdûl, the dragoman, knew of the existence of a monastery in the neighborhood. They had been making for it—Abdûl, the sick man and the Arab driver—when their car had stalled. . . . "Packed up on me, Mr. Hayes. Another slice of hard luck. . . ."

Prospecting from a high point through glasses, Abdûl, it appeared, had actually seen Lincoln Hayes and Hassan ès-Sugra admitted to the place. They were not more than three miles away. They had extemporized a litter and had carried Mr. Mick the rest of the journey.

"I certainly get the toughest kind of breaks, Mr. Hayes. . . . But I must say, I do have wonderful luck. . . ."

Lincoln Hayes, cigar in mouth, lolled back in his chair, staring ahead. He wondered what had become of Ann Wayland and Rorke. A queer aura of omnipotence surrounded Mohammed Ahmes Bey. That they had been diverted from their objective he strongly suspected; yet, oddly, or to his logical mind it seemed odd, he had no qualms respecting their safety.

(Continued on page 52)



Hatasu stood up and slipped the lapis lazuli ring from her finger

The Pretty Life

The story of a girl who owned a ranch—and a man who had ideas about speaking out of turn

By Malcolm Reiss

TWICE a year the Cascade Limited stopped at Creel. It dropped off the Worrall house party on the edge of the timber among the cattle chutes and a week later it stopped again and took the house party away. Only Goadby, Sue Worrall's foreman, knew what trouble was caused by these yearly visits.

On other occasions when the house party was staying at the ranch, Goadby had arranged to be in some distant part. It wasn't that he was shy or that he felt inferior. His education was all right and so were his table manners, nor did he mind that these people were wealthy and he was just a young man working a cattle layout on shares. The thing which he resented was the dissatisfaction, the feeling of life being postponed, deferred, which they always stirred in Sue. To the stockman it seemed that these people should have had sense enough to realize, and to stay away.

This year Goadby suddenly found himself roped into the party. Sue caught him by phone at the west line camp.

"Please, Goadby," she begged. "You know I wouldn't bother you but I've got to have one more man until Bill Gunther gets here tomorrow."

"Have you tried the ranger station?" Goadby said helpfully.

Sue laughed. "I'm sure they're all on duty. Goadby, I don't very often ask you to do me a favor, do I?"

"All right," he said. "I guess it won't kill me."

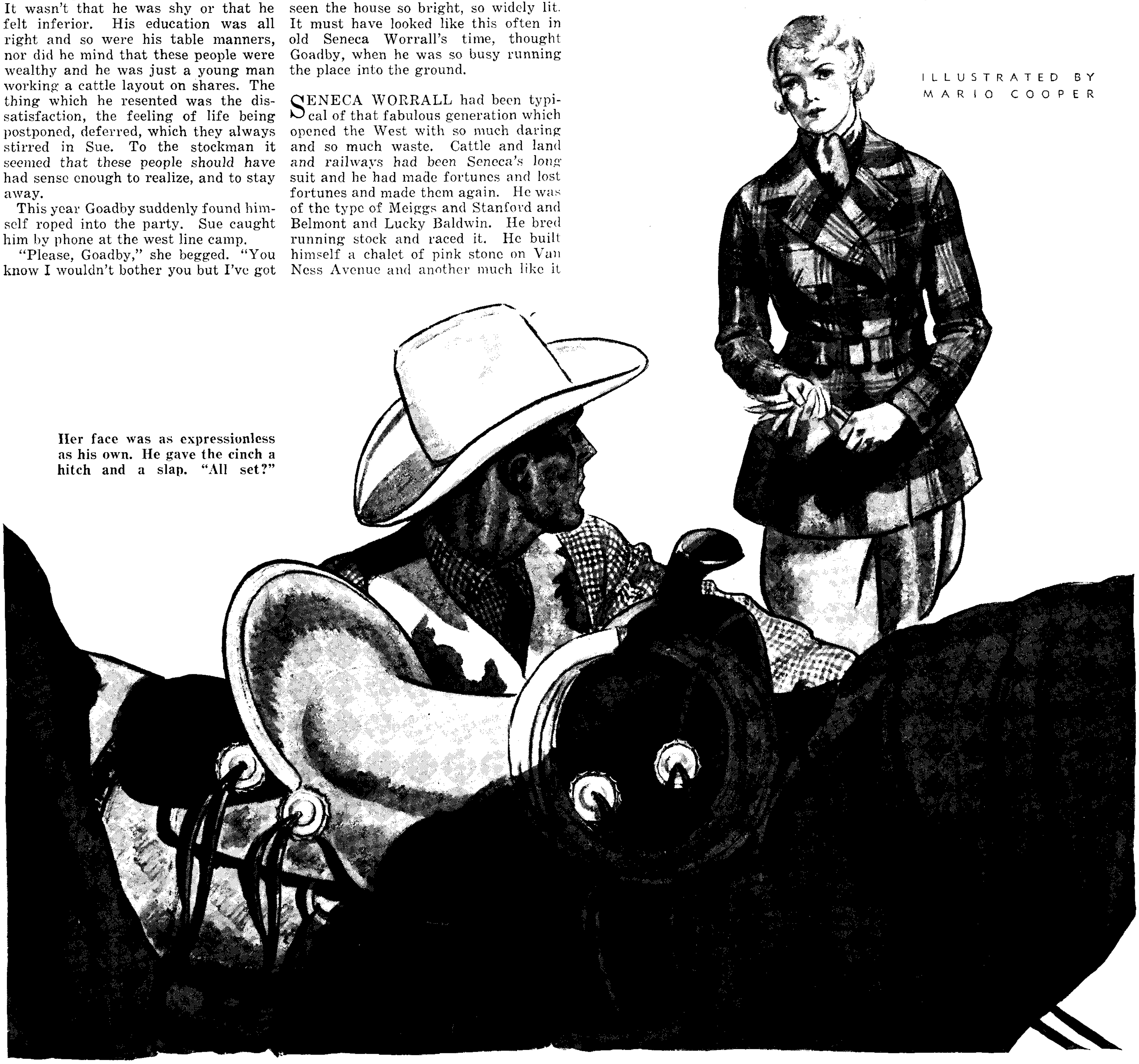
Coming through the pines that night, Goadby stopped to stare. In all the time he had worked at the ranch he had never seen the house so bright, so widely lit. It must have looked like this often in old Seneca Worrall's time, thought Goadby, when he was so busy running the place into the ground.

SENECA WORRALL had been typical of that fabulous generation which opened the West with so much daring and so much waste. Cattle and land and railways had been Seneca's long suit and he had made fortunes and lost fortunes and made them again. He was of the type of Meiggs and Stanford and Belmont and Lucky Baldwin. He bred running stock and raced it. He built himself a chalet of pink stone on Van Ness Avenue and another much like it on the Oregon ranch. He collected the world's worst paintings. He started a zoo with a male and female zebra, a giraffe and the famous white peacocks, but the zebras died and so did the giraffe and the peacocks made too much noise, so Seneca shot them.

And when, in later years, he entertained other tycoons, those slightly blurred gentlemen with nugget watch-charms, he did it in the manner which they alone could fully appreciate—he would order a dinner from the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and have it flown, waiters and all, to his place above Klamath. It was gestures like this which, after old Seneca had unwillingly died at the age of eighty-six, left Sue to work off a mortgage the size of a cathedral.

But this evening, as she came to meet Goadby in the hall, mortgages were forgotten. She had put work away with her blue jeans. Seeing her like this, in

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Her face was as expressionless as his own. He gave the cinch a hitch and a slap. "All set?"

a dress of smoky blue stuff with an extravagant purple flower at the shoulder, Goadby couldn't help thinking with a touch of pride, "When she wants to she can show the best of them."

"Come along, Goadby," Sue ordered in that tone they always used. "I knew you wouldn't go back on a friend."

"I might have," said Goadby.

In the scarlet-and-porcelain parlor, where the West reminded itself of Europe, Goadby met the house party. There was Fifi Maddox, with an exquisite face and a voice that would scare the cows. There was a slightly older couple called Sicard, and a girl by the name of Mildred Gervais with the man she was engaged to marry. Finally, Goadby shook hands with Neuville Jones.

With quickening interest Goadby turned to Jones. At the end of each house party Sue always spoke often of him. Goadby saw a man of about his own age, smoothly built and assured. Above the Paisley scarf his face wore the russet of pleasant living and his eyes were a good-humored blue. He looked like a man accustomed to being liked.

"I hear you're a wizard with stock," he told Goadby.

Fifi Maddox lifted the clear perfection of her face. "Wizard!" she said hoarsely. "Why, I'd always heard him called a hermit."

Goadby's face didn't change but his eyes smiled. "Hah," he said, "you've both got it wrong. I'm what they call in this country a stockman."

Fifi insisted: "But you must be a wizard. Sue's told me. Before you came to run the place she says she'd just about lost it."

"You forget how she's worked herself."

"Yes," said Fifi, "Sue's been all right for a party girl. Can't you spare her a while?"

"Not yet," Goadby said decisively, forgetting to go on being light. "Not yet. We're not out of the woods. Not by a darn' sight."

"Soon, then?" said Fifi. "How soon?"

Goadby told her, grinning down, that she wouldn't get far as a trader; she was too direct.

AT DINNER Goadby did not have much to say. He wanted to find out what it was about these people that Sue missed so much when they left.

Across the huge table, massed with Christmas berries and old Seneca's ringing crystal, the conversation moved gracefully. They spoke of acquaintances sometimes, and sometimes of people who figured in the news. They skipped from politics to women's clothes, to pride, to antique furniture, bringing to bear on each subject an easy humor and a great tolerance. So much tolerance it seemed a little as if they didn't give a damn.

"It's like a game," thought Goadby. "It is a game."

They were players, dealing each other deftly. They were players but they weren't gamblers. It's all right, thought Goadby, but I wouldn't trade a ranch for it. Certainly not a ranch like this one.

Fifi turned to ask him, "Why are you shaking your head?"

"Was I shaking my head?"

"I can see, Mr. Goadby," she laughed, "that you *would* make a trader."

Early each morning Goadby called the house. He and Sue had devised a formula to save time.

"Set?" Goadby would ask.

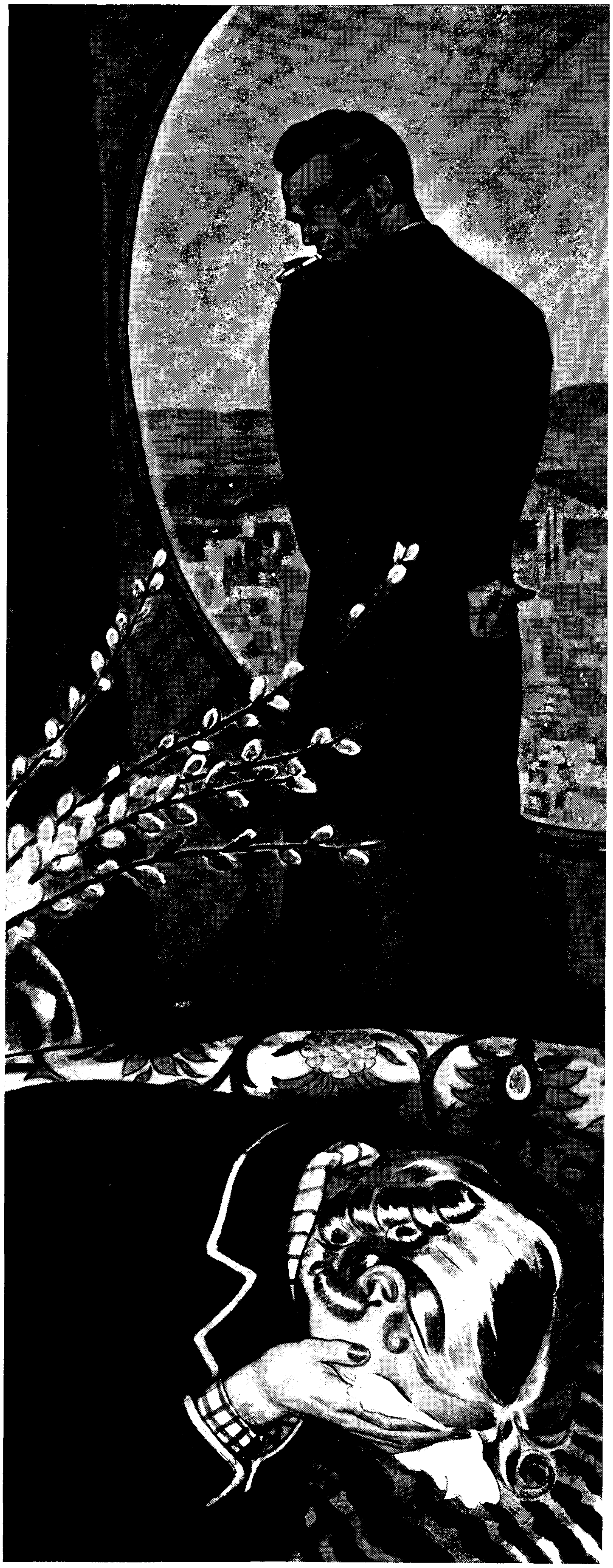
"All set."

Then he would give her the layout for the day.

But when he called the morning after the party he couldn't keep the amusement out of his voice.

"Set?"

He could hear her yawn.



After a while Goadby said, "I guess I see. I'm sorry I kicked up such a row"

"You'd better just go back to sleep."

"Wait," said Sue; "I've a trade-last for you."

"A what?"

"Yes," said Sue. "You know—a compliment. But I get one first."

"Good Lord!" said Goadby. "What is this anyhow?"

"Fifi Maddox thinks you're the man delightful."

ON THE pad beneath the wall phone Goadby scribbled angrily. He didn't like this business of mixing work with play. He had always managed to steer clear of it before.

"And, Goadby," she added, "you won't mind if we ride with you today? I've heard from Bill Gunther and he can't get here, so you're still the man."

"You mean your whole outfit's going to drag along?"

"You don't sound pleased."

"I'm not pleased," said Goadby.

"Well," said Sue, "I think a vacation might be good for the disposition."

"All right," he said, none too amiably.

It was a good day for riding. Light dripped from the pines. In places there were patches of shallow snow and the horses liked it. They flung their heads, they side-stepped and played the bits. Goadby, an easy figure on a tall, businesslike roan, rode along behind, watching the house party. They could ride but they fretted their mounts. He watched Sue, listening to her laugh as he'd never heard her laugh before. When this is all over, he told himself, then my troubles begin.

The sun flashed blindingly as they emerged on the lava lands—bare, slanting country where willful junipers marched from point to point. The sky was light blue and clear and you could see great distances. Sue Worrall pulled up and pointed far across to where three or four black objects loomed tremendous against the smooth skyline.

"Those Anguses again!" she called to Goadby.

The guests gave a whoop and rode off and Sue came trotting back.

"Where do you think they worked their way through?"

He said wearily, "I guess probably that same place down that canyon."

After that they rode in silence until they came to the place where the wire had been hooked loose. Goadby dismounted and slid a pair of pliers from the long pocket on his thigh.

"Why don't you like them, Goadby?" Sue said.

He considered. "I sort of like them."

"Why then . . .?"

"YOU want me to tell you?" He straightened up and turned that rainy expression towards her. "They're all right except that they get you so darned fed up with this place. Immediately you start wanting to throw over the job and hightail for town."

Sue met his gaze steadily.

"Don't you think I've got a right to get fed up? Do you think five years straight of this is any fun? No clothes. No place to wear them if I had them. No one to talk to." Her voice deepened. "Can't you understand that I'm still a young woman, Goadby? I want the lights and the music."

"Put it off a little longer and maybe you'll have the lights and the music. We aren't doing so badly."

"Put it off! I've been putting it off for years. Lots of years, Goadby. Years when most girls are having the time of their lives. And the longer I put it off, the older and browner and grimmer I get. What do you think of that?"

Goadby blinked. "Well, you can't be in the cow business and still be a débutante."

"I'm sick of the cow business," Sue

(Continued on page 59)

Helping Corny

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The adventures of Aunt Ella's surprising nephew, whose name will not go booming down the ages. At least, we don't think it will

LIKE a rocket at sea Cornelius had a face that demanded assistance. That's why his folks rushed to his rescue in all directions and got him one job after another. Which he lost as easily as a beach sandal. Faces are human ledgers and Corny's pan gave ample evidence of what was frying in it. He had pale teeth, a mansard forehead, rubber-set hair, eyes like exhausted crullers and a chin that was a bugle call for a retreat. Adding him up was like getting the correct answer with the wrong figures. You had to help him. For, like a turtle on its back, he never did a thing for himself.

It might have all been the family's fault for pampering him from the minute he was a baby right up until now. Which may be a long lapse of time but not of Corny. His babyhood was short and squat. They allowed him to keep his first curls until his voice was changing. With the result that the barber didn't know whether to give him a pompadour or a finger wave. His granny did most of his homework and all of his primary and secondary thinking. There wasn't the slightest doubt about his parentage, for his ma and his pa blamed him on each other and six years later went to Reno, got neatly separated and married again when they decided they might as well have Corny all the year round as his custody six months in twelve, which would ruin any lumberyard calendar.

He had an older brother and an older sister. Also more ripened uncles and some aunts who never spoke of ages but had withered slightly on the vine. All of them thought Corny was the most forlorn duck that ever webbed a foot. Sympathy flowed to him like the Mississippi through a busted levee and by the time he was old enough to do something for himself it had been done. If he had ever raised his hand it was only to have his nails polished and his sole claim to scholastic learning was that he had made his freshman eleven in his seventh year in prep school.

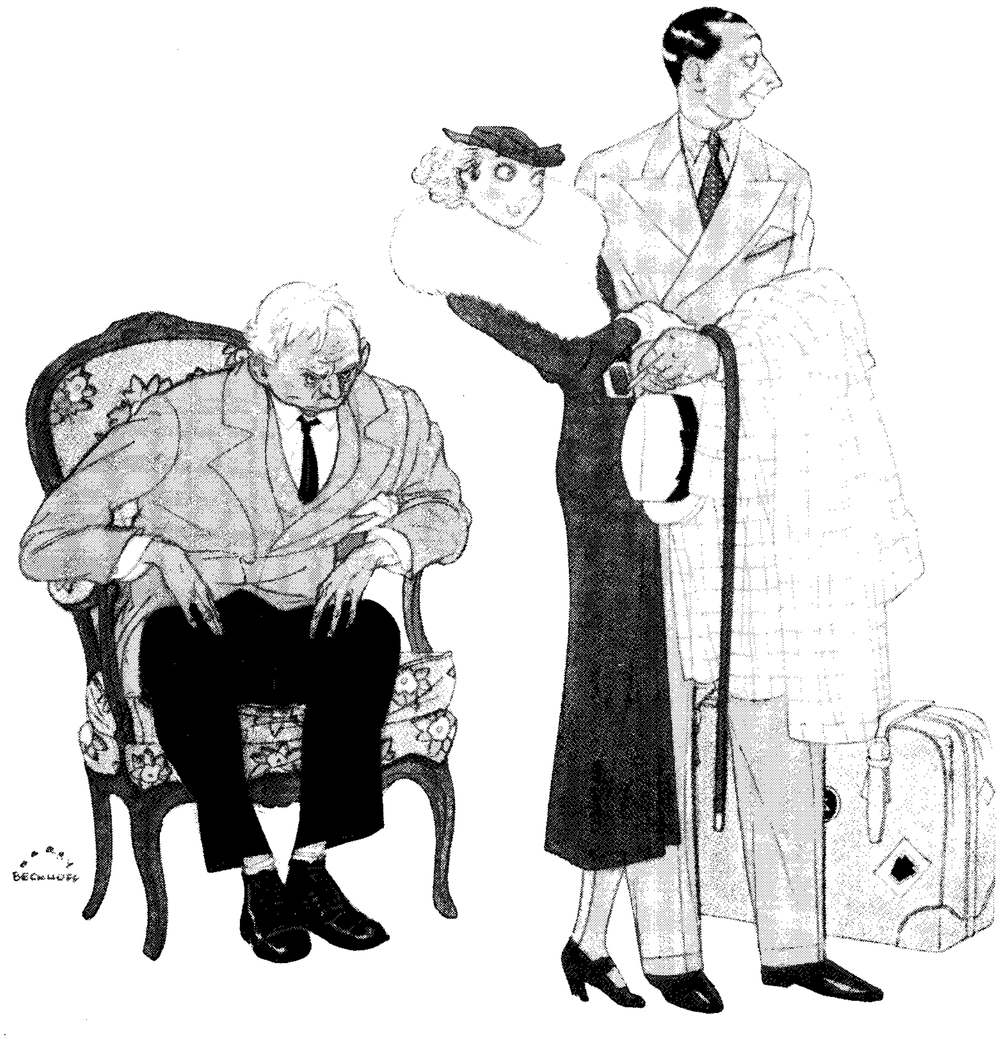
That was the kind of lad he was when the war took charge of patriotism and his relatives scurried around like cats chasing a waltzing mouse. They saw a man in Wall Street. Who saw a man in Washington. Both of them took a good look and saw Corny at the Great Lakes. This was not Houdini's famous feat of sawing a man in half. But it was certainly sawing him a little from the front. He fought the war on the marine sector known as Sailor's Snug Harbor. His relatives kept him supplied with chewing gum, cigars, cigarettes, candy, magazines and everything else you must purchase before the train leaves the depot. His first meal in the Navy was mess in a hippodromic cafeteria seating three thousand other gobs. That tremendous repast was paid for by the government. Corny astounded everybody by standing on his bench at the end of the meal and yelling, "Bring me the check."

For that he was brigged. Thirty days under the boiler. His mail was carefully censored and he was allowed to send no postcards showing the lake fortifications or revealing the seating capacity of our large movie palaces. His Navy future was lower than a mule's bed. Once again his relatives strummed the strings as gently as a solo on the harp. The wires jiggled and the officials marionetted. They managed to have Corny turned over to the fleet surgeons. After tapping Corny on the knee with a small hammer, asking him questions which had no answers and rolling his eyelids up like awnings they classified him as chipped china. Anybody who wants to pick up the dinner check for three thousand hungry sailors is a crackpot.

COMING home in his uniform his battle career was between those two famous Mumm twins, Maxie and Minnie. It was average. He had neither started the war nor finished it. He could lie to his grandchildren when his record was buried in the sands of the hourglass like crocodile eggs. The back of his graduating diploma read: Battles, none; wounds, none; bravery, optional.

The family waxed everything but dance floors in its enthusiasm over the returned hero. Multum in gobbo, they made a lot out of a little. Everybody had helped to get Corny in and out of the Navy, including Aunt Ella, who was six feet three and so tall she never had a sweetheart until she started walking round-shouldered. Then she got a bigamist. Aunt Ella rushed Corny down to the photographer and got an assist on the play. The picture showed Corny with his back to a canvas sea. Which was a social error. But historically correct. By popular demand of a plebiscite of relatives he stayed in his uniform so long after the war was over that people started asking him who won it.

Then the family held a council to figure out the best method of dovetailing Corny back into the scheme of things. He had no actual trade or profession, not having finished college when the war started and not having finished the war when peace commenced. You could put all his accomplishments into a nutshell, stuff him in the same receptacle and have plenty of room to place the lid on. With the aid of a megaphone he could turn a hum into a voice. And he could smoke a cigarette under a shower bath. Of course, he could write. But only in one direction. Getting his old job back was out. He'd never had one.



But they did get him a job. Which proves there is a first time for everything. Aunt Ella knew the better class of bridge dummies. Among them was a lady whose husband had an important position in a life insurance company. He sat on the board of directors. Who sat on everybody else. Corny was not to be outdone in Oriental courtesy. The first person he insured was Aunt Ella. She passed with flying colors which were a little faded. That gave Corny a high rating, for the policy was for a hundred thousand dollars. Inside of a month he was leading the eastern district with contracts budgeting over half a million. The company rented the picnic grounds in the leading hotel and staged a banquet. Corny, the high-geared salesman, was guest of honor.

"GENTLEMEN," said the president in conclusion, "it is now my pleasure to present the leader of this district. At this time it is indeed a privilege to introduce the greatest insurance agent of the age. A toast. I give you Corny."

The president gave Corny to the guests that night. A month later he would have given Corny to anybody. He sold no more insurance from that minute on. For Corny had run out of relatives. Every one in the family carried a protective plaster which cost them a dollar for every dime the demon salesman made. He went to Palm Beach with his plunder before his folks had a chance to examine his books. He knew one rule of success and that was you cannot get rich with another man counting your money. He acquired a nice tan while the family was up north in an orchard of hot water bottles.

A young bachelor with money in Miami is eligible. He was a swimming marvel for about a dozen strokes and was a member of the champion team that played water polo against the Married Women in the kiddies' pool. The girls all fell in love with him. After a coconut had plunked on his head in the moonlight he proposed to one, wired the family the good news, then brought his bride with him to verify the rumor. Aunt Ella sat in a low rocking chair to get a good look at the bride. She was a pretty little thing and her folks had money. They also had Corny. But not for long. By this time his alma mater might as well have been a tannery, for he was constantly being shooed in and booted out. In six months he had fifteen jobs and would have done better if one of them had not been a two weeks' vacation.

The family welcomed Corny and his bride back but sacrificed no corpulent heifers. The inevitable council of over-insured relatives frisked its incorporated intellect for a new way of helping him. That couldn't be done without an act of Congress.

They got that with the aid of thirty-six states that added another amendment to the Constitution, thereby making the tail heavier than the kite.

Corny started innocently enough when he went down to the wharf to see a pal off for Europe. The false friend gave him a quart of Five Star. Which wasn't bad when the best moving picture of the year only got three from the critics. He smuggled it ashore in direct violation of the Act of Congress.

"I'll give eighty a case for that," said Aunt Ella, smacking her lips. Which retail remark put Corny in the wholesale business. The purser of the boat had whispered to him that it was possible to get all he wanted for forty-five. Inside of a week or two Corny had peddled a case to every member of the family and had built up a good illegal trade among friends and acquaintances. He became known as the society purveyor and would have made a fortune if complications had not fermented.

ONE day, while storking along in the garden, it was only Aunt Ella's great height that enabled her to straddle a burst of machine-gun fire.

It seemed that Corny had unwittingly muscled in on the territory of Hinge Neck Saparella. Hinge Neck used the same boat as Corny but that didn't make them shipmates. Corny had certainly made some nice contacts. Although his maiden name sounded something like a soft drink, Saparella was hard. A bomb tossed among the potted plants unpotted everything in the adjacent vicinity. It was time for another consultation of the tribe. The honored name had never been connected with scandal except the one time Aunt Ella had married the bigamist. Rather than call in the police it was decided to deal directly with Hinge Neck. As he had been Aunt Ella's bootlegger before Corny muscled in, it fell to her lot to straighten out the curly situation.

Hinge Neck was nothing if not a gentleman. He called a truce, and his torpedoes off, after he understood that Corny was merely trying to turn over a few honest dollars. Saparella got his territory back, sold Aunt Ella some few cases of outlaw elixir and even offered her a job as look-out along the coast of Long Island. Wearing a red hat there is no doubt that Aunt Ella could have been seen for thirty miles at sea.

When all that was hushed up and smoothed over, the clan reassembled to plot the future. Each member had helped Corny three or four times except an ostracized and plebeian uncle who was in trade. He turned down the proposition because he wanted to stay in trade. Finally a broker cousin offered to try it again. Corny became a customers' man. It was the year 1928, when prosperity stalked the land and the Four Horsemen were on a merry-go-round. The first thing a customers' man does is to sell stock to his relatives and friends. Corny did not betray that trust. Why go over the list of the chilled, winded and hissing? Black Friday doesn't mean a minstrel show. When the family checked up after the top had bottomed it discovered that the blue ribbon stocks had turned purple and that the most conservative investor can acquire sore feet from walking on eggs.

Nobody blamed Corny for the crash, for it was one of those things. It was Aunt Ella who took charge and stood out like a sunbonnet in the rain. She switched and ordered the broker cousin to sell short. The result was that she made ten times as much as the rest had lost. A lady who can straddle a burst of machine-gun fire can do most anything.

THAT just about washed everybody up with Corny, who was now on his own. The bride went back to her folks until such time as her husband could support her in the same manner to which her parents had spoiled her.

Then Corny killed a man.

Killed him deader than boiled haddock. The police had him at headquarters and there would be no extenuating circumstances until a lawyer arrived.

That was the straw that tickled the camel's shoulder blades. It brought the family to Corny's aid with a rush. Aunt Ella, stilted up on all twos, saw Corny's wan face in parentheses between bars, screamed, "I've come to aid you," and fainted. She was a big help.

We will shellac over the trial and its exposé of gilded youth. Gilt is gold paint mixed with banana oil. The family took its publicity on its chins, which may have wabbled a bit but were unbowed. The best in legal talent was none too good for Corny. It had been a week-end party at which he had tried to drown his troubles. He didn't know that troubles have water wings. Somebody said something, somebody pulled a gun and somebody was shot. When you see an empire in ashes, a deer making its last gallant stand against the wolves or a conquered nation fleeing before the invader, it all comes from allowing a boy to have his own way.

The jury gave Corny five years in the shade. Which is not a lifetime. But it is a freckle remover.

Pending appeal, Corny went to the Iron Theater in the next cell to Saparella, who was doing twenty or better for playing touch tag with a large automatic. Twenty meant nothing to Hinge Neck. When you saw him dancing in some swell calaboose it was just his way of forgetting. By clipping a little time here and a little there Hinge Neck usually managed to get sprung before the jurors got home. He whiled away the happy hours by teaching Corny the grapevine.

"Say," he said one sunny indoor afternoon, "aren't you the crackaloo that muscled in on me during the good old days?"

Upon confirmation of the dubious details Saparella had a good throaty gargle that would have been a laugh if it had been higher up. "How's that janitor dame?" he wanted to know. He called Aunt Ella a janitor because she had turned off the heat.

It didn't take Corny long to tell Hinge Neck all he knew. When he came to the part about standing on the mess-hall bench and shouting for the check for three thousand sailors Saparella vibrated with congested mirth.

"You say you got a medical discharge?" he said. "Then you are a whacky for fair. You're as dippy as a washwoman's thumb. What was your mouthpieces doing?"

"My mouthpieces?" Corny was puzzled.

"Your fronters. Your lawyers."

"They were there."

"How about the discharge?" Hinge Neck saw a fine legal point. "Where was that?"

"That was home in the attic. You know you don't frame those things."

"I know it," persisted Hinge Neck, "but they can frame you. The discharge says you're ooky-kooky, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but I'm really not. I just stood on the bench and shouted for the check in fun. It always was a big laugh in college."

"Well," said Hinge Neck, "this is a college and it's good clean fun. You sure your lawyers didn't flash that thing in court?"

"Absolutely."

Saparella studied a minute or so. Finally, he said, "I see where I gotta help you."

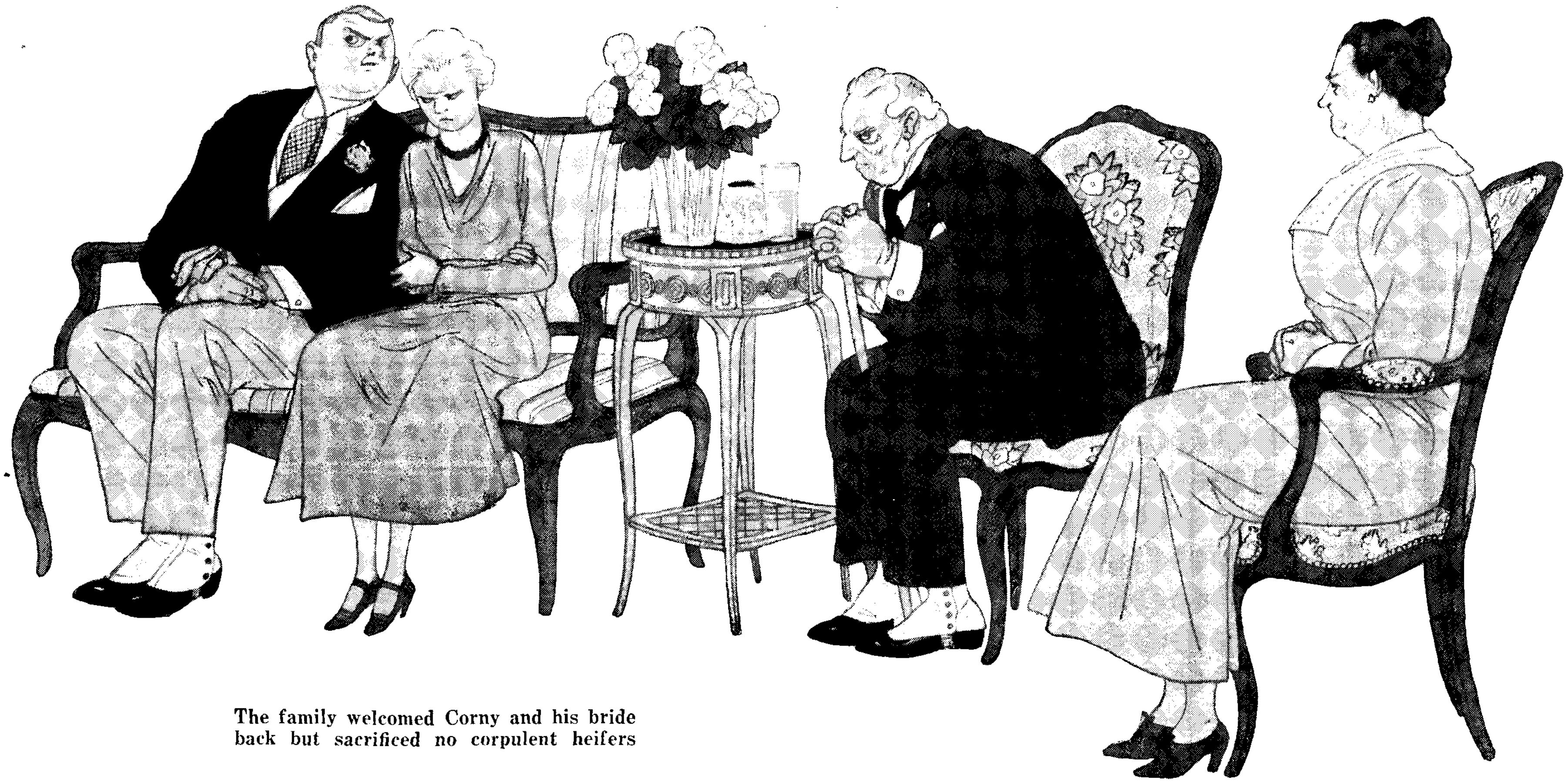
THE proffer amazed Corny. Not that it was a new proposition but because Hinge Neck was no relative.

"Yep," said Saparella, "I can spring you." His voice, always an incarcerated tenor, dropped down the whispered octaves to a secretive croon. "If you was nuts when you left the Navy you ain't soup now. You're still nuts. You buzz your aunt to get that discharge, give it to a lawyer who shows it to the judge. The judge reads it and appoints a commish on lunacy. They come up and examine you. You ain't stir bugs. You went over the blue wall before you got here. After the commish gets through with you you are as free as the air in a punctured tire. The worst you will get is a short stretch in the laughing academy."

Everything turned out almost as Hinge Neck predicted. Corny told Aunt Ella about it on the next visiting day. Hinge Neck's efforts to whisper in the elongated lady's ear resembled a boy trying to knock an icicle off the roof of Town Hall. He finally made her understand even though he had to act as his own interpreter. When he kept stressing the word "nuts" he was referring to Corny's topper. But she didn't know whether Hinge Neck was a vegetarian or whether he was giving her a short answer. Mouthpieces, fall money, stools, front men, Tommy guns, blue walls and stir bugs meant nothing in her thin, stringy life.

She absorbed the information and the directions as slowly as a small but

(Continued on page 44)



The family welcomed Corny and his bride back but sacrificed no corpulent heifers

Up Pops a Republican

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

WHATEVER else may be said about Lester Jesse Dickinson (Dick for short) the man has put his courage beyond question. Careless of last November's Democratic landslide, overlooking the recent Chicago election, and likewise ignoring the still more ominous fact that Mr. Roosevelt has $4,800,000,000 to spend in the next year and a half, the senior senator from Iowa has thrown wide the door of his cyclone cellar, and stands forth boldly as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1936.

Let it be said also that there is nothing timorous or deprecatory about his entrance into the arena. Not for him the statuesque poses of Senator Vandenburg, Senator McNary, Ogden Mills, Franklin Knox and James W. Wadsworth, Jr., each with his left breast clutched firmly in a strong right hand. Equally foreign to his straightforwardness are the oratorical devices of Dr. Glenn Frank, that indefatigable speaker whose activities have forced even Rotary clubs to meet behind locked doors.

Others may sit in sweating silence while they try to determine precisely whether the President's popularity has lessened sufficiently to make attack a safe course, but Lester Jesse charges forward with the ferocious abandon of a Bulgarian wrestler. Whenever Republicans find a vacant telephone booth in which to stage a mass meeting, the Lion of Lucas County is right there to denounce Franklin D. Roosevelt, blaming him for everything from the Mexican War to the chinch bug.

"Every detail of our social and business position in this country is worse now than it was in the beginning of 1933." That is just an indication of how the senator feels about things. "Industry paralyzed, money, treasury notes, insurance policies, stocks and bonds, have all lost value as securities. The whole sky grows darker, and no man knows what the weather will be tomorrow." Though he strain his eyes to the utmost, nowhere can he detect a gleam of light.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Lester Jesse Dickinson, senior senator from Iowa, is the Senate's most stalwart exponent of the Old Deal

The President Takes the Rap

And who is this fiend in human form who has changed heaven into a hell? If his voice does not fail him, Lester Jesse means to let no single American man or woman remain in doubt. "The shortcomings of the New Deal," he thunders, "can no longer be charged to the Brain Trust. There is only one place to fix responsibility, and that is on the doorstep of the White House."

Cautious souls may worry about the growth of radical sentiment, and spend hours on their hands and knees, searching patiently for the Middle of the Road, but Senator L. J. Dickinson is content with the Faith of the Fathers, and craves no higher privilege than to follow in the fingerprints of the Great Conservatives. His bulk is planted to the right as far as it is possible to get, and while won to grudging acceptance of the electric light and airplane, any other departure from the past is the work of "zealots and demagogues, Socialists and Communists."

All of two hundred pounds goes behind his wallops, for Lester Jesse is what has come to be known as "corn fed." A fine, solid, upstanding man with an Early Roman face that he takes care to keep windburned, lighted by a mouthful of white teeth, and crowned by a splendid head of snowy hair combed up into a Roscoe Conkling roach. Hearty until it hurts, backing up a whole-souled handshake with a fond fixity of gaze as if the countenance before him had appeared in answer to prayer.

Not a statesman at all, but just a plain, simple, everyday American, loving his country and willing to die for its sacred institutions. Everything about him plain and simple from that day in 1873 when he was born on a farm in Lucas County, Iowa. His boyhood spent in the fields under God's sun, and his early education gained in the Little Red Schoolhouse. No eastern university for Lester Jesse, but the little high school in Danville and little Cornell College, followed by a law course in the state university. And instead of the Call of the City, a decision on little Algona—population 4,000—as the place where he wanted to sink his roots.

In view of this plain, rugged record, it seems almost criminal to cast a doubt on Lester Jesse's perfect simplicity, and yet now and then a dark suspicion of adroitness intrudes itself. When asked, for instance, what he would suggest as a method of holding America back from the abyss into which the President is plunging us, or called on to tell what he would do were he in the White House, his clear, blue eyes take on a look of pained reproach, and he answers, "No mechanic knows the parts or the tools required to repair an auto when it is running over the cliff. He must wait until it lands, and then examine the wreck." Pressed for details, he draws himself to his full height, and ends the conversation by declaring, "We must return to the fundamental principles of government that made America great."

Governmental economy is not the least of the senator's passions. As the hart panteth for the water brook, and as Huey Long yearns to see every man a king, so does Lester Jesse dream of a balanced budget. The mere sight of extravagance causes the dew of anguish to bead his brow, and groans escape him as he watches Democrats squander millions. Even so, from 1924 to the present day, he has never failed to slip in a shy, unobtrusive vote for the soldiers' bonus.

All in all, however, the Republicans might go farther and fare worse in their search for a sacrificial offering in 1936. Out in Iowa they come for miles to hear him speak, and bearded men have been known to bay like coon dogs when Lester Jesse warmed up to his peroration. Elected to Congress in 1918, after the first two or three elections nobody could be found to run against him, and in 1930, when the Republican party was already marked by the faint yellow tinge denoting decay, he wiped up the earth with Frederick Daniel Steck, his Democratic opponent.

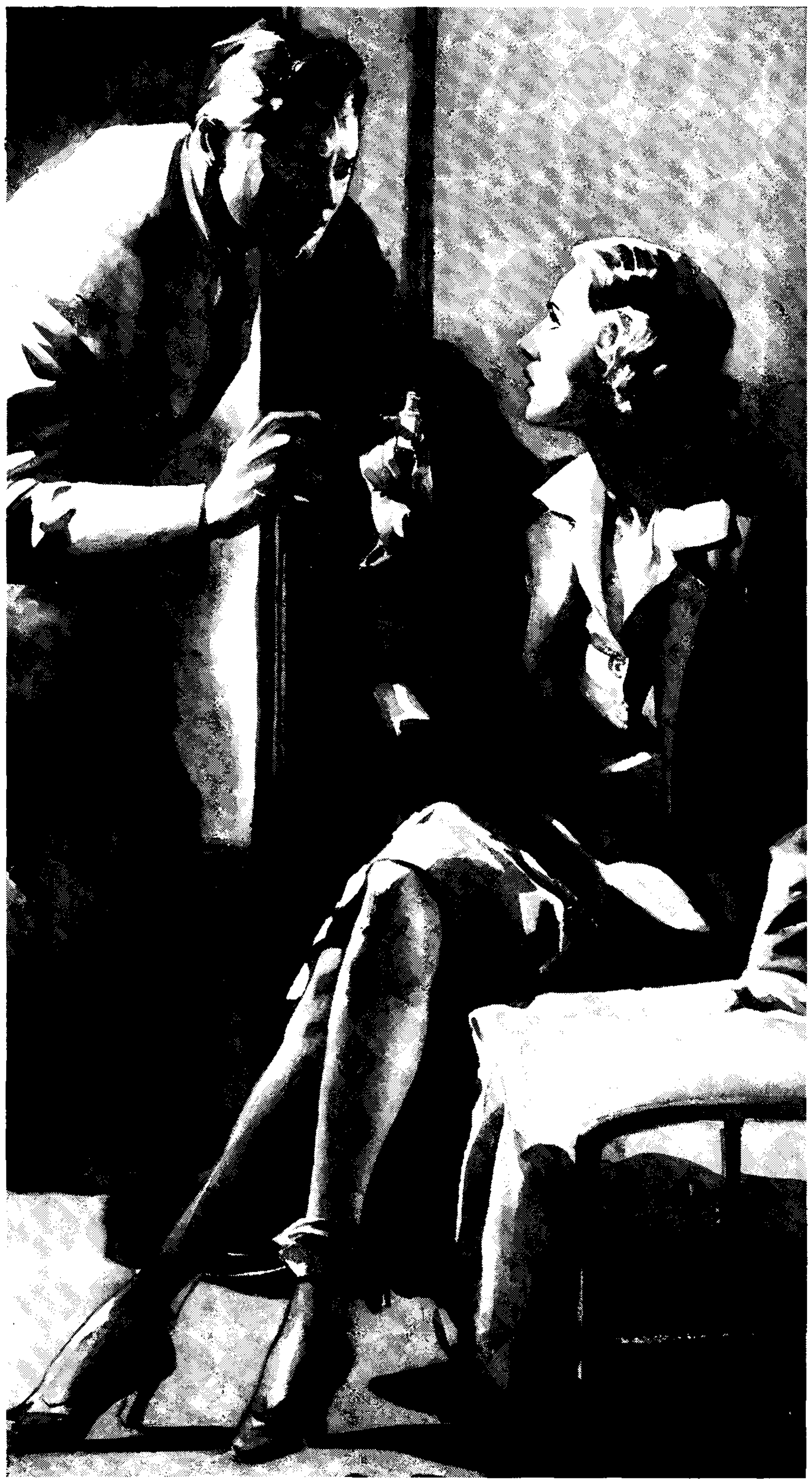
As for party regularity, Lester Jesse Dickinson makes even Reed Smoot appear insurgent. During his eleven years in the House, he led the celebrated Farm Bloc, and annoyed Mr. Harding, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover to the point of distraction by his impassioned advocacy of bills designed to turn the federal treasury over to the farmers of the nation. Always, however, when the White House whip cracked smartly, the Gentleman from Iowa remembered Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and quit his embarrassing activities.

At the Republican convention in Chicago in 1932, when every other leader trembled like an aspen for fear he might be asked to act as "keynoter," Lester Jesse took over the job, and not only praised Mr. Hoover as a Moses who had led his people into the Promised Land, but lauded the protective tariff as having brought prosperity to agriculture and industry, enabling the workers of the nation to be given steady employment at high wages. If that isn't regularity, then what is?

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"Steady on," he said. "I'll see what our friends have run into"

The Story Thus Far:

COUNT ITO, noted Japanese statesman, has been assassinated. On a Japanese steamer bound for China are a number of witnesses, including some suspects. They are: Sturgis Hammond, an American newspaperman: a beautiful Russian known as "Nahta," who professes to be in love with Hammond (who is fascinated by and deeply interested in her), and who. Hammond has reason to believe, was involved in the plot to kill Ito; Vonny Cass, a noted girl flier who, to secure a much-needed visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary; Major Pat Nugent, a charming soldier of fortune whom Hammond has known for years; and Anton Krupp, a wealthy German, who, his neck broken, must be wheeled about in a rolling-chair.

All are en route to that storm center, Manchukuo. And there is plenty of excitement on board. It begins when Colonel Watanabe, the Japanese military commander, intercepts a wireless code message addressed to Vonny Cass. His suspicions aroused, the colonel interrogates the girl closely. Whereupon, Hammond—mildly interested in Vonny and knowing very little about her past—intercedes in her behalf, and skillfully exonerates her.

Somewhat later, a gigantic wave sweeps over the steamer and carries someone—a man—to his death. . . . Attracted to Nahta as he has never heretofore been attracted by any woman, Hammond has several talks with her. She reveals something of her past life, a most tragic series of events; and she tells him, with the utmost abandon, that she adores him. Hammond, well aware that she is a dangerous woman, tells her that he loves her. And within a few hours, Anton Krupp—the man with the broken neck—makes an amazing speech to him. "You will excuse my abruptness, Mr. Hammond," Krupp says, "but my wife is in love with you. Very well—remember this: You may, in time, obtain certain information. You may use it for business or personal reasons. If you do, Madame Krupp will be delivered to the Japanese authorities—and shot."

Madame Krupp, it appears, is—*Nahta!*

Vonny Cass loses the heel of her slipper. While she is searching high and low for it Colonel Watanabe announces that Prince Tokugawa, a cousin of the emperor, who is on board, has been shot! In his hand Watanabe holds a slipper heel. "This," he says, "was found with a pistol near the prince's suite.". . . Hammond encounters Nugent. He is strangely excited.

VI

"HOW much of all that did you hear?" Sturg asked Nugent.

Pat said, "Look," and he pointed with his glass to the locker top. Sturg's gladstone lay on it, on its side, and closed. Between the torn-off labels on the surface of the leather, the major had drawn a very careful diagram with a heavy copy pencil. It showed the Prince Tokugawa's cabin, the entry and the port side of the Dairen's promenade deck down to the smoke-room passage door.

Sturgis looked at him sharply.

"Just how drunk are you?"

"An Irish gentleman," Nugent told him, "is never drunk until he dies. If he has lived according to the tenets of righteousness, then his spiritual reward is the sublime state of complete drunkenness throughout all eternity. Look here, my friend," he indicated the diagram. "This is the Prince Tokugawa's cabin. Two of its four walls abut on the entryway. Its third wall is also the wall of the next cabin aft, which is occupied by Messieurs Nethercot and Utterhoe, the one a saw salesman, the other an Australian. Its fourth wall is the side of the ship which gives on the promenade deck." The major took a long tug at his drink, finished it as an afterthought, and set the glass down with a decisive click. "Now, then, we shall dismiss the remote possibility that the prince was shot from *inside* his cabin. To my certain knowledge, two Japanese civilians have been in constant attendance upon him—the two that came aboard with him. I have seen them through the open door—at rare intervals. They sleep, apparently, on the locker tops and they dine in his presence, therefore, they must be very acceptable Japanese to be allowed that proximity to his person. And if they are that acceptable, their interest in Japan must be such a profound one of blood and tradition that any act on their part which would jeopardize her sovereign dignity in any way is unthinkable. The Prince Tokugawa is not a politician or a high-ranking naval officer. He is of the blood royal and it is inconceivable that any Japanese would assassinate him—much less a man in his own entourage. Therefore—Conclusion Number One: The prince was shot from *outside* his cabin."

"My—my!" Sturgis sat down on his locker top and looked up at the major, his legs stretched out straight, his hands sunk in his trousers pockets. The major tightened the cord of his flannel dressing gown, poured three fingers of whisky into his glass, fizzed it and took up a spraddle-legged stance before Sturgis.

"Hammond," he said, "I don't like your attitude, but I choose to ignore it for the moment. Follow me, please. The prince having been shot from *outside* his cabin, we shall now proceed to a consideration of where exactly the murderer stood when he fired the shot. Obviously the bullet must pass through an aperture in one of the four walls of the cabin. At once we may dismiss the Utterhoe-Nethercot wall. If the bullet passed through that wall, it must of necessity have a hole prepared for it to pass through—and I submit that even a man of Watanabe's limited ability could, from the position of the prince's body when it fell, trace the flight of the bullet accurately enough to find such a hole. If he had found such a hole or any evidence whatsoever that a shot had passed through the wall from the Utterhoe-Nethercot cabin, he would immediately have pounced in upon those gentry. He didn't. My cabin is the next one aft from theirs. They snore abominably. They were still snoring abominably when I came over here to you. So next we come to the two walls that abut on the entryway. There is only one opening in those two walls—the door. To fire through the door—the murderer must come into the entryway, open the door, aim at the prince in the presence of his two companions—and fire. I submit that he didn't do that. A—because it would have been a foolhardy procedure; and B—because you would have seen or heard him."

"I?" Sturgis sat upright.

"HA!" the major snorted. "A slight interest, what? Well, look. You were right here in the entryway—standing at the port entryway door, where you presently encountered Miss Cass with the heel off her slipper. At any time while you were there you would have seen anyone go in or come out of the prince's cabin. In the silence of the ship you would have heard any commotion inside. Well, no one came in or went out while you were there and there wasn't any commotion inside. Am I right?"

Sturgis nodded. "Yes, Major—you are right."

"Then you and Miss Cass crossed the entryway to the starboard passage—the passage opposite my passage—and went aft in it to her cabin. Then you came here to your cabin for iodine. Total elapsed time from leaving entryway to arrival here—five to eight minutes. Now, in that five to eight minutes look what happens in my passage. Discovery of prince shot—ship's surgeon sent for—time for him to get coat off and roll up sleeves—steward rung for—ship's captain sent for—priests. Isn't that enough activity without adding the additional time it would have taken for the murderer to come into the entry after you left with Miss Cass, open the prince's door and shoot him?"

"Yes—it seems to be. What then?"

"The only possible alternative—the prince was shot from the darkened promenade deck—through a window in this fourth wall of his cabin—the wall that abuts on that deck." Nugent tapped it emphatically with his finger.

"Incredible," Sturgis said. "Exactly what Watanabe implies."

"In just one moment," Major Nugent told him, "I shall leave you to solve this damned murder yourself!" He snorted and began again: "Having reached that conclusion—that the murderer stood on

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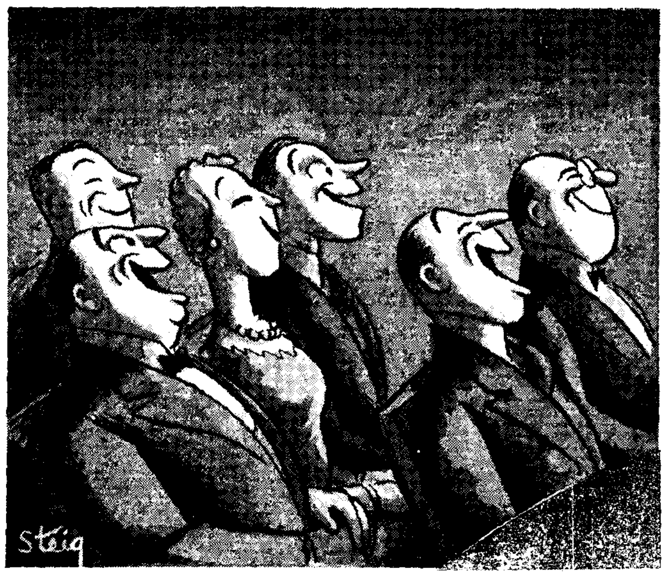
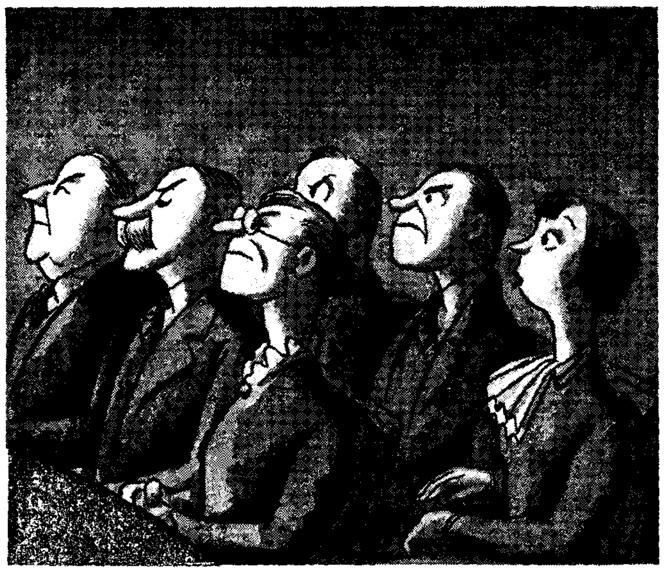


All a Gag

By

Quentin Reynolds



Situations that paralyze city folks might leave a rural audience cold

Gags are like olives—not everybody likes even a good olive. Similarly a gag may be a wow in New York and fall flat on its face in Denver. You may scream at gags—either in laughter or in pain—but do you know the mechanics of gagging? Here's how it is done

WHEN winter comes to Burchard, Nebraska, it gets really cold. I mean positively. It gets so cold that your shoes become stiff, and unless you rub oil or grease into them you just can't wear them. So when the leaves began to fall each year and a chill snap made itself felt in the air Harold's mother used to cock an eye at the heavens and say, "Time to fix Harold's shoes for the winter."

She'd always rub goose grease into the leather of the shoes and the goose grease would keep the leather soft and pliable. Then Harold could get his feet in the shoes.

Harold owned a cat. Whenever Harold came home during the winter that cat would immediately run to him and start to lick his shoes. The smell of the goose grease was like catnip to the animal. As soon as winter was finished and the shoes didn't really need that layer of goose grease the cat would transfer his affections elsewhere. Harold was fond of the cat—he was about ten then—but he never, never thought that the cat, by licking those goose-grease smeared shoes, was presenting him with a million dollars.

When Harold grew up he became Harold Lloyd, a great comedian and one of the biggest money-makers in pictures. Lloyd has always been, to a great extent, his own gagman. A gag is either a spoken line or a bit of business which is designed to get laughs from audiences. Lloyd would always take a skeleton of a story and then stick in gags himself. Now he ranks with Chaplin as Hollywood's greatest gagman.

He was making a picture called Grandma's Boy. Harold, the hero, was a timid, shy lad who was always being embarrassed. He was courting Mildred Davis in the picture, and one night, all dressed up in his Sunday suit, he went a-calling on the fair Mildred. He and Mildred sat alone in the front parlor and the script called for Harold to be uncomfortable and embarrassed before his lady love.

"We've got to stick some business in there," Lloyd said. "This boy is a farmer lad. Now, what might embarrass such a boy and how can we bring it in?"

Harold thought for a while and then produced one of his funniest gags. He remembered that cat of his and how the cat had swarmed all over him whenever he had come into a room wearing the goose-greased shoes. That was enough.

In the picture Harold is wearing shoes which have been smeared with goose grease. He is doing all right with Mildred until a cat comes into the room. The cat makes one mad dash for Harold's shoes and begins ecstatically to lick at the goose grease. Harold, embarrassed, takes the cat and puts it out of the room. In two minutes the cat is back with a whole group of playmates. They fall happily to work on Harold's shoes. Audiences all over the world howled at Harold's embarrassment. It was one of the funniest sequences ever made. The picture was a tremendous success, partly because Lloyd had remembered that cat of his back in Burchard, Nebraska.

The incident is typical of the way gagmen work. Gags, either spoken or ocular, seldom spring forth full-fledged from the inventive mind of a gagman. Usually they are founded on incidents which actually happened. Lloyd has an amazing memory. He can recall incidents of his childhood and he can adapt them and put new twists to them. Lloyd has the knack of swinging the last ounce of laughter out of a gag.

Ocular Gags Are Best

"A simple gag is the best," Lloyd says. "You must use incidents which are familiar to your audiences. If they have to figure out things the laugh is lost. That's why ocular gags are best. If you see something which is funny you laugh spontaneously. If you hear something funny, unless it is very simple, you have to expend a slight mental effort getting the point."

He illustrated by explaining the genesis of one of his greatest gags. Every man can remember one phase of his childhood, the phase during which he wanted to be a magician. Almost every kid has been given at one time or another a box of magic tricks. When Lloyd was a youngster his father gave him such a box. Harold was so fascinated by these pieces of magic that he carried them about in his coat pocket.

He was making a picture called Movie Crazy. There was a ballroom scene and once more Harold had to be embarrassed in front of his lady fair. Lloyd, remembering how he had always carried those magic impedimenta about in his coat pockets, conceived a gag based on that fact. There is a famous magician staying in the hotel where the dance is to be held. An unkind fate intervenes and Harold gets the magician's coat by mistake. All unknowing, he walks confidently into the ballroom. Then things begin to happen. A frightened rabbit jumps out of one of the coat pockets and throws the guests into confusion. Pigeons follow, and poor Harold, not understanding, is petrified with embarrassment. Goldfish, snakes and other props of the magician's craft follow. No one could watch that scene without howling with laughter.

Here's how Lloyd works. One day he was walking along a Los Angeles street. Subconsciously he is working all the time. He's always looking for ideas which might be translated into pictures. This day he saw a tremendous crowd ahead of him. Joining it, he found the crowd breathless with interest. A human fly was scaling a high building. Lloyd had never seen a crowd so fascinated.

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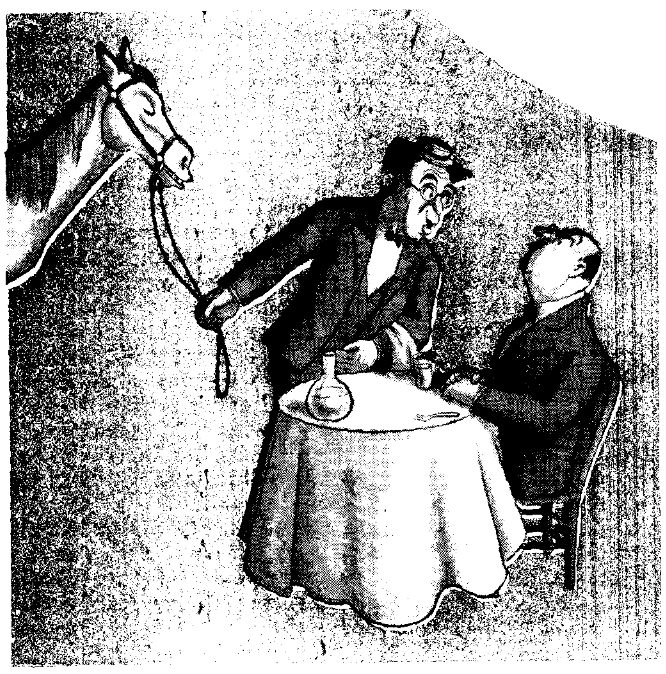
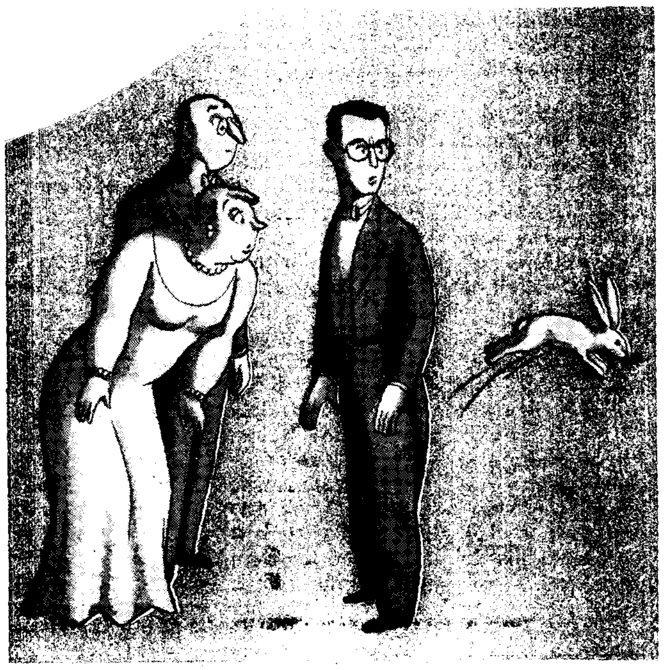
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



One of our oldest clichés, "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse," was the tipoff for a perfect Ed Wynn gag

Harold Lloyd got some of his best laughs out of the "personal embarrassment" gags in which he specialized



"So *you've* discovered Campbell's, too!"

Wherever you go . . . wherever you are entertained . . . more and more frequently you find the choice is Campbell's Tomato Juice.

Its garden-fresh flavor makes Campbell's Tomato Juice a happy thought when you are entertaining or for regular family use. The moment you taste it you recognize and enjoy the "right-off-the-vine" flavor that says you are drinking tomato juice at its best.

A glassful of this refreshing ruby-red juice not only gives you the full flavor of freshly-plucked, perfect tomatoes — but it does even more! It gives you a heaping measure of the tomato's health-giving properties as well.

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Hang up the Fiddle and the Bow

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Henri Duvernois

EVERY evening, a women's orchestra—Hungarian women, according to the notices—played at the little café.

Every evening Monsieur Descomet took his place at the same table near the orchestra and smiled at the players as they seated themselves behind their music stands, very reserved and well-bred for all their red jackets. Mademoiselle Berthe, who still wore short skirts and her hair in a braid, was at the piano. In addition there were Mademoiselle Lise, leader of the impetuous violins, and three others. Mademoiselle Berthe came from Belgium, Mademoiselle Lise from the north of France; the performers had been recruited from here and there but always with a strict regard for propriety, for the café catered to family trade. At twelve-thirty the fathers and mothers would appear to reclaim their Hungarian offspring, who would immediately slip out to the accompaniment of the last applause.

Then Monsieur Descomet — forty, wealthy, a widower—would get up, finish the last of his coffee and go sadly away.

As you may easily imagine, love was not slow in entering the little café. There were several light flirtations.

As for Monsieur Descomet, he had no hesitation about his choice. Timidity kept him from aiming too high. Mademoiselle Lise he avoided as too imposing and Mademoiselle Berthe as too young, and the others because they played with too much indifference or too brazenly. There remained one humble violinist who kept well in the background, near a screen which half hid her from the guests. Her eyes lowered, she seemed to Monsieur Descomet to merit the name of artiste which he denied to the others. She was a pretty girl, with a finely chiseled nose and a serious mouth. When she played she put her whole attention, her whole soul, into her work. Afterward, she would retire, timidly, to her screen; Monsieur Descomet loved her for her shyness.

He said to the waiter: "Tell me, Eusèbe, that little one, who keeps herself hidden, what's her name?"

"Sophie. Her friends are always teasing her. . . ."

He dared not go on with his questions. But, like all timid people, he had magnificent dreams. He dreamed of boldly snatching her away from this café, of carrying her off to his home; he pictured long evenings of music when she would play for him alone.

One evening, at closing time, Monsieur Descomet noticed that it was raining. He had an umbrella with him. When Sophie prepared to leave, he spoke to her timidly:

"May I see you home, Mademoiselle?"

Sophie accepted. She even took his arm.

DURING the walk Monsieur Descomet began to talk about music. But Sophie became silent and spoke only to mention her fellow musicians:

"They are so unkind to me. . . . If you only knew, Monsieur!"

He summoned up courage to press her arm protectively. And then Sophie told him her dream: a vision of tranquil happiness, security for the morrow—not with a young man, no indeed!—and a longing for peace and for the country. She spoke aloud the very thoughts of Monsieur Descomet. And he, afraid to believe in so much good luck, still found courage to say, as he left her:

"You will allow me to escort you again, some time?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

Next day no one in the orchestra talked about anything except the conquest made by Tag-Along.

For that was what the girls called Sophie. And the nickname merits an explanation: Sophie did not play; she simply pretended. With her bow, on which there was soap instead of rosin, she followed, silently and as best she could, the gestures of her companions. Once the piece was over, she hid herself, feeling she had no right to the applause. The management had selected her because she was pretty and also to round out the number—the orchestra next door had twelve players. Her companions had christened her Tag-Along, the name children use for those who are too small or too awkward to take a real part in games.

She longed with all her heart to find a husband who would rescue her from this unpleasant role. And so Monsieur Descomet seemed an answer to her prayer. From escorting her as far as her door, he ended by getting inside the door one day after a matinée. Pale with emotion, he entered a tiny room ablaze with the light of sunset. They stood at the window for several minutes without speaking, Sophie close to her friend, so close that, though he dared not look toward her, he could still see her delicate profile.

"What a view you have! How—how magnificent!" he stammered.

He turned away from the window. With a quick gesture, he drew the violin and bow from their case and held them out to Tag-Along. . . .

"Play something for me," he begged. "It will be so lovely . . . in the twilight . . . play just for me. . . ."

The girl turned white. She saw her dream crumbling. . . . Mechanically she took the violin and bow. . . . She would be forced to confess everything. Monsieur Descomet would be disillusioned and angry. He would go away, taking with him all that future of quiet joy, of peace and comfort for which she longed after so many unhappy years.

"Come, play Why Suffer?"

Tag-Along had an inspiration:

"I should like to," she answered tremulously, "but music makes me unhappy. You see it was my first sweetheart who taught me to play. He was so handsome! Every time I pick up my bow I think of him!"

"You loved this man?" Monsieur Descomet cried.

"Oh! Yes!"

Wild with jealousy, he tore the violin from her hands.

"Give me that! I'd much rather chat anyway."

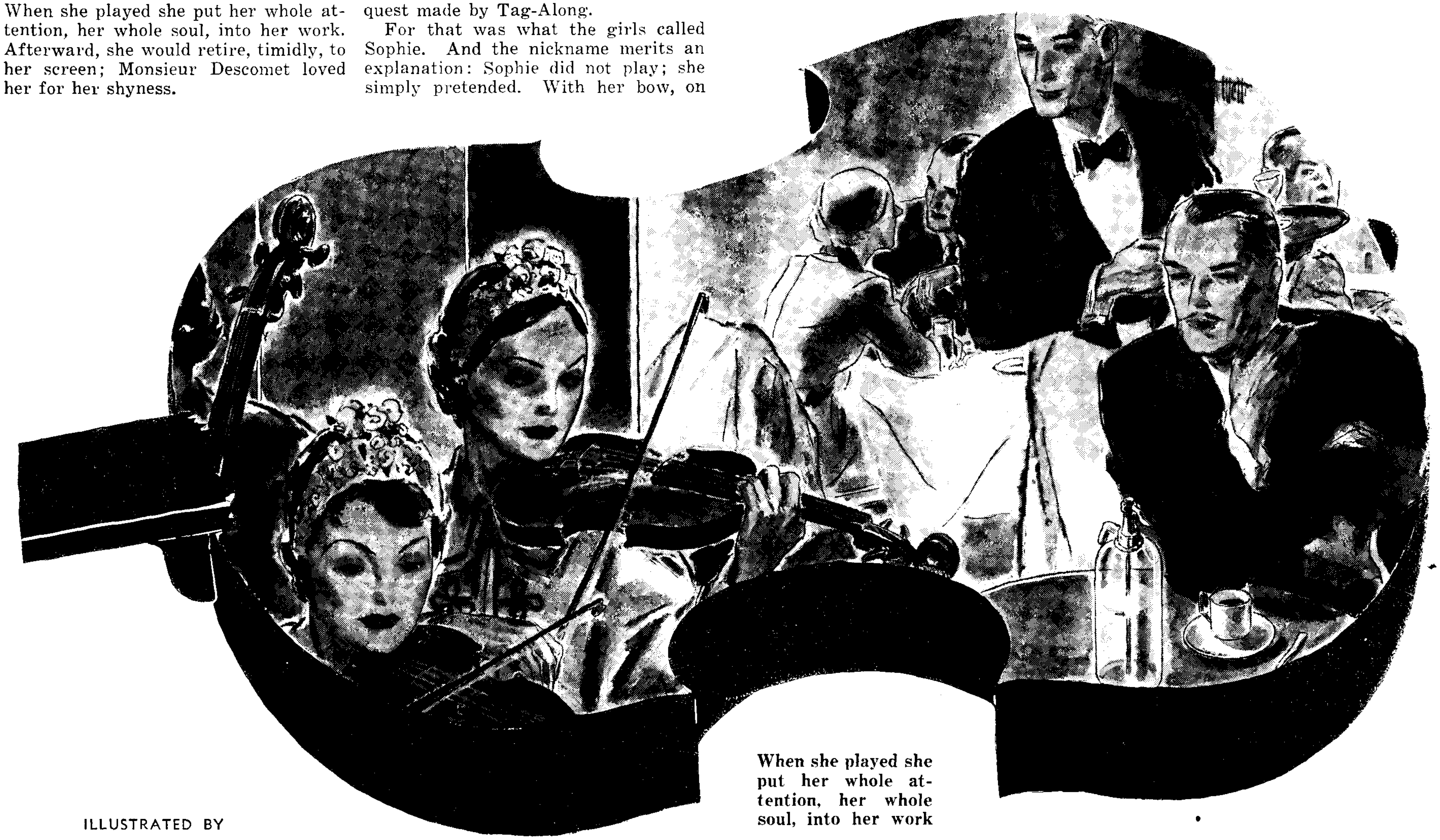
And they chatted so successfully that, next day, Tag-Along did not appear with the Hungarian women's orchestra.

MONTHS have passed. Monsieur Descomet, overwhelmed with love and happiness, has married Sophie. She now presides over his household, in a redecorated apartment, where everything is fresh and new, and whence the piano has been banished. In the center of the drawing-room, they have hung up the bow that Tag-along used to wield, the bow that had never known rosin.

And when friends of the good man ask him the meaning of this singular trophy, he replies: "My wife was a great artist. But she does not play any more; she will never play again. . . ."

Sophie modestly lowers her eyes. The friends insist: "But, Madame, why? It's a shame when one has such a talent."

Then Monsieur Descomet interrupts them and, gravely pointing his index finger in the air, he says, "It is a penance, a penance that she has undertaken of her own free will."



When she played she put her whole attention, her whole soul, into her work

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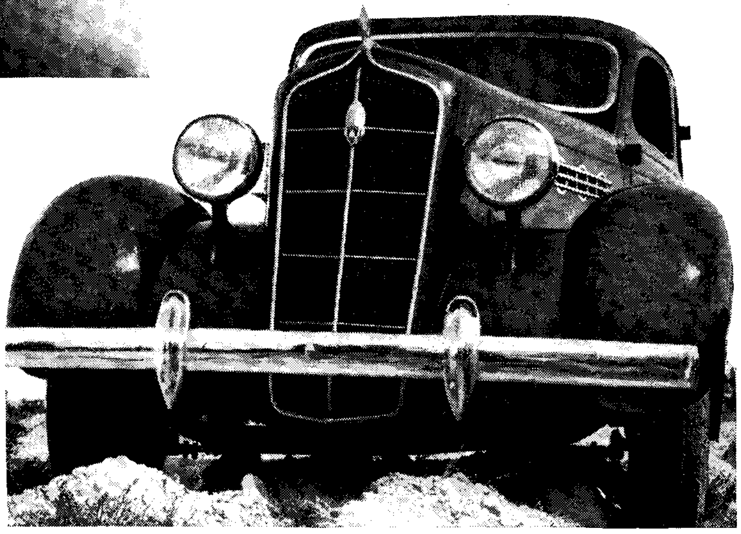

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The New America

Continued from page 11

four men did before. So by continually reducing the intensity of employment and increasing the multitude of the slackly employed, there is a reduction in the total of the unemployed. This is one way of dealing with this embarrassment of surplus energy. You meet a lion on the way, drop your gun, get up a tree, and see who starves first.

The NRA abounds in contradictions and when you say it is doing this, it is always possible to cite another field of its operation in which, on the contrary, it is doing that, but on the whole its codes of industrial control are restrictive and slackening, on the worst lines of European trade unionism. In certain ways it marked a distinct advance in American social life; in the belated ending of child labor which consumes future energy for present private gain, and in the recognition of collective bargaining which conduces to fellowship and pride in a calling, it has done a long-needed piece of social work. But I am writing here and now only of the regulative side of its activities.

Even if these restrictions succeed they would be biologically and socially unsound. But they do not seem to be succeeding. They are doing very little to diminish unemployment. They are only hiding some of it away by dividing it into fractions and distributing them so as to create an intermediate class of underemployed. And while they are diminishing full-time work, many of the regulations, according to Clarence Darrow, handicap the versatility of small employers and free workers "on their own" in favor of the big stereotyping organizations against which they compete, and so tend finally to drive the former out of business into this very unemployment the regulations are aimed to relieve. So that much of the slack is taken in at one point, only to be let out at another.

The Fallacy of Price-Raising

Behind all these restrictive acts floats a complex of economic theory which seems to me to have no sound relationship to primary realities. For various empirical reasons, immense importance is attached to price levels. If only things can be made dear, everyone will be better and happier. By the time prices have been forced up to a point when nobody can buy anything, the millennium, it seems, will be attained. Apart from the one truism that rising prices promote competitive production, so long as purchasers are forthcoming, there is nothing I can find, above the level of Father Coughlin's economics, in all this solemn talk about raising prices as a necessary step toward recovery.

It is an invasion of rational economic life by a counting-house technicality. As a piece of constructive policy, it is hardly better than boiling the thermometer to warm the house. The converse to this ideal of economic contraction is the ideal of abundant production not only for immediate consumption but for a continual extension of human activities and a continual raising of the individual's standard of life. From the point of view of this second ideal it is a quite secondary aspect, a detail in the business, whether at any point in the system the price of this, that, or the other commodity rises or falls—so long as nothing happens to enhance the claim of the creditor upon the general life of the community to an inconvenient degree.

In the face of these considerations I can but regard this mania for restrictive controls in America and England, this drive toward under-living, as a temporary aberration, a reaction from the facile optimism of the great boom, that also will, in its turn, have its day and pass. In the boom years we are all talking of an age of more abundant living, of the economics of plenty, of a headlong rush upward and onward. The rush was altogether too headlong. Yet, after all, when all these things are weighed up in the end, we may find that the hope and courage of 1927-28 were better justified than these hopeless salvage economies of 1933-34. Then we were all for spending the gift of our talents; now, too many of us are for burying and plowing them in. Even if the American and the British prove so poor-spirited as to consent to under-live, I doubt if the German, with all his faults, and the Japanese, are so amenable to the claims of retrogression. They mean to live dangerously, even if they do not live greatly and generously, in their present mood at any rate. They will make the pace for us. If the Americans wall themselves in from the entire world as the Chinese did after the Ming period, and the Japanese after their first experience of Europeans, sooner or later some curious faces will come looking over the wall.

From my point of view, which has always had a slant towards optimism, this side of the New Deal appears to me the least expressive of the genius of the Atlantic peoples. I cannot imagine us going on indefinitely underproducing, with multitudes living empty, parasitic lives on the dole, a loitering, half-time working class, and nothing worth while doing for our abler individuals, and for the spirit of youth in our children. What will happen in a stagnating, restrictive state? Maybe a certain efflorescence of art. A few of us may paint some delightful pictures or produce some exquisite poetry. Exaggerations of sport and sex may take up some of the tedium for the younger people, but the possible patterns of vice have always been very limited, and in the end there will be nothing for it but suicide for the bored individual, and war for the bored community. As it becomes plainer that this is the road along which a controlled, instinctive, unprogressive social and economic life will lead us, I think our western communities will turn again to the task, from which they have temporarily recoiled, of using up the new excess of energy instead of damping it down. They will rouse themselves to set about that realization of that New Life for mankind which is the only alternative to the waste and destruction of our heritage of power.

The New Deal we must recognize is thrusting in that direction also. It is restrictive on the one hand and expansive on the other. In its unrestrained discursiveness, it makes nothing of advancing backward and forward at the same time. While it is combating the cheapness due to mass production, by limiting output, it is also setting masses of unemployed men to work "for use" outside of the sphere of prices altogether. Its work relief organization is a half-hearted attempt to create a sort of embryo of a socialist state, in which there shall be no profiteering, within the great body of the profiteering system. Mr. Hopkins is following out the suggestions of Professor Miles Walker in England, and setting the unemployed to grow and make things, furniture, cotton goods, soaps, shoes, canned goods, and so forth for themselves, bartering among themselves. But in deference to the voting strength of the private trader, work relief is putting nothing upon the open market. Its product is not put to the test of competitive selling. The work relief colonies may buy and do buy from the outside, but they may not send out their produce in exchange. The established system is not to be altered, but a smaller social system, involving something between ten and twenty million unemployed, is to come into collateral existence, it seems, with unprogressive methods of production and subsidies from the general taxpayer. The vital prospects of this new work relief community with its present stifling limitations do not seem to be very helpful and ultimately there may be considerable difficulty in disposing of the body.

Catching Up with Ourselves

The realization of the possible New Life for mankind which opens before us as the alternative to decadence and disaster must be conceived of upon far bolder lines than this. It seems impossible to keep up the individual consuming side of the economic cycle in the face of continual technological improvement and mass production. The correlative to mass production is social consumption. I cannot see any other way out. Technological advance, increased production efficiency, rationalization, as it was called some years ago, diminishes the number of workers to whom purchasing power over the increased product can be paid as wages. I do not see how anyone can deny that. The corrective is plainly either distributionism, a "sharing act" à la Huey Long and Townsend, or a social dividend on Douglas lines—if any such sharing act is practicable—or else collective consumption of the surplus productive energy in the general interest.

This last means that in a world organized for peace, the surplus of energy has to be poured into public housing, into a complete and continuing reconstruction of homes and cities, into a continual increase in the general convenience and an incessant beautifying of our world. Everywhere and in everything the standard has to be raised. It has to continue using a common progressive design for life in the place of the wild, confused spending the distributionists would release.

A vast extension of public education, great schools, great clinics, and a multitude of giant enterprises in research, exploration and social adventure, are inevitable if progress is to continue. Man must lead an expanding life in this expanding universe. What the results of mere distribution, the unearned dole-dividend would be, I cannot conceive. The suggestion conjures up in my mind a nightmare of planless, silly, individual expenditure, a world-litter of toys for adults, a planetary Coney Island, and the vastest exploitations of every form of human folly.

Only along the lines of the highly organized progressive state, a community with a steadily increasing collectivity in its life and undertakings, can I see any rational hope of mankind employing this excess of energy, these idle brains and hands and all this idle power, that threatens to overstrain and shatter and defeat our species. We all know now that the potential wealth and vigor of living is here for us to take. It is a commonplace of the times that men starve in the midst of plenty. It is the widespread realization of this material wealth which gives reality to the demands and menaces of the Longs and Coughlins. We have in America the spectacle of a great material civilization halted, paralyzed. Vast new achievements seem materially possible and America does not go on to them. What is the matter? Why is it not going on? What has arrested the former triumphant advance of democracy? Why is the citizen of our western world not reaping the harvest of its material victories?

Father Coughlin talks of the conspiracies of "the Morgans" and "the Baruchs" and the foreign financiers. He points his accusing finger away from himself, away from the profound intellectual indolence of himself and his kind, towards the wicked "barons" of Wall Street. He voices and gives form to the vague instincts of a vast multitude of Americans. I agree that this concentration upon Wall Street is unjust and wrong and dangerous, but nevertheless, is it altogether wrong to point somewhat in that direction? Is it not in our existing mechanism of human relationships—that is to say, in our money-property system—is it not in the way in which the social machine is controlled by payment and gain, that the essential fault, the key explanation of our present discontent, is to be found? Is it not there that the full utilization of our vast excesses of social energy is obstructed?

This question I will discuss in the paper to follow this one. If I do not endorse the Raucous Voices of the American scene, I do at least turn a face of respectful inquiry at those I have called the Inexplicit Men. It is no doubt much more difficult to be simple and right than it is to be simple and wrong, but what are they really doing in the way of exhaustive thinking?

How Shall We Escape?

My mind returns to this unhurried, slightly detached gentleman in his presidential office at Washington, with his air of listening to the voice of America and waiting serenely for an occasion. He talked to me of the recent financial legislation that has been designed—it may be a little too drastically—to protect the small investor from the unscrupulous promoter. "I am more and more impressed by the evil of speculation," he said. He dwelt on the way in which every improvement in the national outlook could be exaggerated and overrun and arrested by speculative operations. And from that we passed to the mystery of these international operators who are keeping the dollar, the franc, and the belga in an unwholesome state of see-saw, and blighting any hope of a recovery in world trade. The President, reflecting America, is still in theory for the profit system, but all the same I realize that the narrowing down of the field of legitimate profits is likely to become an important feature of the American effort to adjust. If speculative profits are to be eliminated, if the process of price regulation is to go on, the President may presently be reflecting and considering a much more socialistic America than any of us imagined possible ten years ago.

What are the Inexplicit Men thinking about it? Is there any really complete remedy whatever for the difficulties and inadequacies of the property-money mechanism upon which human society is based, or is this uncertainty and inexpressiveness on the part of those who should know a sign that those difficulties and inadequacies set a fatal limit to the possibility of our species adapting itself to its new occasions? Is this greater world, this World Pax, of ever-increasing vigor and an ever-widening outlook for the individual life, no more, after all, than a mirage, and is our community so completely caught in an inadaptable tangle of relationships and antagonisms of its own devising that no escape is possible, and it has to work out the consequences of the present system to the bitter end?

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SPACIOUS TRUNK ON TOURING SEDAN

The Cold Trail

Continued from page 9

suppose the Kid would take the dogs to track and round up game for him. And he knew they were rare and, hence, valuable. The Kid's greedy. He wouldn't overlook four dogs that cost a thousand dollars, so I knew he'd hang onto them until they hanged him."

"Smart of you to bring the mail carrier's body along to prove the corpus delicti, Jellicoe. Most men wouldn't have thought of that."

"TOOK a year of law in the university before switching over to mining engineering, Marshal, so I knew we had to have a corpus delicti to prove the murder. Without the corpus delicti the Kid's attorneys would habeas corpus him out of your hoosegow. I've got some more corpus delicti cached two thousand miles upriver, but it was going to be a lot of trouble to get witnesses from Kikuyu Creek to corroborate my identification, so it seemed easier to bring the mail carrier's body along, because it was intact. I have affidavits from upriver from men who readily identified the corpse."

"You lie," the Gooseberry Kid chattered.

"You left a trail a fool could have followed, Gooseberry. I'm going to tell you exactly what you did." Long John turned to the marshal. "Marshal, a fellow told me recently that there's airplane service out of Alaska now. Is that so?"

"Yes, the Pacific International Airways. Small planes carrying the mail and one passenger."

"Now that I'm here, Marshal, I have a notion to fly outside. Why, it's ten years since I've seen a motion picture show, and I've never ridden in an airplane. Seems to me I owe myself a present. When does the next plane for the south leave here?"

"I'm not certain."

"Well, Marshal, the Kid and I are going to have a long and confidential talk, so I wish you'd oblige me by telephoning the office of the air line and telling them to save me the seat in the next ship out."

"Certainly, Jellicoe." The marshal went to his office and Long John slowly and thoughtfully filled his pipe, while through the steel bars the Gooseberry Kid glared at him balefully. The marshal came to the head of the corridor. "You'll have to make it snappy, Jellicoe," he called. "The plane takes off in an hour and it will take you ten minutes to motor out to the airport."

"Thanks," Long John called. He watched and saw that the marshal had retired to his office; then he stepped swiftly up to the bars and in crisp, succinct language quickly explained to the Gooseberry Kid the mesh of deadly evidence he had woven around the latter. "If I were you, Gooseberry," he concluded, "I'd confess and have it over with. A confession will probably get you life imprisonment, but if you plead not guilty and put the Territory to the expense of a trial, you'll swing."

THE Gooseberry Kid's face went yellowish green; his eyes popped in mortal terror. "This trial of yours is going to cost me a fortune, Kid," Long John went on patiently. "I'll not be able to get a stroke of work done on my claim this summer, because I'll have to hang around here in order to testify against you. Dang your gizzard, Kid, if I thought you had the guts to beat the case by blowing your fool brains out, I'd be tempted to slip you a gun."

"Do that," the Gooseberry Kid pleaded. "You got me. I'd rather blow my light out than walk up the thirteen stairs. For God's sake, give me a break."

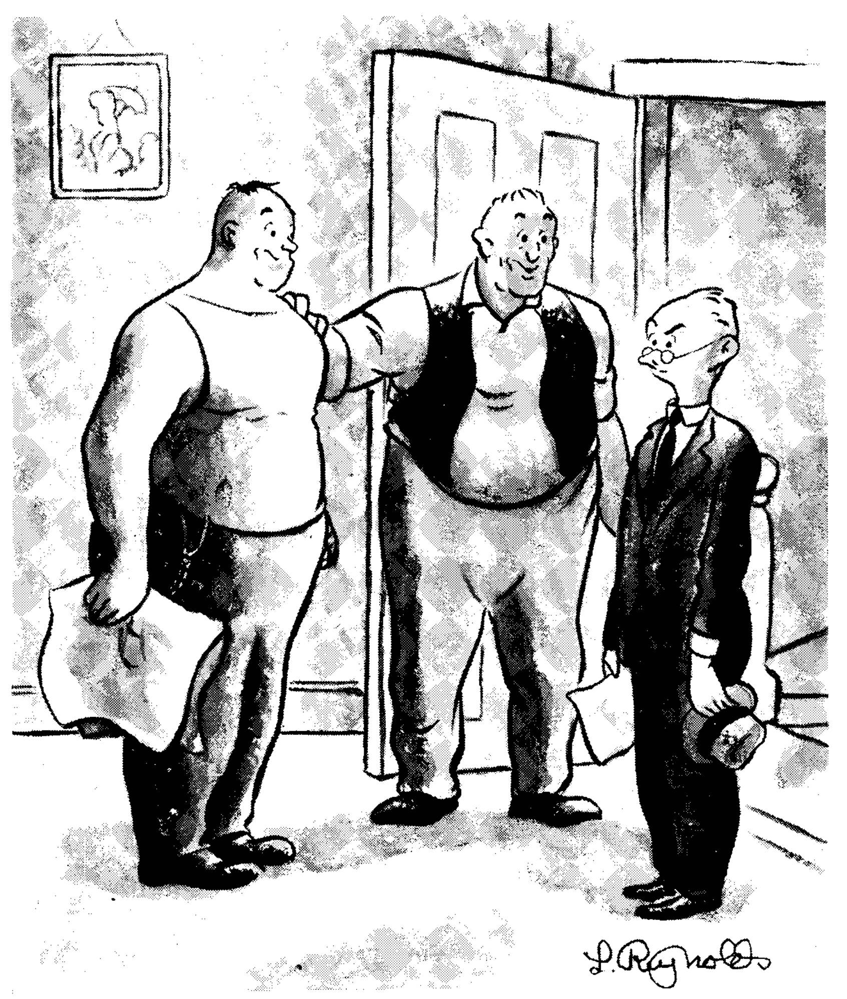
Long John glanced up and down the little corridor, made certain there was none to observe his action and drew his six-shooter. He flipped open the cylinder and pressed the cartridges out into his hand, showed them to the Gooseberry Kid and slipped them back into the cylinder before passing the weapon to the prisoner.

"Goodby, Kid," he murmured. "I'm sorry I had to do this, but then you dry-gulched my partner and I had to make good. No hard feelings, I hope."

"None," the Gooseberry Kid choked. "You're mighty kind."

Long John went to the marshal's office, chatted a few minutes and took his leave. The marshal accompanied him to the door. Parked outside the entrance was an automobile.

"Your car?" Long John asked.



"He won't do it now, but you should see him when he sticks out his chin an' says, 'I demand payment of this bill.'"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

The marshal nodded.

"You've left the switch key in the lock?"

"Of course. Nobody steals cars in Alaska. Where could they get with a stolen car?"

"That's right, Marshal."

"Look here, Jellicoe, you're flying outside. Will you be back for the Kid's trial? Really, I ought to hold you here as a material witness."

"Oh, I'll be back. I'm just a little town-hungry, that's all. Don't get official. You wouldn't expect me to work as hard as I have on this case and then quit. Be a good fellow," and Long John put his right arm around the marshal's waist and gave him a friendly hug. "By the way," he continued, "don't you think it would be a good idea to have a deputy United States marshal up on Kikuyu Creek? There isn't a speck of law up there—and we'd ought to have some in case of necessity. I'd like mighty well to have you swear me in as a deputy. How about it?"

"Good idea," the marshal agreed. "Step inside and I'll swear you in and you sign the oath."

AS Long John Jellicoe, now a U. S. deputy marshal, stepped out of the office he heard the Gooseberry Kid calling: "Marshal, Marshal, come here a moment, please."

Long John walked across the street and sat down on the curb. In about ten minutes the jail door opened and the Gooseberry Kid appeared. "Gooseberry," Long John called, "you've double-crossed me. And now you're going to steal the marshal's car. Get back into that jail."

The Gooseberry Kid whirled; as his gun came up Long John sprawled flat in the street and a bullet whined over him. Slowly, deliberately, Long John raised his gun, while two more bullets from the Gooseberry Kid's gun ricocheted off the pavement a foot in front of Long John's head. Then Long John fired. At intervals of about five seconds he fired twice more, then got up and dusted himself off. At the jail entrance he stooped over the Gooseberry Kid and went through the dead man's pockets. In one of them he found a roll of bills with a rubber band around them; in another the marshal's keys. So Long John entered the little jail, unlocked the cell so recently vacated by the Gooseberry Kid, pulled the blankets off a figure on the cot and exposed the marshal, bound and gagged with strips torn from the blanket.

"You hurt, Marshal?" he queried.

The marshal sat up, stared at Long John for about ten seconds and commenced to grin.

"I heard shooting," he said. "Some very fast shooting and some very deliberate shooting. Since you're a very deliberate man, Jellicoe, I imagine you were the one who took his time."

"In a gun duel, Marshal, the man that takes his time usually wins first prize. I had a suspicion the Kid would do exactly as he did do, so I decided to wait over for the next plane and see the whole show through. It's pleasant to think the job was official and not personal. As a deputy United States marshal, seeing a man escaping from jail, I just naturally had to interfere. Still I gave him a sporting chance. He got three shots off before I fired once."

"WHEN I went to his cell," said the marshal, "to see what he wanted, he got the drop on me, made me give him my keys and then tied me up. I didn't offer any objection. I'd figured you'd slipped him the gun and that you were outside keeping cases on my game. That bluff about engaging a seat on the outbound plane was just talk to plant the idea in the Gooseberry Kid's fool head that he might get to the airport first and take your seat, wasn't it?"

Long John nodded. "And when I hugged you that time I slipped a bank roll in your side coat pocket where he'd find it. Knowing he had the price of a ticket, he'd be sure to take a chance on getting to the airport."

"Jellicoe, what caused you to formulate this extrajudicial policy in the case of the late unlamented? Certainly you're not a bloodthirsty man."

Long John sat down on the cot and commenced filling his pipe. "You see, Marshal, it was this way. The Kid killed my partner—and I loved Pete Dahlgren, fool that he was. I had to even the score. And I have a rich claim up on Kikuyu Creek and I have to get back and work it. I couldn't afford to waste the whole summer hanging around here to testify. Me, I like to get things done. Yes, sir, I'm in a hurry to work that claim of mine out and go outside and live like a white man."

Long John struck a match and lit his pipe. "Men like the Gooseberry Kid just aren't born right," he mourned. "They develop megalomania; they're sure they can never make a mistake. Yes, sir, they just know they can fool the world."

"I DON'T quite know how I'm going to explain that gun to the coroner's jury, Jellicoe. I never suspected you were wearing two guns."

"I don't as a rule. In fact, I only carry a gun when I'm traveling. That was Pete Dahlgren's gun I slipped the Kid. I found it in the remains of his bedding roll and cleaned it up. If the coroner gets curious tell him you must have been careless when you frisked the Kid the day you locked him up. He must have had that gun planted in a holster hangin' down the back of his neck. I knew a man once who carried a dirk that way. You got a swamper to help you clean up the mess I made out front? If not, I'll help you."

"Good man. Wait until I telephone the airport and cancel your passage." When the marshal had attended to that detail, said Long John Jellicoe: "Got any good motion-picture shows in town, Marshal? I have a yearning to see what a talking picture is like."

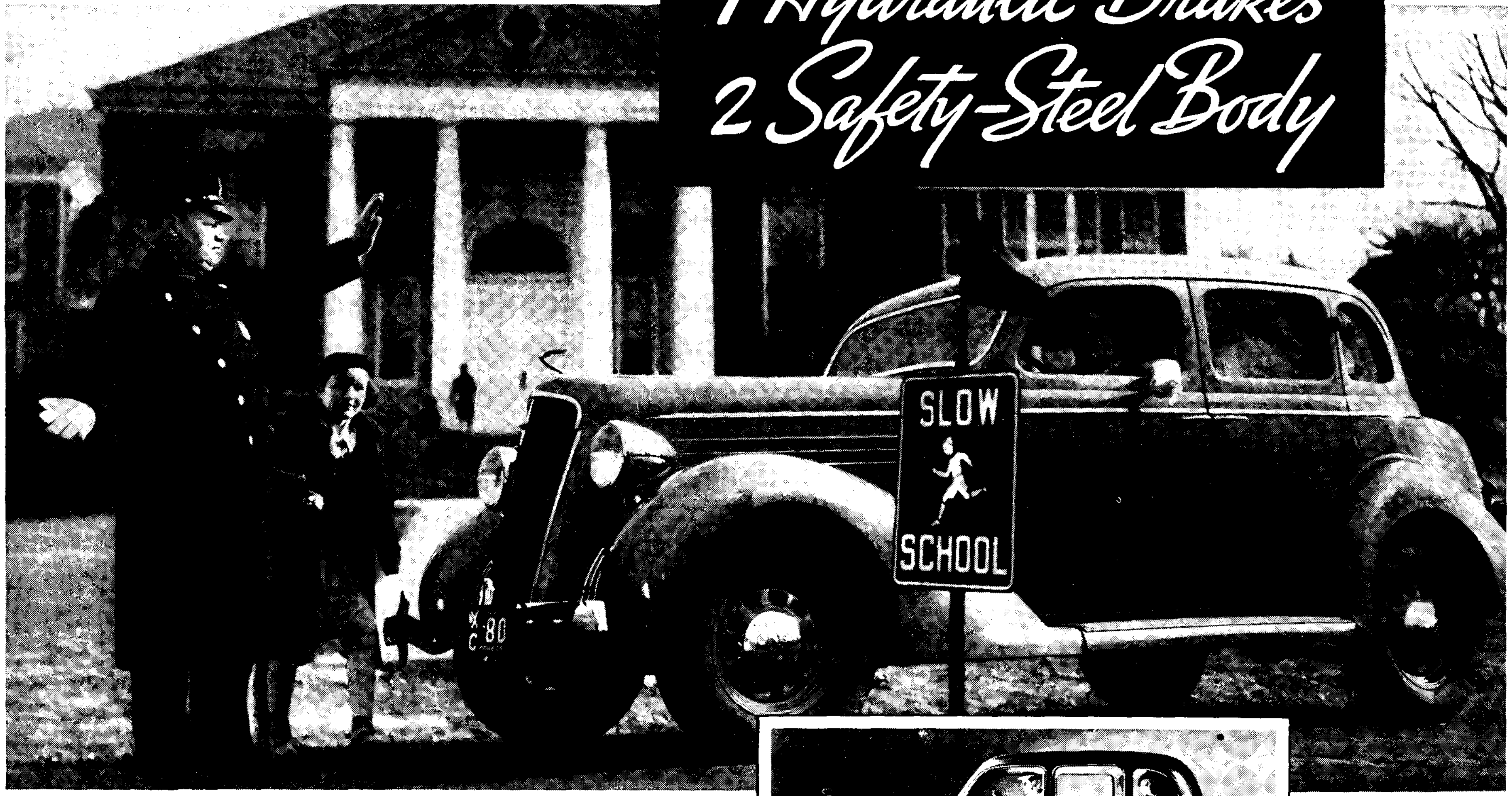
"There's a swell show up at the Criterion, Jellicoe. The wife and I were to see it last night. It's called The Price of Love."

"Not for me," Long John declared. "I can get along without any more sex problems in my quiet life. I'd rather see Tom Mix in a horse opera."

EVERY CHRYSLER-BUILT CAR HAS THESE 2 GREAT SAFETY FEATURES

SHOWN BELOW is the Airstream **DE SOTO** 4-door Touring Sedan, with Trunk, $825. Other models low as $695. Prices list at factory, Detroit.

1 *Hydraulic Brakes*
2 *Safety-Steel Body*



EVERY INTELLIGENT MOTORIST thinks about his safety *while* he is driving. But the purpose of this advertisement is to urge you to go a step farther.

For your own sake and for the sake of those you love, consider safety *before you buy* your next car.

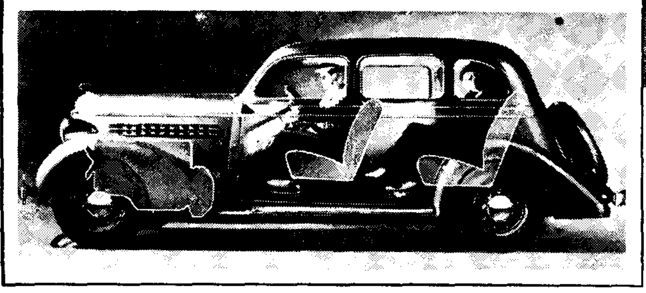
Don't wait for that crossroad emergency to happen before thinking about genuine hydraulic brakes. Don't go without a safety-steel body until it's too late.

Isn't it far better to buy a Chrysler Motors car . . . a Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge or Plymouth . . . and *know* that you have the safest brakes and body that money can buy?

And there are other things better thought about *before* you buy than after. Comfort, for instance. With a Chrysler Motors car you know in advance that you will never feel engine vibration again . . . thanks to patented Floating Power.

You'll also know that "pitching" can never again disturb back-seat passengers. That was ended when Chrysler Motors pioneered Re-distribution of weight and adopted it in every one of its cars.

And, finally, we say this. Based either on wheelbase or price class, there are no cars that can match Chrysler Motors cars for low operating costs . . . for actual savings in your gasoline and oil bills.



(*Left*) Re-distribution of weight gives you a smooth, gliding ride.

(*Below*) Floating Power engine mountings absorb engine vibration.

CHRYSLER MOTORS' better engineering means real savings in gasoline and oil.

YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM

Chrysler MOTORS

CHRYSLER · DE SOTO · DODGE · PLYMOUTH

DON'T . . .
Drive a "one-eyed" car.
• Don't forget to depress your beams when passing other cars.

DO . . .
Have your lights properly aimed and focussed.
• Carry spare lamps for use in emergencies.

AND BE SURE...
That the lamps you buy for your car bear this mark of precision and safety.

MAZDA 2320 CA
32&21 C 6-8V
PREFOCUSED

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Baseball Bride

Continued from page 14

you aren't doing anything tonight, c'mon around. Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig will be there."

I didn't know much about baseball then. I thought a game was no good unless the teams made about fifteen runs. But I knew who Gehrig was. I had attended many ball games at Comiskey Park with Mrs. Harry Grabiner, wife of the vice-president of the Chicago White Sox. As her guest, it was only natural that I should root for the White Sox. Often I sat in the stands plugging for Gehrig to strike out.

That night I gave my hair an extra swish, and sashayed to the party. Steaks were served. The boys went to work. When there was nothing left but the plates, we moved to the living-room and I had my first real opportunity furtively to study the powerfully built young man with the dark curly hair who was to be nominated the most valuable player in the American League.

A Public Secret

For some reason I had expected a baseball player to be a Ring Lardner character. When I met Lou, I was surprised. I could have forgiven him a great deal of conceit. But he had none at all. He was modest, almost shy.

There were several good-looking girls present—better looking than I—and Lou seemed actually afraid that one of them might sit next to him on the divan. Here, I said to myself, is a rare specimen.

Looking back on that night, we like to say ours was a case of love at first sight. It was in my case, but I doubt that it was in Lou's. Down in my heart I don't think he even knew I was there.

During the next three years when the Yankees played in Chicago, I saw him each time, but we never got beyond the hello and goodby stage. Once during the fourth year, he actually called me up. I have never fully recovered.

From this point our romance took on a little warmth. He asked me how my mother was and I asked him how his mother was. Things were really beginning to get hectic.

During the next two years our friendship ripened into love. I visited his home and parents and he was a guest at my home. Everyone knew we were engaged except Lou and me.

One night I was having dinner with Lou and a friend of his from Detroit. Lou left the table for a few minutes and his friend leaned over and said to me: "Why don't you two get married?"

"Well," I stuttered, "it's . . . I . . . er . . . Don't you think?"

Lou's friend laughed in the manner of one who knows something but won't talk.

On the way home, alone with Lou, he began to stutter himself, saying incoherent things. And I said: "Honey, I know what you're trying to say, and the answer is 'yes.' I've been kinda daffy about you for six years."

So now you know.

Presently Lou bobbed up with a ring. We whispered together and decided to keep our engagement a secret and to be married at the end of the baseball season. Ball clubs do not like their players to marry while the teams are fighting for the pennant. It is a formality they prefer to have them attend to in the off-season. We also decided to keep our engagement a secret.

But Lou told a few friends. I told a few friends. My mother told a few friends. Lou's mother told a few friends. And the next time the Yankees were in Chicago and I went to the ball park, there were fifteen photographers waiting for me to sit down in the box seat Lou had provided for me. The secret, it seems, had somehow got out.

That was a thrilling day. Everybody in the park was looking at me. Anyway, I thought everyone was looking at me. Lou hit a home run and waved to me, and everyone in the stands stood up and waved to me. I was all a-flutter.

It was only natural that we should eventually make our home in New Rochelle, because Lou had lived there for several years with his mother. It was within easy driving distance of Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. I had nothing to keep me in Chicago. The apartment house I owned and operated was rapidly becoming a headache.

That's one reason why we live in an apartment. I don't want to be in on the ownership of any more real estate for a minute or two. The other reason is the uncertainty of a professional baseball player's future. Overnight, a player may be traded or sold to a team situated anywhere from 100 to 1,000 miles away from his home.

Ours is not what one would call a strictly normal existence. It seems to me, looking back over nearly two years of married life, that I have passed most of the time with my head in a trunk, either packing or unpacking.

I joined him to celebrate my birthday in Cleveland. We had his birthday a few months later in Detroit. For our first anniversary I again had to jump on a train and join him in Washington. After the season was over and I had sent the trunks down to the basement, I had to bring them up again immediately—we were scheduled for a trip around the world.

Home from our globe-trotting, it was not much more than a week before we were packed again and on our way to Long Key, Fla., on a fishing trip preliminary to joining the Yankees at their spring training camp in St. Petersburg.

And while I'm on the subject let me advise young girls with major league aspirations to get out the gun and fishing tackle and practice up because the boys go in for this sort of stuff and you're going to spend a lot of time at fishing camps and hunting lodges.

While I am on the subject I have a word of advice for the young girl who is preparing her trousseau for the big leagues. Don't buy a lot of evening gowns or pretty party frocks. You'll never use them. Stock up rather with sport clothes. You are not likely to do much gadding at night during the baseball season. Not many players hit the night spots nowadays. The competition in baseball is too keen, and time at the top is too short.

Baseball Widow

We go to a movie occasionally. Maybe some people drop in. We don't stay up late. It is important that a ball player keep in the best possible physical condition.

I don't travel with Lou during the baseball season. In the first place it is too expensive and in the second place it is not much fun, especially in the heat of July and August, riding in trains, spending three days in one city and then moving on to another. I stay home and catch up with the innumerable little odds and ends of housework which I let accumulate while Lou is around.

I guess I'm not a good housewife. I can cook, but I'm not crazy about it. I don't like washing dishes.

As soon as I could, I engaged a swell German cook. I knew I never could compete with Lou's mother in the kitchen; so I did the best I could to get some one to feed him in the style to which he had been accustomed.

I love to play the piano. I play for hours when I am alone. I like operatic scores, especially the arias in La Traviata. I enjoy Bach and Brahms, but they are too difficult for me. Lou raves because I will not play when people are around. I don't think I'm good enough. I read a lot. And, as you see, I try to write. This is my first adventure as a big league author.

The major league baseball season lasts approximately six months. Half the time, the team is traveling. The master is home for two weeks and away for two weeks. And so on until the season ends. He has no days off during the baseball season unless it rains.

Occasionally I make a trip to Chicago and meet him there. Otherwise he is out of sight half the summer. I read about what he is doing in the newspapers, and listen to reports on the radio. I keep a scrapbook of newspaper clippings.

Family Fan

We don't talk much about baseball at home. It is an old axiom that a ball player should leave the game on the ball field and not take it home with him. I know Lou plays a ball game all over again at some time in the course of an evening . . . if this had been done, the Yankees might have won; if that had not happened . . . but we don't talk about it.

It is better so. Wouldn't it be great for a wife to greet her husband coming home from work with a bright little comment like: "Well, you weren't so good today. What was the matter with you on that play in the third? Did you miss the sign?" In a short time, her husband would ask for waivers on her.

I can tell, the minute Lou enters the door, whether the Yankees have won and whether he has had a good day. If the team lost, he is glum. If he didn't make any hits, his chin is down on his chest. On the other hand when they win and Lou gets a home run, oh, boy! He looks as if he had swallowed a sunbeam.

When the duties of the home permit, we wives go to the ball game. After all it is hard to stay away when the team is fighting tooth and nail for first place and a crack at the world championship.

It's a pretty exciting business to watch your own husband in the thick of the fray. No one can sense the emotion in a woman's soul when her very own husband comes to bat with the bases filled in the ninth inning with the score tied.

It is a truly dramatic moment for the wife who sits, tense in her chair, almost afraid to look. Ah, it's great when the ball is pitched and you hear the crack of the bat and the ball soars into the bleachers. You want to jump up and down and yell whoopee with the rest of the fans—but you don't. You sit there and control yourself; but you do feel mighty proud inside.

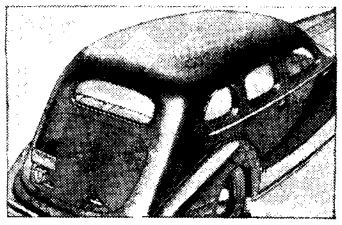
Then there's that other moment. The ball is pitched. Your private hero swings and misses. The pitcher winds up again and turns loose a fast one right through the middle to land with a sarcastic thud in the catcher's mitt for a second strike. Now everyone is on his feet. People are yelling.

"Come on, hit it, you big bum."

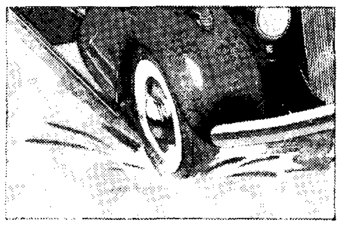
(Continued on page 32)

The priceless boon of super-safety . . .

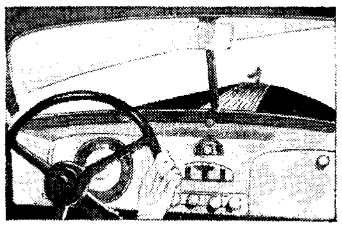
. . . for as little as $615*



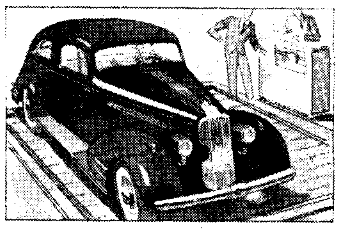
The solid steel roof of Pontiac bodies makes them the safest kind in the world.



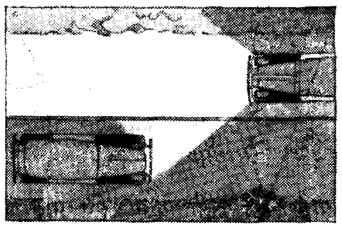
Triple-sealing protects Pontiac's hydraulic brakes from mud, dirt and water.



Pontiac's ridged Silver Streak and "V" windshield diffuse and deflect sun-glare.



Ample weight, correctly balanced, provides exceptional stability at all speeds.



Multi-Beam headlights make night driving on country roads easier and safer.

If you have never ridden in a silver streak Pontiac you have yet to learn how much *super-safety* adds to your pleasure.

There's such a wonderfully secure feeling about riding with solid steel above and on all sides. It's a weight from your mind to realize that the smooth, sure action of Pontiac's hydraulic brakes simply cannot be affected by the weather. And when you feel the steadiness of this substantial, sturdy automobile, you realize why Pontiac owners have such a complete sense of security on any road at any speed.

These, remember, are features of a *very low-priced* car. And they are combined with styling that makes America call Pontiac *the most beautiful thing on wheels.* The conclusion is plain: there is every reason why you should like the 1935 Pontiac and want to own it—*and there is no reason why you can't!*

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

•

**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Easy G.M.A.C. Time Payments.*

A General Motors Value

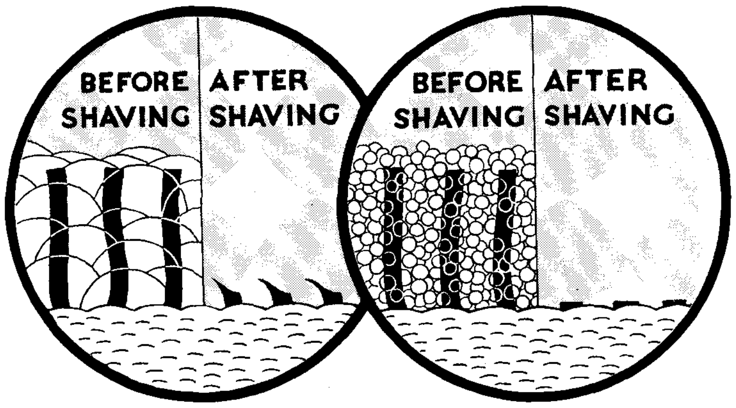
PONTIAC

Silver Streak **SIXES AND EIGHTS**

LOOK AT THESE BUBBLE PICTURES!

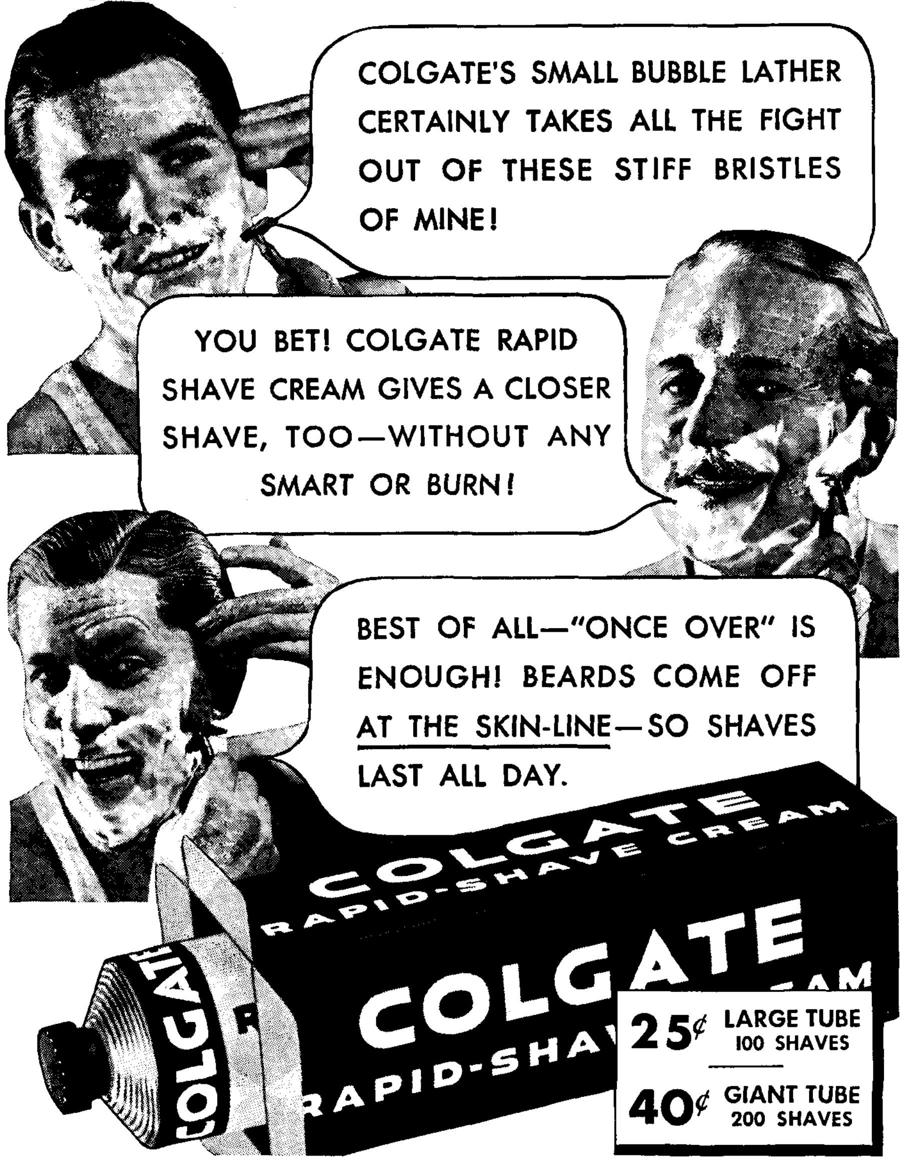
THEY EXPLAIN THE COLGATE

SKIN-LINE SHAVE



ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER, as this greatly magnified bubble diagram shows, lathers up into big bubbles that hold *air*, instead of *water*, against the beard. That's why whiskers are only *partly* softened—why blades pull and give you a ragged, uneven shave.

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes millions of tiny moisture-filled bubbles that get down to the *base* of the beard, soak each whisker soft *at the skin-line*, where your razor works. Thus, Colgate small bubble shaves are smoother, *closer* shaves. They last hours longer.


COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER CERTAINLY TAKES ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THESE STIFF BRISTLES OF MINE!
YOU BET! COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM GIVES A CLOSER SHAVE, TOO—WITHOUT ANY SMART OR BURN!
BEST OF ALL—"ONCE OVER" IS ENOUGH! BEARDS COME OFF AT THE SKIN-LINE—SO SHAVES LAST ALL DAY.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Baseball Bride

Continued from page 30

"Oh, you lunkhead."

"C'mon, Lou!"

The stands are in a frenzy. The fans are begging and pleading with your little boy to connect with the ball. Many are screaming insults. As the pitcher hauls off again for what may be the deciding pitch, you take one last look at the dear figure in the batter's box, say a silent prayer and close your eyes.

The pitcher bears down. Screams and jeers fill your ears. Your darling has struck out. It is then that you wish you had stayed at home and caught up with that sewing.

"Lou's Been Hurt"

My happiest recollections of Lou in action on the ball field are of him going on a rampage in the world series of 1932 (before we were married); of the home run he seemed to have hit just for me that day in Chicago when our engagement was made public; and of his coming through with enough hits to win the batting championship from Charles Gehringer of Detroit, on the last day of the season in Washington last year, making three hits out of four times at bat.

You grow immensely interested in base hits and batting averages when you are married to a baseball player. They are meal tickets. Unless your husband is a pitcher, his next year's salary is based largely on his batting average.

My most disappointing moments watching Lou work were in a game in Chicago in 1933 when Lou dropped an easy foul fly and in the all-star game in 1934 wherein he was one of the five that Carl Hubbell fanned in succession.

To both these games I had invited friends. I was showing off. I may have smirked a bit. Lou would show 'em. Tk-tk. I picked the wrong days to show off. He wasn't so good.

The most frightful thing of all is to see your husband injured. Perhaps it is even worse if you don't see it—if you aren't there and just hear about it.

It happened in Norfolk, Va., in an exhibition game. I was not there to see it. I was in New York to have dinner with my mother, who was moving into a new apartment. She had no telephone. I did not know of Lou's accident until two o'clock in the morning when my brother came home. He had read about it in a newspaper and had telephoned to Norfolk.

I knew something was wrong the instant I looked at him.

"Now, El," he said, "don't get excited. Lou's been hurt."

That introduction. Those words. The heart goes right out of you when you hear them.

"He was hit on the head by a pitched ball."

My brother had brought a newspaper. I devoured every word of the story of the accident.

I could see them helping him off the field. I could hear the awful silence that falls at a time like this. I had seen it happen to other women's husbands; now it had happened to mine. And I wasn't there.

"They've been trying to get you on the telephone," my brother said. "Lou has gone with the team by boat to Washington. He won't arrive there until nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

I got my hat and purse, immediately, and drove home to New Rochelle to be there in case any message should come. I sat up all night thinking all sorts of horrible thoughts. His skull might be fractured. He might die. All by myself in the stillness of the dawn. The hands of the clock seemed to stand still when I wasn't looking. I cried and smoked cigarettes and then cried some more.

At nine o'clock, I got Lou on the telephone in Washington.

"Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right. Don't you worry. I'm all right."

I thought he was just telling me this to comfort me. The afternoon newspapers had a picture of Lou being helped off the field. I got on the phone again and talked to the doctor who attended Lou. He reassured me. But I wasn't right until I saw Lou again with my own eyes.

A player's wife must remember that her point of view is unique. Her hero is near and dear and precious to her. To everyone else he is just someone in a uniform who is a good or a mediocre ball player.

No; a wife must at all times think of her husband's career. She cannot help him on the ball field; but off the field, she can make or break him.

This is particularly true in a wife's attitude toward other baseball players' wives. Each thinks her husband is the grandest player on the team. The most rabid fan is really a disinterested person compared to a ball player's wife.

An error made by a player is just an error to the public; but it is a personal thing to the player's wife sitting in the stands with the hoots and jeers hammering around her head. The wife of the player who made the error may be sitting beside the wife of the player who is pitching. The error may cost the pitcher the ball game. He may have to be taken out of the ball game because of it.

In a case like this, the wives can either say a lot and then never speak to each other again; or they can be silent. Invariably they are silent. They come to understand that these are the breaks of the game; and that no matter what happens everyone on the field is playing as hard as he can.

The Day Will Come

A wife whose husband is having a bad day out there on the field does not have much fun. Some wives will not go to a ball game in which their husbands are playing. Others have had to get up and leave when the comments of near-by spectators have been too salty.

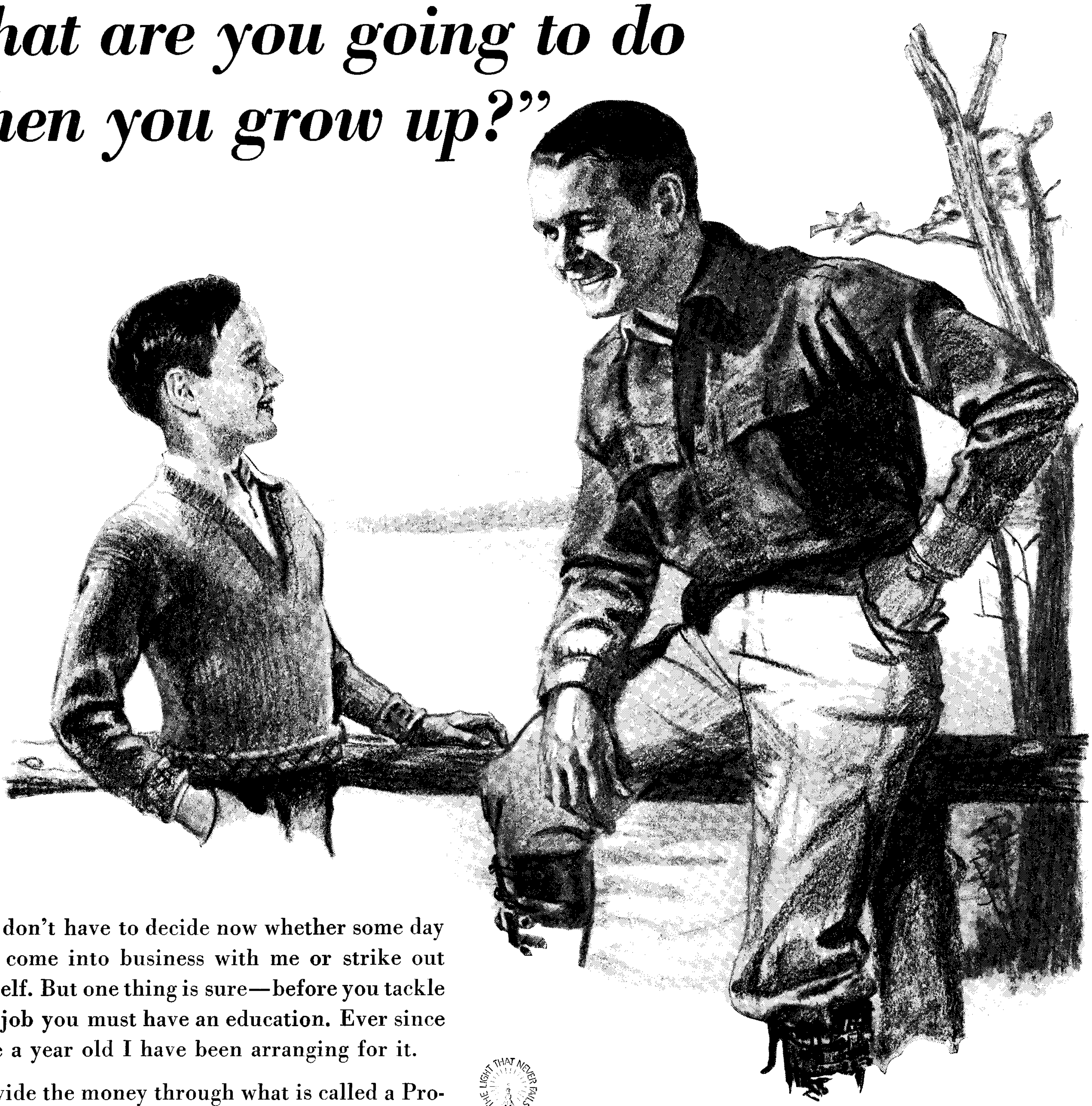
No woman likes to have someone directly behind her calling her husband a big yellow bum all afternoon. The person doing the shouting does not know the woman in front of him is the player's wife. She cannot complain. If she wants to stay, she just has to sit there and take it, holding back angry tears until she gets home.

So far, I've been lucky in this respect. Lou happens to be a really good player, popular with the fans. I don't hear many insulting remarks. But the day will come, I suppose, when my ears will burn; when Lou grows older and begins to slip.

Right now everything is fine. People think we are on a continuous merry-go-round—pictures in the newspapers, always in the limelight—but I realize fame is fleeting. One day Lou will be a "has-been" like everyone else. It is inevitable. Therefore we do not fool ourselves; and we lay aside what we can for the day when Lou will have to hang up his shoes.

Meanwhile I keep on telling him what a great guy he is. It's all right, this being a baseball bride. I like it.

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"



"WE don't have to decide now whether some day you will come into business with me or strike out for yourself. But one thing is sure—before you tackle any real job you must have an education. Ever since you were a year old I have been arranging for it.

"I'll provide the money through what is called a Program of Life Insurance. Some day I'll explain it to you. And there will be money for your mother and a home for you both—should anything happen to me.

"One more promise that I'd like to make. If the day comes when I wish to give up work and enjoy my hobbies, I don't intend to be a drag on you. The Program will take care of me—you won't have to."

* * * * *

A Field-Man will be glad to explain how a Life Insurance Program is built. Telephone your local Metropolitan office and ask him to call. Or mail the coupon.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, I shall be glad to learn more about a Program of Life Insurance which includes an Educational Fund. (C)

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CITY ______________ STATE ________

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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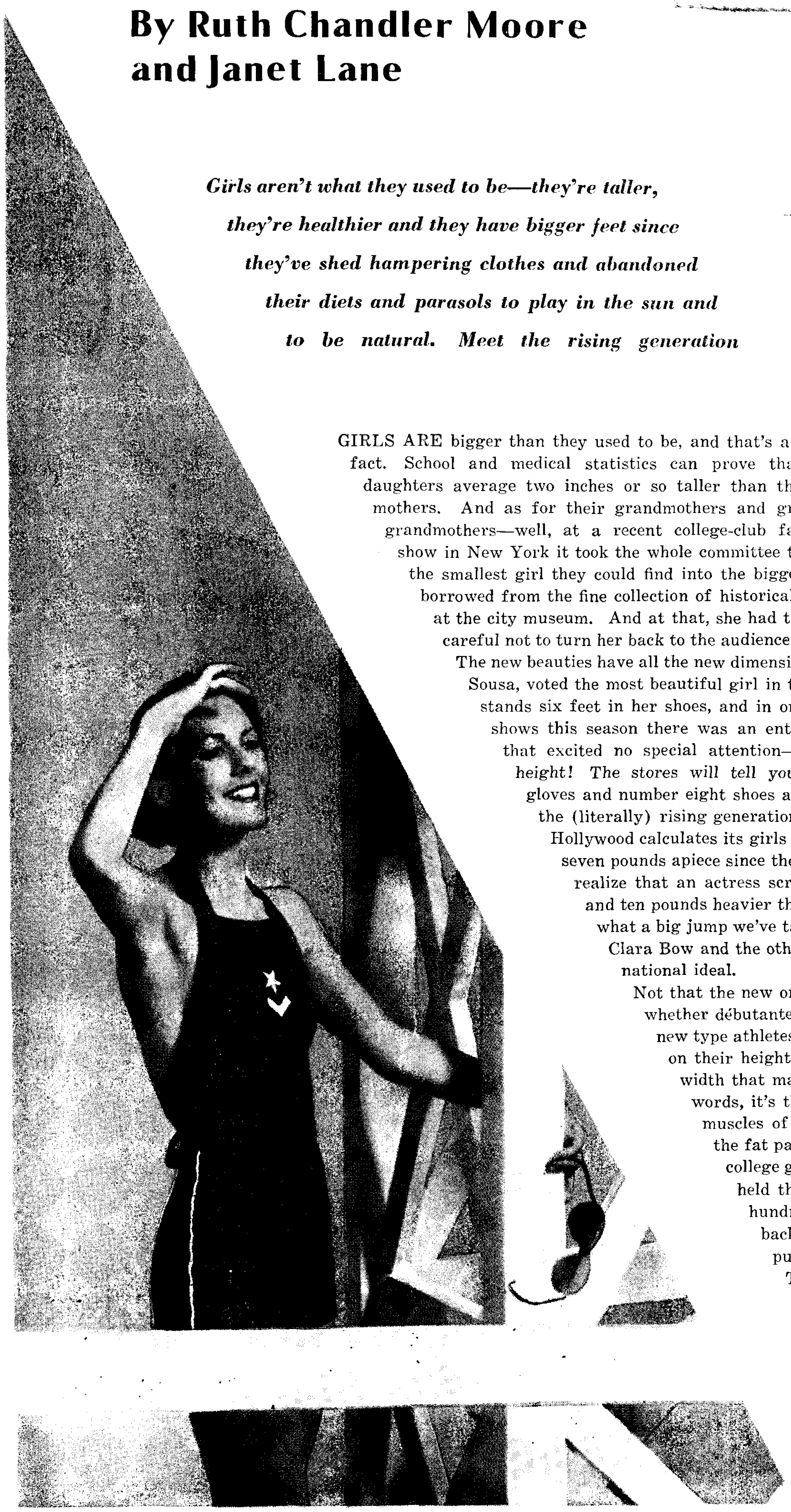
Bigger and Better

By Ruth Chandler Moore and Janet Lane

Girls aren't what they used to be—they're taller, they're healthier and they have bigger feet since they've shed hampering clothes and abandoned their diets and parasols to play in the sun and to be natural. Meet the rising generation



GIRLS ARE bigger than they used to be, and that's a fact. School and medical statistics can prove that daughters average two inches or so taller than their mothers. And as for their grandmothers and great-grandmothers—well, at a recent college-club fashion show in New York it took the whole committee to cram the smallest girl they could find into the biggest gown borrowed from the fine collection of historical costumes at the city museum. And at that, she had to be mighty careful not to turn her back to the audience.

The new beauties have all the new dimensions, too. Leone Sousa, voted the most beautiful girl in the 1934 Follies, stands six feet in her shoes, and in one of the musical shows this season there was an entire six-foot chorus that excited no special attention—at least, as to its *height!* The stores will tell you that number seven gloves and number eight shoes are a commonplace with the (literally) rising generation.

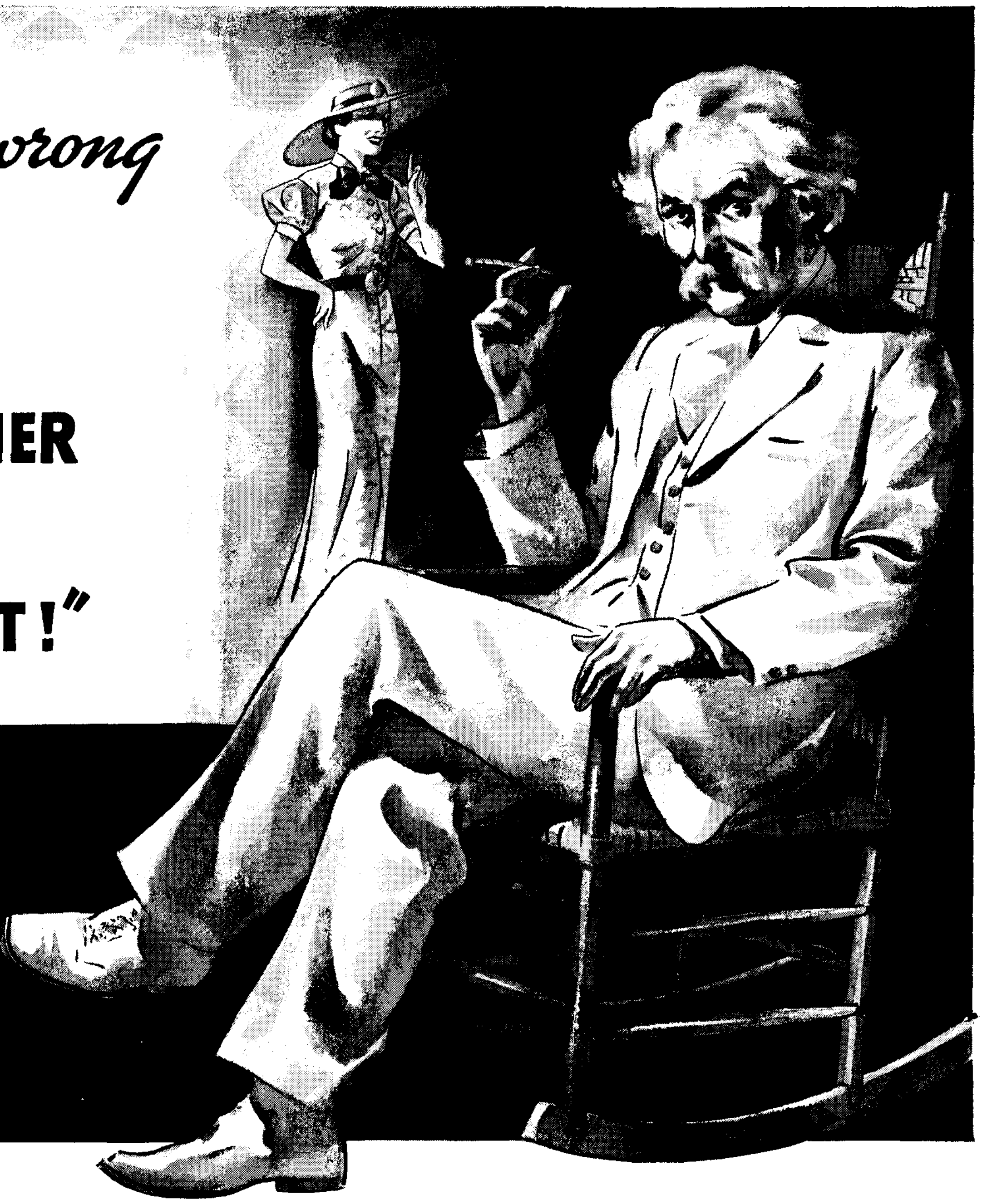
Hollywood calculates its girls have put on an average of seven pounds apiece since the hungry 29's, and when you realize that an actress screens about two inches taller and ten pounds heavier than she actually is, you can see what a big jump we've taken from a few years ago when Clara Bow and the other little ball-of-fire girls were the national ideal.

Not that the new ones look like Amazons, any of them, whether débutantes, college girls, actresses—or even the new type athletes. Far from it. The inches they've put on their height have come off their hip region, and it's width that makes a lady look big these days. In other words, it's the finely articulated bones and firm strong muscles of the new generation that have grown, while the fat padding has been reduced to a minimum, and the college girl needn't have blushed over the safety pins that held the historic pink silk around her waist, for it's a hundred-to-one shot that if the original wearer had come back for an exchange of clothing, she could never have pulled the 1935 suit skirt down over her 1870 hips.

This change in feminine size and shape has come practically in a generation, but until that generation was completely grown up nobody—except the show world which keeps an eagle eye on the beauty standards, the style world which keeps an eagle eye on the size standards

(Continued on page 48)

PHOTOGRAPHED IN FULL COLOR FOR COLLIER'S BY NICKOLAS MURAY



Mark Twain was wrong

When he said:

"EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT!"

Western Railroads have fixed the weather. All Principal Trains *Air-Conditioned* "Fresh as the Breath of Spring" *While* you travel, *When* you Arrive

YOUR greater comfort and convenience have been provided for! Western Railroads have spent millions of dollars in materials and employment of thousands of persons—*air-conditioning every principal train west and north of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans.* A stupendous undertaking, now completed.

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Illinois Central System · Courtesy · Efficient Service · Always
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Spokane Portland & Seattle
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Union Pacific System · The Overland Route
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Western Pacific
Sleep in Pullman · Comfort and Safety

The Brass Gong Tree

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the deck when the shot was fired—and having thus established the element of place, we will now proceed to establish the element of time. When was the shot fired?"

"When was the shot fired?"

Nugent held up his glass.

"It *may* have been fired at any time prior to its discovery, Sturgis, my boy—or it may have been fired *immediately* prior to its discovery. In other words, the prince's attendants may have been asleep when he was hit and he may have lain there dead or dying for a matter of minutes or longer before his attendants awakened and discovered his plight. On the other hand, we know almost the exact moment of discovery. Discovery occurred in the first or second minute after you and Miss Cass left the entryway for her cabin—and the evidence of that discovery indicates that it occurred almost immediately after the prince was shot. Why? *Because the ship's surgeon is sent for*—hence the prince is still alive. Reasoning further—he is bleeding profusely—perhaps from a neck wound—so much from the looks of the basin and the surgeon's hands—so profusely that death is a matter of seconds and priests are sent for. On the evidence of the bleeding alone I submit that discovery and shot were practically simultaneous. We now have two elements. Place—the darkened promenade deck. Time—the minute or so before, while or after you and Miss Cass were in the entry, and the fact that you heard no commotion in the cabin indicates that the shot was fired through the window just after you and Miss Cass started down this passageway." Again Nugent drained his glass and set it down with a decisive click.

STURGIS stood up and bowed to him. "Dupin," he said, "you had me fooled completely. All the time, I thought you were the little flower girl from the Boulevard Friedland. Your disguise is perfect."

Nugent stared at him.

"One never knows," he said, "whom one will meet at ill-bred diplomatic weddings in Tokyo. I remember, Sturgis, that I met you at one, the ring for which had inset panels of emerald. We will proceed. Somebody wishes to kill the Prince Tokugawa. He plans to do it just as I have shown you that he did do it. Let us say that he is in the darkened afterpassage that leads to the smoke-room, behind the closed deck door. That's as good a place as any. He sees Miss Cass pass, taking her constitutional. Her presence disturbs his plans for a moment. Then he decides he can use her. She falls and then she goes toward the lighted entryway door forward. Our man sees you meet her—sees her go inside. Sees her *seen* going in by you. He slides up and pops off the prince through the window. If his plans click—the prince's attendants dash out and catch you two redhanded crossing the entryway. If they don't—Miss Cass has been seen in the vicinity anyway—by you—so he drops his gun to show that the shot was fired from the exact spot Miss Cass had to walk across to encounter you at the entryway d or. The fact that she lost her heel simply his good luck."

Sturg held out h nails uppermost. Inspector. I shot t

"I have consider the major said, "but to dismiss it for the that the man who shot same man who shot Ito Tokyo Station. I base that on the fact that both shots were fired from silenced guns. Now it is inconceivable that you shot Ito, for the bullet that killed him must have been going *toward* you, as some of the wreckage it caused spattered your face."

"All right," Sturg said, "then *you* shot them both."

"All right," the major nodded, "I did—and a jolly fine job I made of it, too!"

There were steps once more in the passage, Lieutenant Colonel Watanabe again with the ship's captain behind him. Major Nugent had his whisky bottle in hand pouring a dollop. The ship's captain spoke in Japanese. Watanabe stopped at the threshold of Sturg's cabin. He was about to say something apparently when tin thunder boomed up from below. The whole after part of the Dairen leaped to starboard—not clearly, but vaguely—as jelly moves. But there was force in it, throwing force, and it threw the major. He crashed into Watanabe. His whisky sloshed on the cabin wall. He looked at it in disgust and he said:

"But, mind you, Sturgis, I didn't do this as well. I didn't run this bucket into a tree!"—while the whole after end of the Dairen staggered back and shuddered under short, stabbing blows.

The engines had stopped abruptly. Cabin doors were yanked open. The crack of them was loud in the silence. A telegraph gong jangled furiously deep inside the Dairen, and people stared into one another's frightened faces.

The ship's captain shoved Major Oku away from him and ran forward in the passage, his bowlegs twinkling. Oku stepped back to allow Colonel Watanabe to follow the captain. Pat Nugent poured another dollop of whisky into his glass and looked from Oku to Sturgis. That seemed to be Oku's signal to chase after Watanabe.

Sturg went down and looked in on Vonny. "How now?" he asked her.

"Languishing comfortably," she said. "With my jailer gone, I'll get after your iodine. I have taken the top off that knee."

"Steady on," he said, "I'll see what our friends have run their bicycle into." And he went up to the entry.

TAKESABURO ONO was a little man, little even for a Japanese, but he had come a long way from his starting place and the knowledge of that fact lent a mental stature to him that was more comforting than physical inches. He got up from his desk under the ventilator and let himself down the ladder to the deck plates of the engine-room. Stooping, he went into the roaring shaft alley, and put his calloused brown hands upon the second bearing again as he had done at intervals for several hours. It was a very hot bearing—hot as a bearing should not be. As different from ordinary bearing heat as the fever of sickness is from the heat of a hot day.

The shaft, filmed in oil and shining in the alley lights like a jet of mercury, turned up its fifty-five revolutions so smoothly that it was as if there were no movement in it except the vacillation of reflected light on bright metal. But the shaft alley was full of the roar of that ovement. The solid echo of it filled steel space like the sound of distant ing, only there was no cessation o interval. It continued to vi- he air in one long roar without thout period, without relief. Ono went back into the

ued on page 38)

The Hotter it Gets ... the Better You Feel in the
NO STARCH ... NO WILT COLLAR
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This miracle collar that looks stiff, but feels soft... stays that way permanently, without starching, through wearings and washings...makes JAYSON the ideal hot weather shirt.

For, not even perspiration can wilt this collar... and its starchless, porous *lightness* and softness makes it as comfortable as it is good looking.

Overnight, the news of this marvelous JAYSON SHIRT has swept the country.

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Styled and manufactured by one of the country's leading shirtmakers, with a half a century's reputation for quality, the JAYSON SHIRT satisfies on the score of fashion and appearance, as well as neatness and comfort.

Good stores everywhere are displaying the JAYSON SHIRT...with No Starch—No Wilt collar... at $1.95 to $5, collar attached... at $2.50 and up with separate collars. (Slightly higher in the West.)

JAYSON SHIRTS, MADE WITH THE GENUINE JAYSON COLLAR, HAVE THESE SPECIFIC ADVANTAGES:

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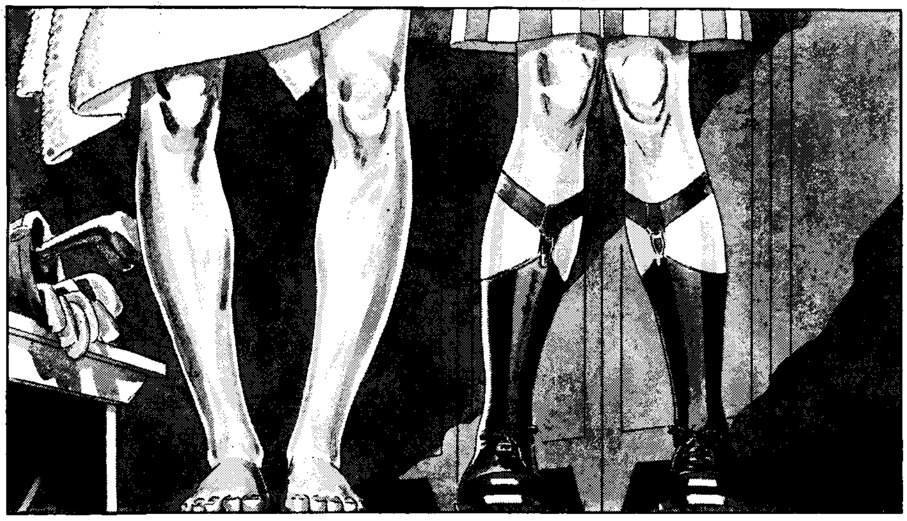

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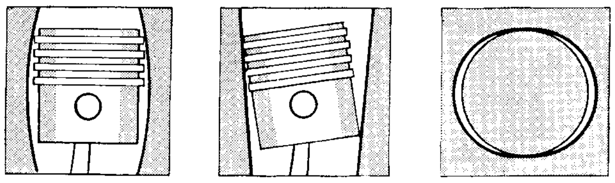
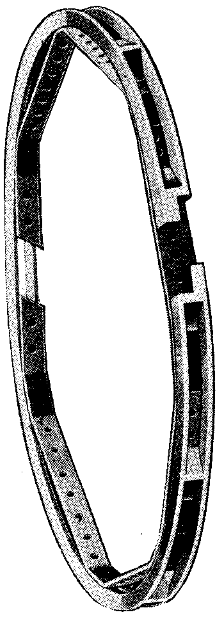
CYLINDERS



Bellied Cylinder
Tapered Cylinder
Out of Round Cylinder



But that no longer means an expensive overhaul or a cylinder straightening job for the automobile! Now American Hammered *Flexible* Piston Rings will effect an immediate cure. They conform to the *unshapeliness* of worn cylinders and make the engine perform like new. They restore power, save oil—and the price is so low that you'll never feel it. It takes less than a day to do the job! It's really a *minor operation* of major importance.

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ASK YOUR REPAIR MAN ABOUT BOW-LEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS —AND HOW TO CURE THEM WITH

American Hammered
FLEXIBLE PISTON RINGS

(*Continued from page* 37)

engine-room and looked up at the flying crankheads as he wiped his hands on waste that Hamai, the watchkeeper, handed him.

The noise out here was different from the smooth roaring flow of the shaft alley. This was rhythmic, with an explosive thrash and go to it that balanced evenly in the mind in some obscure way—that blended perfectly with the light that flashed from the crossheads until the whole noise and sight and hot smell of the pulsating room was a complete symphony. The sound of it was sweet to Takesaburo Ono, but there was worry in his heart and there had been since half past eight o'clock. He climbed again to his desk and sat listening as he always listened, for the slightest discord in the music of his orchestra. Two bells sounded—pounded out by the oiler on a steel bar with the head of a wrench. One A. M. Ten minutes later, he climbed down and went into the shaft alley to feel his hot bearing again.

His name wasn't Takesaburo Ono. But because he didn't know what it was, he took a particular pride in having it Takesaburo Ono. In the first place, he had arranged that name for himself out of two books, years before, and in the second, it was assumed at times that he was a cadet of the naval family of Ono of Nagasaki—of which came Admiral Viscount Tsukamoto Ono. And when that happened Takesaburo Ono was pleased, for he was a lieutenant I. J. N. R. himself, and in his fondest dreams the R. disappeared and he was a regular. It was his maggot that he do everything navy fashion. He stood watch in full-buttoned kit, and wore shoes, but in spite of that he was an excellent engineer and a good chief.

That was the long way he had come, from the slums of Yokohama to chief's berth on the Dairen Maru. And he valued every inch of the journey, even though he hid it deeply in his heart and exposed his reserve commission to the eyes of lesser men, to cover it.

The wife of Heigo, the rope picker, had adopted him for three yen fifty—and for some reason he had not died of malnutrition as all the other children did. No; he had lived. And here he was. It had been a long, long journey.

Again he went down to feel his hot bearing. This time it seemed to be hotter than before. The little spot of worry in his heart broke suddenly and spattered through his blood stream in quick damp fear that blinded him a moment. This thing would happen—that the heat would glow white inside the bearing and the shaft would feel it as the body feels the poison that flows into it from a striking snake—and there would be one swollen second when the two metals became an annealed mass of arrested power—a scream of metallic agony vomiting into the thrust of the engine and then the roaring horror of the broken shaft racing fiendishly, flailing the bright alley into a shattered darkness that was drowned in one mad flood of dark waters before Hamai could shut off the engine.

THAT was the thought of Takesaburo Ono as he went back to telephone the bridge for permission to reduce again. The picture was very real in his mind—so real that he could almost feel the waters at his shoulders as he stepped through the little doorway into the engine-room once more.

The dark waters are very real to men who have choked in them in engine-rooms—very real. They were much more real to Takesaburo Ono than the rest of the ship above him, which he saw sometimes as if it were a desk with steel pigeonholes, each opening holding a passenger comfortably with his clothes and his baggage. The dark waters never quite real up there under the gray skies. When they came in below, all those people ran from their pigeon holes and went away. But down here, you couldn't. You stayed and all the saloon manners of eating you had tried to learn, all the polite ways of speaking, all the clothing you owned and the uniforms and all the painful hours you had spent scrubbing your hands clean to dine in the saloon were like the leaves that rattle away from your footsteps down autumn hillsides.

Takesaburo Ono stopped at the foot of the ladder that ran up between the thrust blocks. He could see faces and streaming yellow backs through the fire-room door—backs with spine channels between their muscled flanks, like canals dug in the flesh, to carry off the pouring sweat. Hamai handed him another piece of waste. He wiped his palms and each finger and looked back at the shaft alley door. There was that door and two others in the bulkhead. The waters coming through them would be like three great hose streams at full pressure, carrying the engine-room watch before them like men who spin off their feet under the blast of shrapnel. The electric motors on the tops of the doors would sing into life and grind down on the closing screws—and stall perhaps under the greatness of the pressure—stall and whine until the blue light flashed in them and they died. Then his men would be up again, hurling their panting bodies at the doors, wrenching down on locking lugs, closing off the furious rush of water—holding the Yellow Sea a growling prisoner behind a sweating bulkhead of steel—a bulkhead that boomed with the strain and wept across its broad expanse of white-painted face like an old street woman until the tears of its weeping dripped into the flooding engine-room and the few minutes before it would carry ticked away down the beads of men's lives.

TAKESABURO ONO was sweating as he climbed the ladder to his desk to telephone the bridge for permission to reduce.

"So—here—on this rung of the ladder I will step clear of the dark waters that are up to the armpits of the men below me. And the bridge will be ringing me, to know what has happened here below. They will have heard the thrashing death agony of the broken shaft—felt the rending as she tore great holes in the ship and hurled her broken end into the deep freedom of the dark waters. That agony will have echoed in every plank and every rail and every bulkhead above—echoed like the shaking of a great metallic ague—like the roaring of a long train upon a high trestle—like the great hand of an earth tremor that grips a tall building—and they will be ringing me to know what it is—why the engine has been stopped. There will be the shouting of men and the clanging of telegraph gongs and the sound of frantic metal struck on other metal. And I will be here on the ladder, racing upward with live steam in my lungs and the black smell of quickly cooled metal and the cold salt breath of death rising in my throat as it did in the Gulf of Tonkin on the Wakayama.

"Then, perhaps, before I can reach the telephone and tell them, the bulkhead will boom again and wrinkle across its white face and carry away with a great wet sigh that drowns the screams of men. The generators on their platforms above will flame into blue light as the bulkhead door motors flamed, only this time the light w fill the whole upper space like its in the northern skies And there will be ut- t ss except for that blue d reflection of the fire-

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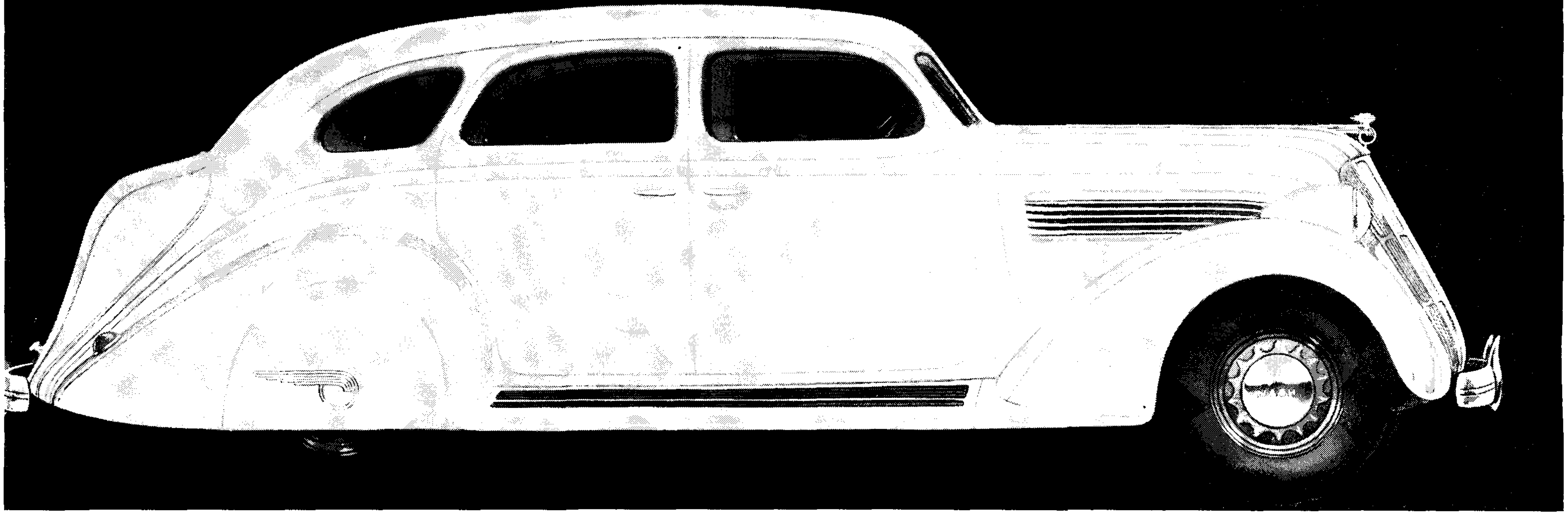
NEW CAR!

FIRST Truly De Luxe Car of Low Price—
FIRST Car with Monitor-Sealed Motor!



NEW NASH "400"

THERE'S ONLY ONE WORD FOR IT—**REVOLUTIONARY!**

REMEMBER that statement as time goes by . . . and other cars begin to be patterned after this new Nash "400". For here is a car so advanced, so different, so much *better*, it cannot help influencing the future design of other cars. Read what this sensational car offers you . . . then enjoy the sensation of driving it.

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PACKINGLESS LEAKPROOFED WATER PUMP
First car with a water pump thoroughly sealed—never needs packing.

ROOMIEST CAR AT THE PRICE—The widest seats. The most headroom. A big car of 117-inch wheelbase—191⅛ inches overall length.

SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING—First introduced on 1935 Nash and Nash-built LaFayettes, Synchronized Springing, with spring action harmonized front and rear, revolutionizes the "ride"—"Puts a new road under the wheels." Back seat ride and front seat ride identical in comfort.

BALANCED WEIGHT—Nash is one of the few manufacturers who design the car weight *50-50 front and rear!* Perfect weight division is engineered into the "400".

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SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—*Plus* Duo-Servo action which needs but slight pedal pressure. *The motion of the car assists the stop!*

CLUTCH PEDAL STARTING—*Any* car would be a more convenient, a more comfortable, a safer car to drive with Clutch Pedal Starting. The "400" is the only car in its price field with this fine feature.

LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT IN EVERY MODEL
—Large built-in space for carrying ample luggage and spare tire.

If you like individuality in a car . . . if you like to be ahead of the crowd . . . if you like real luxury with economy . . . the "400" is built for *you*. See and drive it today.

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Every Nash-built car is built the only way I care to build a car—the quality way. I have never built a "cheap" car, and never will.

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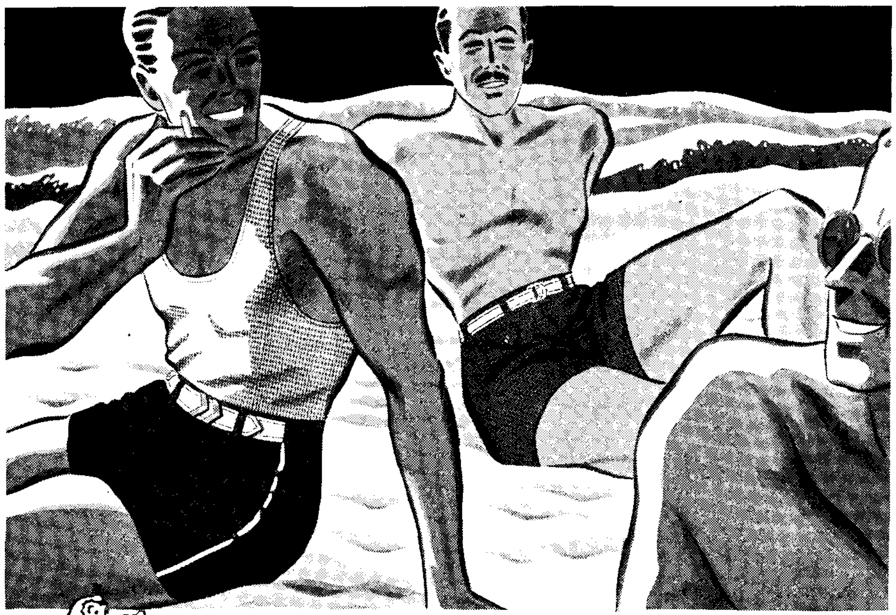

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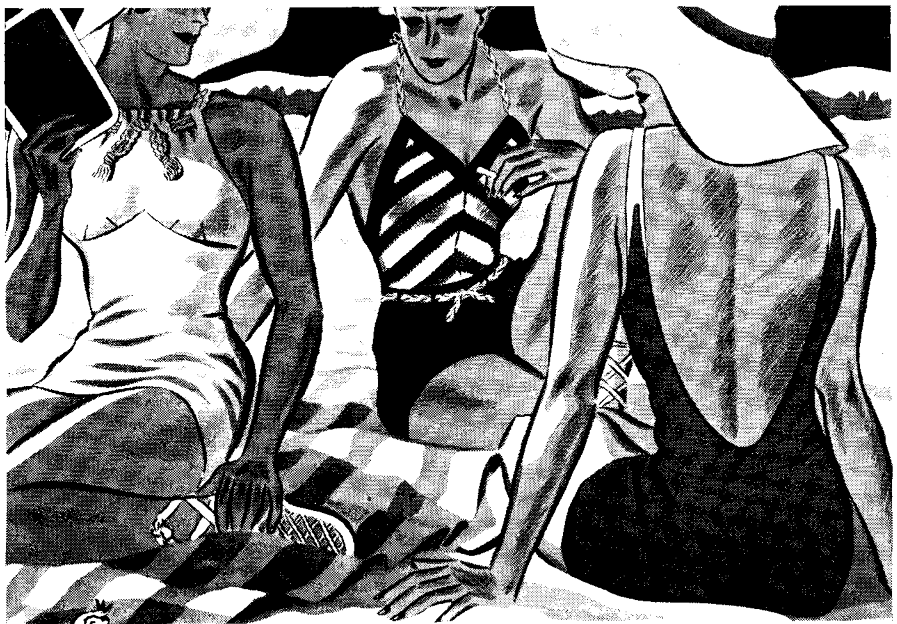

B.V.D. Swim Suits possess every art to shape and to silhouette. *Left* "Bib Front"—B.V.D.'s new "Gulf Stream" stitch with fashioned uplift and adjustable straps in contrasting color. $6.95. *Center* "Blazer Bodice"—Two-piece suit, solid color trunks, blazer striped upper. $5.95. *Right* "Sea Swallow"—With fashioned uplift and beautifully fitted evening gown back. $3.95. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

★ B.V.D. SWIM SUITS ★

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The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 38

room as the waters tear it asunder and drown it in one great muffled howl that rips the belly from the ship. It will be too late then for the bridge to order us to abandon—too late for the revolver in the drawer of my desk. There will be only darkness and the eternal spirit of Bushii and a few sobbing men forced upward on the rushing waters until their heads strike the half-closed panels in the ventilator well and their skulls crumple into the eternal darkness that is outside the world."

Takesaburo Ono went on up the ladder between the thrust blocks. The metal of the handrail was hard and comforting against his palms, the steps were solid reprieves beneath his feet. The hot smell of oil and of sweat and of warm, flashing metal was in his nostrils and it was a pleasant thing. The strain of heavy weather—of shutting off when the screw leaped free, of cutting on again when she bit deeply once more into the thundering waters astern, had heated that bearing. He would ask for permission to reduce again for a few hours. In Dairen he would ask for a survey. That was navy fashion. Never take a chance until you had to—always be sure of everything so that when you had to take a chance you had the longest possible odds with you. Below him was Hamai, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, looking upward from the deck plates of the engine-room. The oiler, wrench in hand, was going forward to strike three bells on his steel bar. In the fire-room, the fires roared smoothly at white heat behind the mica windows in the fire doors. Aft in the shaft alley, the long, bright shaft beat out its echoing roar in a smooth ribbon of sound, while the reflection of the winking light bulbs above it grinned brightly in its oil film.

Takesaburo Ono rang for the bridge. The bridge answered him, but he couldn't hear the answer for there was a shrill metallic scream below that tore him like a deep knife cut across the abdomen—and the engine was racing horribly with a sudden freedom that rocked it in its bed and it was howling in agony, but the sound of it was drowned in the mad thunder from the shaft alley—thunder that blinded and deafened and beat men down under its infernal roar. Hamai flung himself forward and shut off and the thunder was a ghastly echo that died under the laughter of the dark waters.

DE JONG, the Dutchman, had the cabin across from Vonny's. The crash awakened him and he looked in on her, her door being open.

"What is it, Miss Cass?"

"Mice, I expect," Vonny said, "large ones."

"But we are on, Miss Cass—we have gone onto something I say—we are on."

"If we are—we'll strike again." They stood waiting and it occurred to Vonny that de Jong was a repulsive sight and slightly sickening. He wore an undershirt under his tan silk pajama coat and the chances were that he had his underdrawers on as well. She had a distinct feeling that he would wear his socks in bed when he got far enough up into Manchuria for the nights to be cold. She had a feeling that he would try to impress her presently with his masculine command of the situation.

"But we haven't struck again," she said, "so it was either a reef and we bounced over it, or it was wreckage."

"We must find out, Miss Cass."

"Yes," she said, "suppose you do."

There was a long, aimless swing to the Dairen. It swayed clothing in her wardrobe and ticked the buttons against the closed door of it. Rather a pleasant movement but quite helpless. Then suddenly there was a mild vibration humming up from below—not the ship's engines but a sort of desperate effort to imitate them. She thought: "Pumps—a lot of pumps going." Then she saw de Jong still in the doorway of her cabin with the rather stupid expression on his face of the self-appointed gift to womankind.

"Do you mind?" she said. "Whatever it is that we have struck—this is still my cabin."

"But, Miss Cass—I thought—you are traveling alone. I beg your pardon—I am—" He went out and for a moment the passage was deserted. She daubed Sturg's iodine on her knee and cancanned with the fire of it as it seared into her blood stream with exquisite torture. She ran her fingers through her light hair and she combed it carefully. She packed both her bags on a straight hunch. One of those quick, sure-thing hunches that you pick right out of the air. And she got down her topcoat—just as Colonel Watanabe came back. He had a steward with him this time.

"Nothing to worry about, please. We have broken our shaft. Please to come up topside with me now, Miss Cass. At once, please."

"Right you are," and she followed him down toward the after companion.

Pat Nugent saw her go and he raised his glass to her from Sturg's doorway for luck. She lifted her hand.

THE quiet of the Dairen hung in her passages as heavily as the vibration of sound. Takesaburo Ono's pumps, spinning frantically below, made no impression upon it. Voices cracked in it loudly, and footsteps on the rubber decking pounded through it like footsteps on paths of beaten earth. The water in the washrooms was off and the cheerful splash of that was gone. The sanitary pumps were sucking other water. You could hear people talking in the saloon as far aft as the after companion. The silence hushed voices as death hushes them—all but Mrs. Rainey's voice. Mrs. Rainey had gone at once to the little lounge forward of the entryway and sat down. The imitation ostrich feathers on the toes of her pink slippers were scrawny and molting. She had drawn a quilted dressing gown over her nightdress and she held it with one hand across a somewhat flabby hip. She was no longer in the first flush.

She drew near to England in crises as one of sound faith draws near to God. The intensity of her voice increased and the timbre of it climbed half an octave so that the sound of it dominated the voices in the lounge as English voices dominate Riviera tram cars. Thus she excluded the sound of other voices and the bruit of other accents from her hearing, thereby giving a British flavor to the whole situation, which was necessary, under the circumstances, for her peace of mind; for the Dairen was a Japanese boat and anything can happen on a Japanese boat—or on an American boat for that matter, so the thing to do is to oppose it vigorously with a united British front. Hence, she drew near to Nethercot, the Lancashireman, and Nethercot slipped his arms through his dangling braces out of deference to an Englishwoman in a dressing gown.

Rainey himself, apparently, had

(Continued on page 42)

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LD TOMORROW!"

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KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 40

stopped talking years before. He made no suggestion that his wife put on her clothing. He had script in a brief case. Reams of it. He began to read it, one blue-stockinged leg thrown over the other, the brogued toe swinging. He had slipped on an old brown canvas shooting coat. There were half a dozen twelve-gauge shells in the pocket of the coat which he kept taking out and turning over and over endwise between his fingers.

Nethercot had pulled on his trousers over his pajamas and sat down in the lounge too, his large great toes pointing upward and the rest of his toes gripping the cold rubber decking, the soles of his feet slightly opposed. There he sat and scratched.

Mark Utterhoe, the Australian, saw them and sat down opposite, smoking a cigarette and running his stub fingers through his tangled hair.

Two railway administration Japanese were having a verbal go at a river transportation bureau clerk. The light glinted on their gold teeth and made their mouths look broken. They mobbed the purser, Tomishima, who was buttoning his uniform pants and continued to button them. They bowed to Tomishima and he bowed, still buttoning his pants and looking at them glass-eyed with his sudden awakening.

"I say," de Jong said, "I say, Purser, what is it?"

"I do not know. I will find out," Tomishima told him. "Nothing to worry about, please."

And with that as a starter the whole ship rang with it like a chanted litany for a few minutes, every steward taking it up and passing it along to the next.

"We have broken our shaft, please."

"How serious is that?"

"Not serious. Nothing to worry, please."

"Why the pumps?"

"Precautionary measures. Captain's orders."

"We have broken our shaft, please—nothing serious, actually. We have broken our shaft, please."

WHEN Sturgis came into the entryway the door to the Prince Tokugawa's cabin was closed. The door to Krupp's cabin, opposite, was also closed. Across the way, in the lounge, Utterhoe and Nethercot were still listening to Mrs. Rainey, because there was nothing else to do and she was so loud you couldn't help listening to her. They looked up and stared at Sturg when he came in as if he had invited them to come to a party and hadn't given it when they got there. They seemed to resent him. Rainey didn't look up. He went on reading.

Sturg tried to see out the windows on both sides, cupping his hands to his face to shut off the light behind him. He couldn't see anything. He went out on deck. The late night air was a cold, gray thing that took him at the waistline and chilled him quite thoroughly. There was no light yet—but he could see the black outline of the Dairen, and her after part seemed down in the water. Then he remembered feeling in the passage that there had been a sense of going up a mild incline. They were down by the stern. Just then some of the lights began to go off from the master switch boxes. They needed the juice on the pumps.

That seemed to make the deck lighter. He had gone out the starboard door—on purpose. He walked forward and around to the portside. He came down slowly past the windows of Tokugawa's cabin. There was no light on in the cabin but the windows were open and through their drawn curtains he could see the sharp, pale flame of candles. And as he came abreast, the incense was thick in his nostrils.

As he walked he checked. There are three windows. It must have been the after one that the shot was fired through. That is nearest the after-passage door. About there, then, the murderer stood and about here he dropped the gun. Somewhere in between they found Vonny's heel, which is no evidence at all. And down here it was that she fell, and if Nugent is right, the murderer stood behind this second door watching her as she passed.

HE CAME to the end of the promenade. The after well deck was dark and the overhang was darker, but it looked much farther down in the water than it should have been. He turned around the end and came up the starboard side and into the entryway again.

Mrs. Rainey was sputtering for tea. Rainey looked up at Sturgis.

"What do you make of it, Hammond?" Somehow the question was a compliment. Sturg appreciated it. He said, "I think we're down by the stern."

"So do I," Rainey said. "Do you suppose the blokes can handle it or will they turn two pages of the book at once?"

Sturg said, "Your guess is as good as mine."

Rainey nodded and turned back to his reading.

At that moment a lot more of the lights were turned off abruptly from the master switch boxes. Aoki, the chief officer, came down and looked into the lounge. He pinched the visor of his hat between a bent thumb and forefinger and lifted it from his flat, bristly head.

"Nothing to worry, please." He grinned and jerked his head and shoulders in a quick bow half Japanese, half European. "Nothing to worry, captain says."

Mark Utterhoe grunted, "There's a sluggish feel to her. Do you feel it? It's a wallow, sort of. Lucky we ran out of that blow before this happened."

There was the shrill ring from somewhere of metal pounding metal. Li opened Krupp's door and came out. Krupp was in a chair in his cabin in his yellow silk pajamas and his wine-red dressing gown. There was an adjustable bookrest before him and a light behind his shoulder. He was reading. Someone on deck yelled a whiplash of an order in Japanese and there were footsteps sprinting down the promenade. At the other end of the passage the purser, Tomishima, was knocking on doors, opening them, looking in.

"Please to dress, please, and go at once to lounging saloon." He was completely dressed himself, now, and his hair was combed and he had washed the glass-eyed amazement from his long face.

"Please to dress, please. Captain's orders. Please to dress, please, and go at once to lounging saloon. Please to dress, please."

Sturgis went down to his cabin. Pat Nugent was still there sipping his whisky.

"Very sorry for you, gentlemaan," Sturg told him, "but nothing to worry about."

"In other words, we're sinking?" Pat said. He raised a finger.

"Steady! Is that hum cutting out on us? That pump hum? Listen to it. It was strong a moment ago. It's gotten weaker. Just now it's gotten weaker. Do you hear it?"

Sturg went back quickly and looked into Vonny's cabin.

"Where is she, Pat?"

"They have taken her up topside."

"Listen to me—do you realize that if this hooker goes down, all the evidence of Tokugawa's murder goes with it except what they have against that girl—which amounts to nothing now—but which will amount to everything if it becomes *all* they have?"

"Nonsense—you can't indict a woman for murder because she loses a heel to her slipper. And that's all they have except the gun Watanabe found. And that won't have her fingerprints on it."

"It won't have anyone's fingerprints on it," Sturg told him. "Fingerprints are too easy. That gun will have been fired by a gloved hand—and anyone's hand can be gloved. That's the way they will reason. Her hand or anyone else's. And they don't have to indict in Dairen. This crime was committed at sea under the Japanese flag. The Kwantung District Courts have no jurisdiction. It will be purely a Military Intelligence matter of getting a victim."

"Or perhaps seven victims," Pat said. "There are seven of us aboard the Dairen who were also in Tokyo Station when Ito was killed. And none of us being San Salvadoreans—none of us has consular or diplomatic representation in the Leased Territories. Seven is a nice number, Sturgis. They will probably realize that shortly, for the crowds in Tokyo are undoubtedly screaming for a sacrifice to atone for Ito—and bothering the government to death with their screaming. When this news gets out, the screaming will increase." Pat shrugged. "Something will have to be done to stop it. What better than to hang seven foreigners for a murder cabal? A master stroke. Whisky? You see?" He waved his empty glass. "Miss Cass alone will not be convincing to screaming crowds. She doesn't look Lady Macbethy enough. That will occur to Watanabe and to the authorities. They will link the two crimes presently through the silencer on the gun. They may even get a decent break. Their ballistics men may discover that the bullet in Ito and the bullet in Tokugawa, if they can find them, came from that gun Watanabe found on deck, in which case you, Miss Cass, our friend Nahta, her maid, Krupp, his China boy and I are the only people who could possibly be involved because we were the only people in the immediate environs of both murders." He poured whisky into his glass again with the steadiest of hands. "And I should hate to be hanged, Sturgis. I should positively hate it."

STURGIS said, "Get out of that bathrobe and get into your clothing. This broken shaft ought to be taken more seriously than you are taking it."

"You mean you want me to get into the spirit of the thing. Is that it? You want me to go sit in a lifeboat. Is that it? Well, I'll have you know that I'm the damnedest finest gentleman in the world, Sturgis—and I'll sit in no lifeboat until all the women and children are sitting in them!"

Sturgis left him.

"And," the major called down the passage after him, "if I find any finer gentleman, my friend—I'll take it away from him, do you understand that? Do you, Sturgis? *Blast* you, Sturgis."

(To be continued next week)

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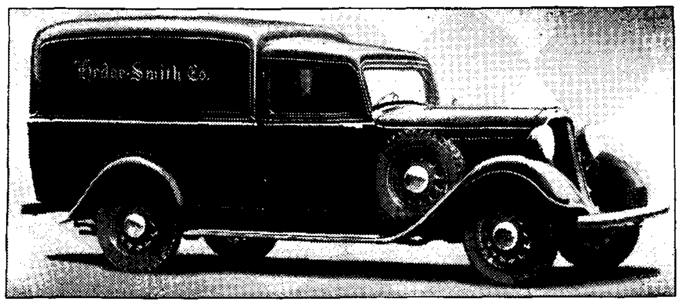

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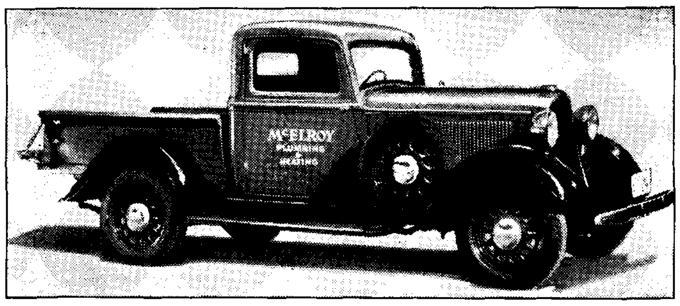

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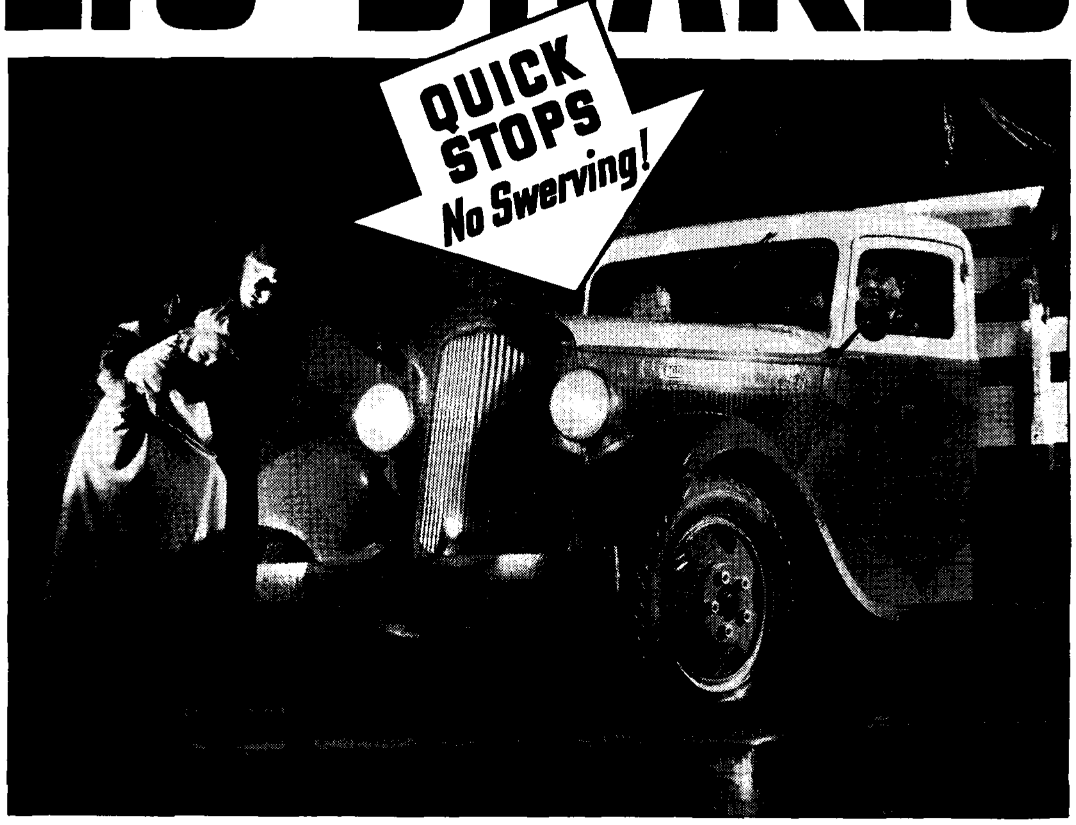
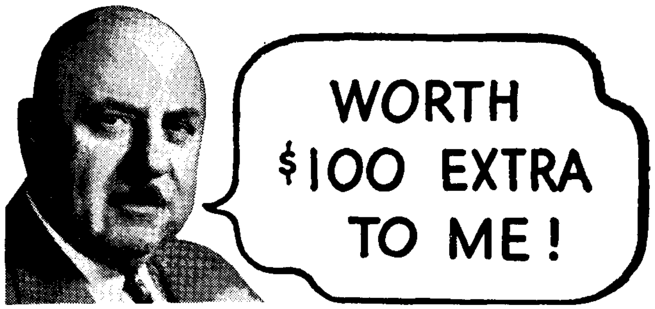


1½ TON CHASSIS...$490* 131″ or 136″ W. B. ... **1½ TON STAKE...$670*** 136″ W. B.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(sig.) C. H. BOOKEDIS, Chicago, Ill.

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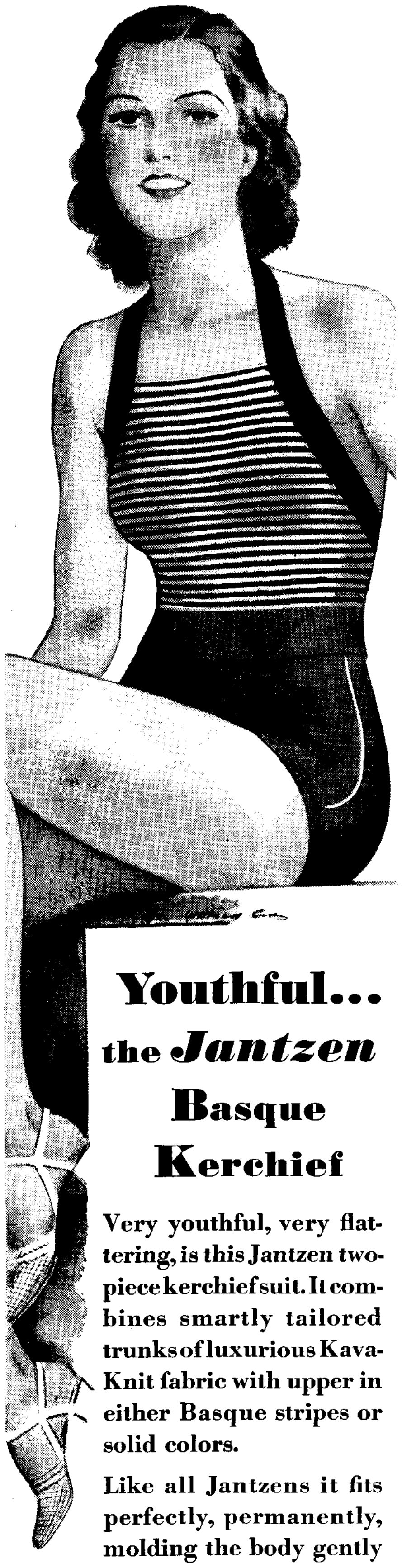

Youthful... the *Jantzen* Basque Kerchief

Very youthful, very flattering, is this Jantzen two-piece kerchief suit. It combines smartly tailored trunks of luxurious Kava-Knit fabric with upper in either Basque stripes or solid colors.

Like all Jantzens it fits perfectly, permanently, molding the body gently but firmly. Figure control is *literally knitted-in.* The Basque Kerchief $5.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $7.95.

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Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1935 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

Address

Helping Corny

Continued from page 19

determined bookworm chewing up a road map. But, like the same minute papyrus microbe, she finally got it all. Then things began to happen. Aunt Ella got as important as generals marching four abreast. The sentencing judge agreed to an interview on the grounds of new and important evidence. He scanned Corny's discharge and asked Aunt Ella, "Well, that's nothing to show the grandchildren, is it?

"You say," the judge was now speaking to the persuasive lawyer, "that he requested the dinner check for three thousand sailors?"

"That's right, Your Honor," said the mouthpiece as brightly and as chipper as a sparrow in a bird sanctuary.

"H'm," said His Honor. "Signs of aberration."

"Crazy, Your Honor."

"H'm," said His Honor, and signed the papers which were to help Corny.

THANKS to Aunt Ella's timely aid and certain heavy fees the alienists reported favorably to the committing judge and Corny was transferred from the jail to a sanitarium, where the walls were thicker, the windows smaller, the bars more numerous and stronger and the doors knobbed only on the outside of the room. That was a tremendous help. Furthermore, the room was heavily padded and Corny longed for his old cell where at least he could strike a match.

Getting Corny into the sanitarium was but a single step in the grand staircase. The next jump was to get him out. Corny didn't know anything about this. All he knew was that he was worse off than he had been. A new cluster of alienists went into action. This group of scholars emeritus would prove conclusively that he was just as normal as the next, provided the cause was removed.

They took an X-ray of his spine, which indicated that his dorsal and lumbar vertebrae did not mesh. A burly osteopath was introduced to Corny. The osteopath shook hands by grabbing Corny's ankles and whirling him six times around his head like Indian clubs. The second step in the aviation test was to jump on his back, pull his ears out of gear and tie his neck into a lover's knot. A medicated half-Nelson and an antiseptic headlock followed quickly.

These left Corny so yellow that, if he had not been born in America, they would have been forced to smuggle him in across the Mexican or Canadian border. A series of cracking sounds resulted from the stretching of his vertebrae, he got spots in front of his eyes, his shoulder blades opened and closed like ivory and silk fans and his asthma came back. The committee reported progress. But the judge who had sentenced Corny refused to believe that a man could be massaged out of a five-year sentence. Like many an industry and many a going concern, Corny was being wrecked by improvements.

Aunt Ella presided at one more family huddle and the next help showed up in the form of a dentist learned in medical jurisprudence. He did not believe in chiropractics. His specialty was tracing all things to the roots, provided the roots were on teeth. His diagnosis was that all of Corny's bicuspids, molars, canines, uppers, lowers and incidentals were to be removed and Corny returned to his family. Corny took more gas than a dirigible. One by one his teeth were laid on the shelf, each one a memorial tombstone to a distinguished ancestor. No dentist can count past thirty-two. He doesn't have to.

Corny's cheeks followed the line of least resistance and sank with all on board. With his conversational keyboard gone he spoke a patois of mumbles. He awaited Aunt Ella's visit to the adamant jurist with feeble and evaporated interest. He was too weak to care what happened in the future because most of it had already occurred. Unfortunately, when Aunt Ella laid the dental certificate and thirty-two teeth on the desk, the judge thought she was presenting him with a cannibal's necklace. And, still worse, as Saparella might comment, he had blown his own check rack, and did not have a tooth in his head which he could not take out and give to you if he felt in a generous mood. The life line had fallen short.

Next, a surgeon decided that the toxic poison responsible for Corny's erratic behavior on the night of the shooting was caused by his appendix. An operation revealed it was on the wrong side. Two operations indicated it was in the middle and Corny's abdomen was stitched up like an American League baseball but not quite so lively. The judge had been through that operation, too, and refused to concede his own mental equilibrium had been restored thereby. The surgeon's recommendation was another outside leaf on the artichoke and was discarded.

The family recollected that it had always been bothered by acid tonsils and Corny's were removed by easy stages. This time the judge almost relented. He was just reaching for his clement fountain pen. Aunt Ella was weeping softly and all seemed right with the world. But the onion fell out of her handkerchief.

ON HER last try she got him. She never stopped trying to help Corny. And she never stopped hoping. Hope is elastic and indestructible. Like the mythical glass snake it is never seen in two pieces. It was the removal of Corny's adenoids that swung the justice of the high, the low and the middle. Corny was pardoned.

His first visitor to the sunny hospital room was Saparella, who had learned the news through the grapevine that grows on a trellis of stone and iron. Hinge Neck did not explain why he was dressed faultlessly in a suit of his own choosing. He was a symphony in browns with a cream-colored vest. Neither did he spill any information why his twenty years had elapsed before Corny's five. The chronology of corrective sequestration must be left to those who understand.

He paused at Corny's bedside and looked at the wreck of his old college chum. There was a turban on Corny's head made of the Sultan's best gauze. His eyes were petrified smoke rings. His cheeks were as hollow as stovepipes in the summertime. His wasted body was as flat as a flower pressed in a book.

"Pal," Hinge Neck sobbed through his tears, "I'm sorry I did this to you. It's a tough price to pay."

"They gave me the check," gummed Corny.

SAPARELLA walked out with his hat held reverently against his chest and his head bowed in fraternal grief.

The next visitor was Aunt Ella, beaming like the floodlights at the Newark airport. She was followed in rotation by the rest of the family, whose moral support and financial assistance had seen Corny through at all times and especially this. The bride rushed in and threw her loving and forgiving arms around his neck. Corny summed up enough strength to wince. It was too much like osteopathy.

"Folks," whispered Corny, as his closest helping relatives bent over to listen, "I want to thank you. You have stood by me through thick and thin."

His voice trailed off. "You have helped me more than I can tell," he continued weakly with an effort. "When things were darkest you were by my side. How can I ever thank you for your help? And, most of all, dear old Aunt Ella, where would I be without her?" Aunt Ella seemed to grow a foot with pride and joy.

"I, who should not ask for further evidence of your love and devotion," Corny's voice was surprisingly strong now, "have one more favor to ask."

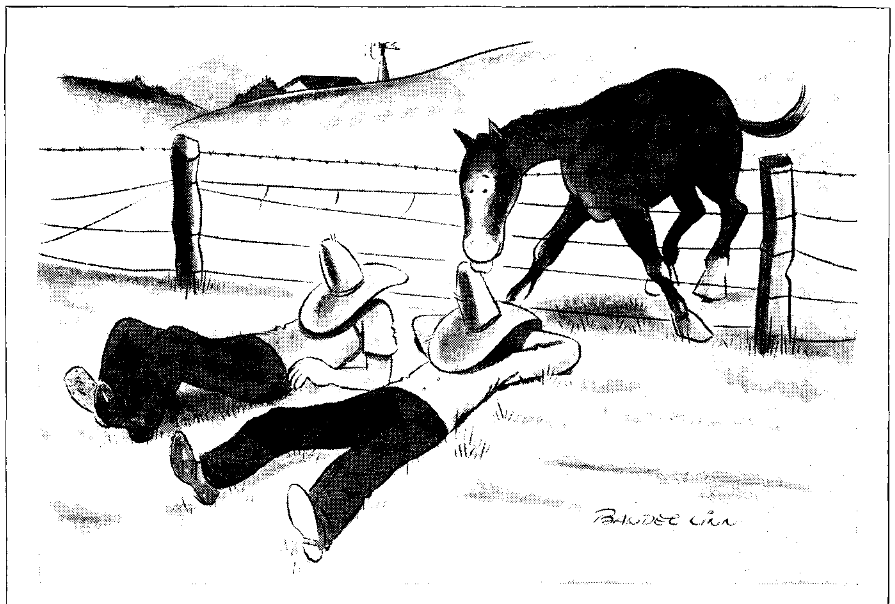
The family nodded a coddling affirmative. The favor was granted in advance.

"If I ever get in trouble again," said Corny, "do me one favor."

The nods totaled a complete yes.

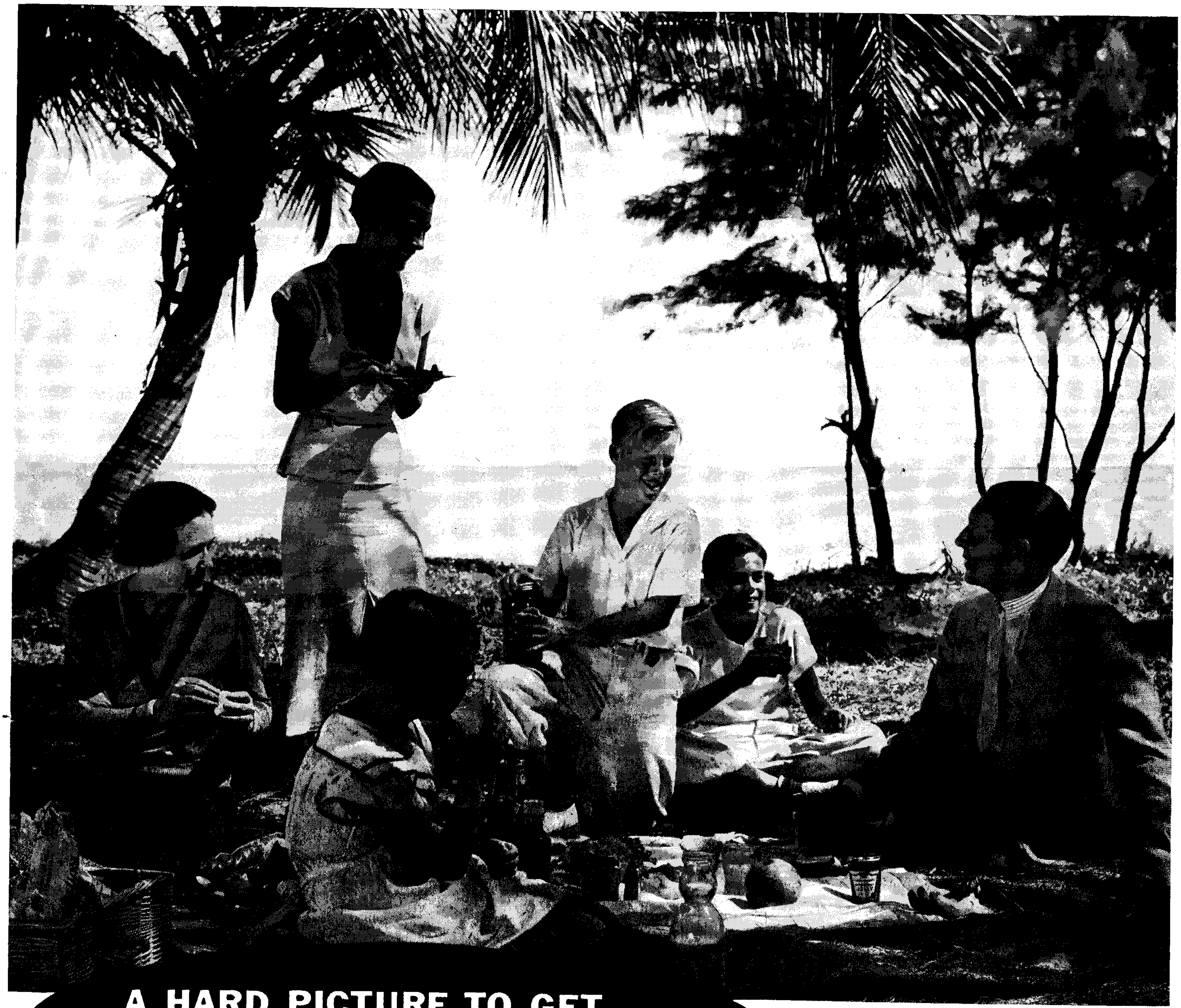
"Don't help me," screamed Corny. His gums had hardened.

That night Saparella was subdued by the combined radio and riot squads for causing a riot at the Navy Yard. He was dragged battered and bruised before his old friend, the tough judge. The charge was trying to whip three thousand sailors.



"What d'ya think I better do? That durned hoss is eatin' my hat!"

BANDEL LINN



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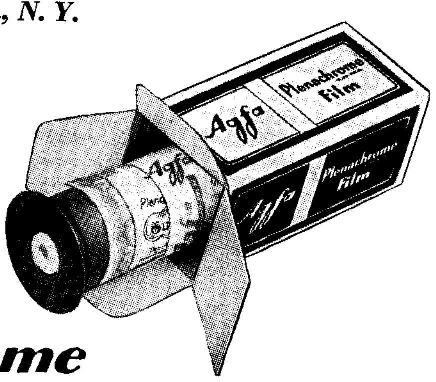

"PICTURES THAT SATISFY...OR A NEW ROLL FREE!"

After a round at Saint Andrews

To play the Royal and Ancient Links is a privilege even champions seek. For this is the birthplace of golf and the centre of its traditions. And naturally, for the 19th hole, the call goes in for the world-famous ginger ale that best honors the occasion . . .

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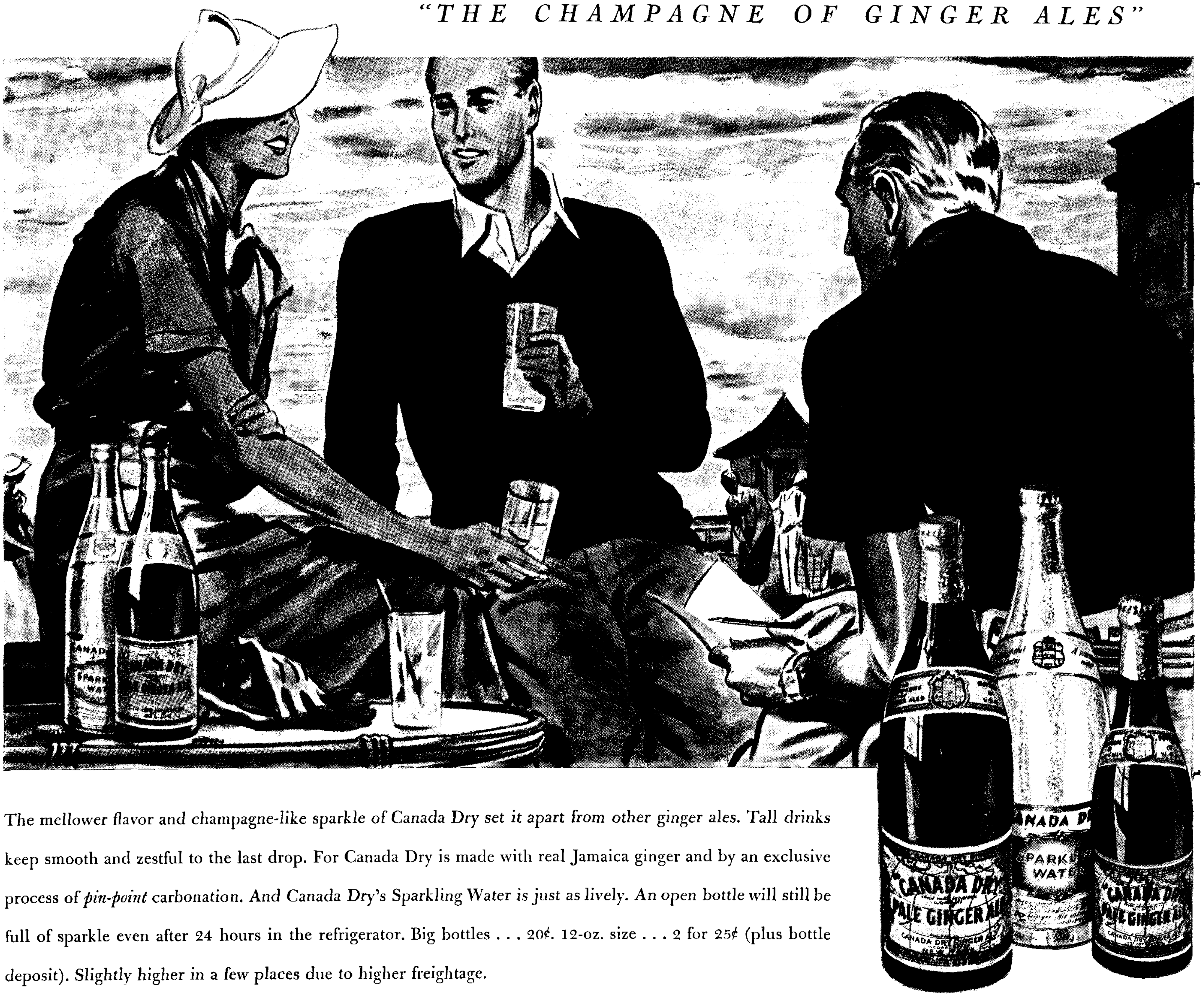
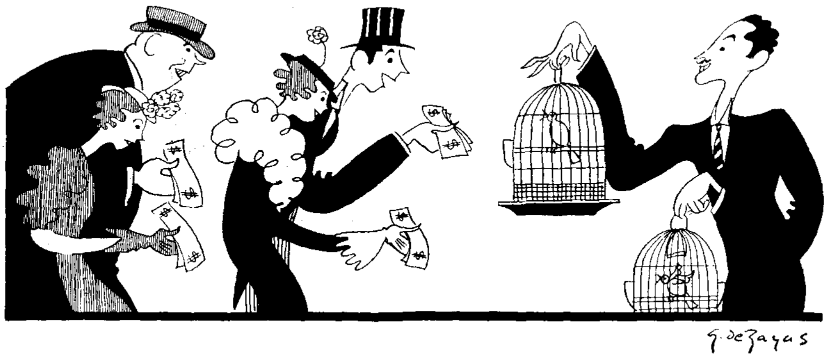
"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"



The mellower flavor and champagne-like sparkle of Canada Dry set it apart from other ginger ales. Tall drinks keep smooth and zestful to the last drop. For Canada Dry is made with real Jamaica ginger and by an exclusive process of *pin-point* carbonation. And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is just as lively. An open bottle will still be full of sparkle even after 24 hours in the refrigerator. Big bottles . . . 20¢. 12-oz. size . . . 2 for 25¢ (plus bottle deposit). Slightly higher in a few places due to higher freightage.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Canaries have recently been bred in several new colors—black, blue, red and white. The only one, however, that has been definitely fixed and is regularly produced is white; and the one man who knows how to obtain this color has such a demand for these white songsters that he is asking—and getting—$500 a pair for them.

Despite the fact that judges and attorneys daily require trial witnesses to answer questions with either a "yes" or "no," there has never been a law that requires a person, when giving testimony, to reply in this manner, which may sometimes be unfair.—*By Robert Roff, Lawrence, Massachusetts.*

The number of persons who have lived and died on this earth since the dawn of recorded history, some 6,000 years ago, is approximately forty billion, or only 20 for every individual in the world today.—*By D. E. Moore, Jeanette, Pennsylvania.*

An odd race-track fraud took place in London in 1898. One morning the sporting journals received, on engraved stationery, the announcement of a new race-course at Trodmore, England, with full details of the first meeting, which was to be held the next afternoon. The following morning, armed with the published program, the gang secured a large number of bets from the street gamblers—in cash. But the race was never run because there was no such track. In fact there was no town named "Trodmore."

Of all the odd places where churches, chapels and other places of worship are located throughout the world, the oddest is the center of a racetrack in Chelmsford, England. The vicar of this church likes its exciting location but he has never become accustomed to the large number of horses and dogs which insist upon roaming about the churchyard.

Persons who are afflicted with motor vocal aphasia are unable to express their thoughts verbally, owing to a brain lesion. However, this inability to speak words which come from thinking does not impair the victims' power to curse and swear, which they often do to give vent to their feelings.—*By H. R. Seidenstein, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

Rubber can not only be made as clear, colorless and transparent as plate glass but also so tough that it outwears steel. A rubber jacket that is now used on certain ocean cables which are subjected to much abrasive wear on coral bottoms has been found capable of outlasting several times its thickness of heavy steel armor wire.

Rarely if ever do the various kinds of plant life that thrive in the hair of animals serve their host. One exception, however, is a green alga which lives in the cracks of the hair of the sloth and gives this tree-hanging mammal a mantle of invisibility that protects it from enemies.

One American millionaire has a domestic servant pay roll of about $20,000 a week, another recently paid $3,500,000 for landscape gardening on his estate, and another owns so many rare antiques and works of art that they not only fill his several mansions but also a large private storage warehouse which he maintains for them in New York City.

The irrigation of arid and semi-arid areas, which received its first great impetus about 50 years ago, now is so widespread throughout the world that at least one quarter of the human race is primarily dependent on the food produced by this artificially watered land.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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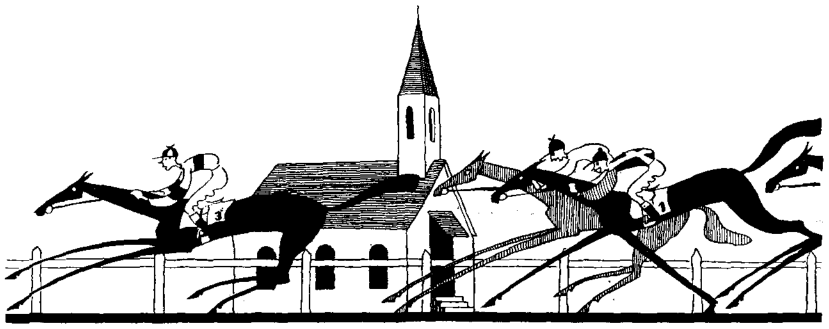
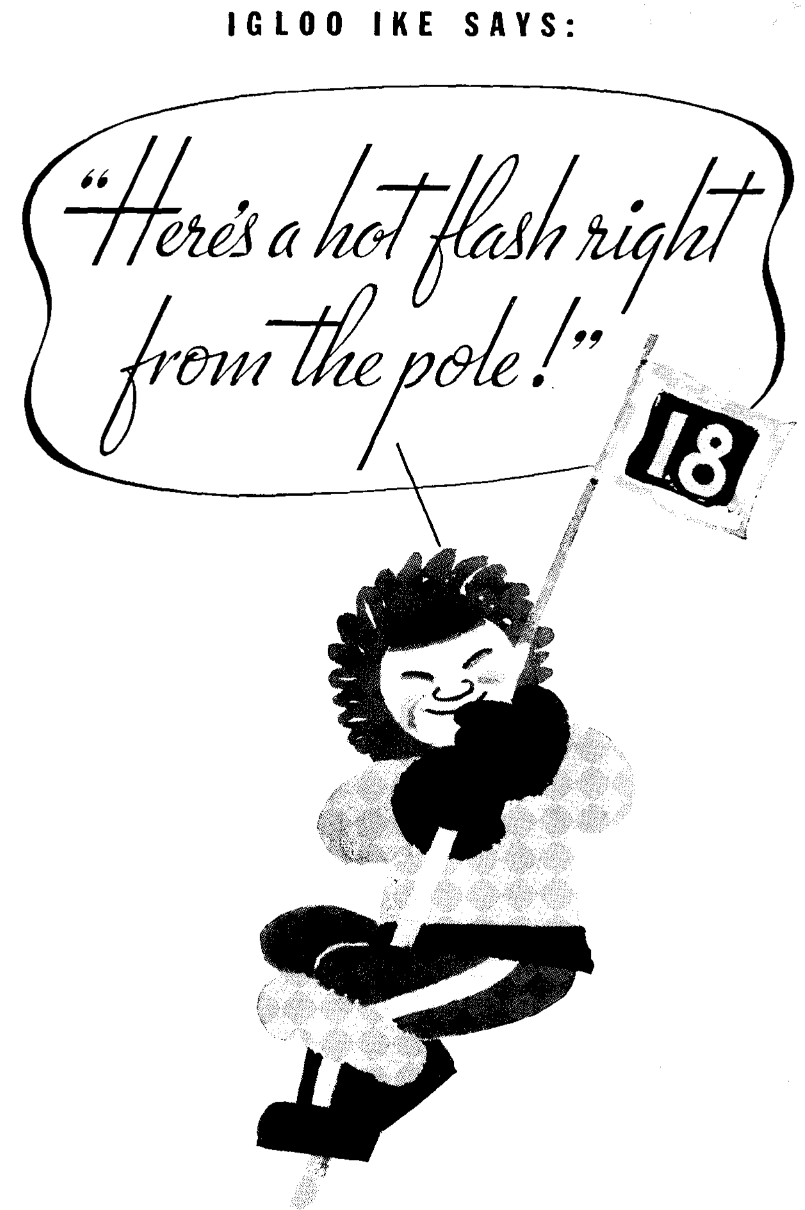


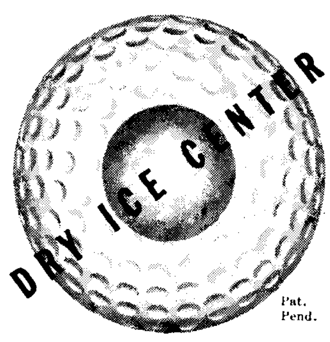

IGLOO IKE SAYS:
"Here's a hot flash right from the pole!"
18

● "This year the hottest thing in golf is going to be *ice*! Yes, sir. And I don't mean the kind you get in the locker room. I'm talking about *dry ice*—the stuff that makes this new MacGregor Pace-maker Golf Ball such a glutton for punishment and such a demon for distance.

"Take it from me, here *is* a golf ball! Just give it a friendly little smack and it rides away like that perfectly hit ball that most golfers see only in dreams. And the hardest drubbing leaves it as smooth and unruffled as the satiny cover of a freshly picked peach!

"You may find it hard to believe that *dry ice* can make such a difference. But it does! And here's how.

"Just a tiny pellet of *dry ice* is inserted in the ball's special liquid center. This generates carbon dioxide gas, 'pumps up' the liquid center, increases the tension of the strong rubber winding and makes the ball super-resilient. And when all this resilience is packed into an unusually tough cover, you're simply *bound* to get a ball that goes farther and lives longer! Try one. 75c." Igloo Ike, spokesman for the Crawford, McGregor and Canby Company, Dayton, Ohio. In Canada, Adanac Golf Clubs, Ltd., Toronto.



Macgregor PACE-MAKER
DRY ICE CENTER Golf Balls

Do As Your Dentist Does—

when he cleans your teeth

- **100% Cleansing Properties** Twice that of tooth paste
- **Contains No Grit or Pumice** Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel
- **Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1**

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, one that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

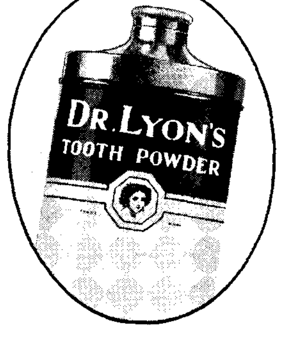
For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life. Free from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.



Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, and your breath so sweet and pure. People by the thousands are changing daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

Bigger and Better

Continued from page 34

and those branches of the health and educational world which specialize in the other kind of figures—has realized what's been going on. Until, suddenly, here's a new race, as big as life and twice as natural.

And right there you've hit the nail on the head. The new generation has gone natural, that's all. These girls are the product of vitamins, better health and the right kind of vegetables all the year round; of exercise, sun on their skins, physical freedom and comfortable clothes.

Women Lead the Styles

For clothes had been holding women down for centuries, and suddenly they had had enough. They were tired of sitting still and looking pretty. As soon as they got the craving to move around outside a horse and carriage, they began to shed their clothes. Inch by inch, button by button, garment by garment until, from seven pounds or so even twenty years ago—and heaven knows what in the buckram-lining iron-hoop era—they now weigh a scant two and a half pounds, dropping to about two and a half ounces on the beach or tennis court unless these old eyes deceive us. And as soon as they'd thrown off the weights and bindings, out they stepped and up they shot.

And let this prove too, once and for all, that, whatever the men say, it's women who lead the styles and not styles the women. In the big changes, anyhow. Certainly bicycles brought in the first sport skirts. And one by one what the younger generation has put on for casual ease and in defiance of every sartorial convention has become the vogue: flat heels, loose gloves, and bare legs; sunback dresses, a whiff of a girdle that controls but doesn't hamper; knee-high stockings, shorts, sweaters and slacks; sun-browned skins, featherweight berets—and short hair itself, when it comes down to that. Behind every major fashion change has been some girl with a passion for going places and doing it comfortably unhampered.

Leaving out the better-balanced meals and better sanitation—which are pretty big elements to leave out, of course—what has happened to the girls is this:

You remember what happened when the daring wartime flapper, the mother of these uprising daughters, first took off her heavy corsets. Her long-imprisoned torso muscles didn't know how to hold her up, and she collapsed like a broken reed into the débutante slouch.

But this was only a transitional phase, for, as soon as she had doffed her armor and could use her spine and hip joints again, she began to play games. Not to play ineffectually at them but really to excel at sports. And the more she played the more she tightened and strengthened those long-forgotten central muscles until she grew up with a body like a young tree, firm, trim and lithe.

Mother eyed her—the wartime daughter was the mother now—and she liked this new trimness. Stylists noticed her. Gentlemen preferred her. The stage and screen fell for her. And, suddenly, every woman in the country wanted a figure like that.

But when they took off their wrappings, they didn't have it. Not on anybody's tape measure. So then came the diet mania. It was awful. In the midst of the greatest plenty the world has ever seen, women starved and suffered.

But diets, too, were just a transitional phase, and the youngsters, in particular, decided not to be bothered. They continued to be active and limber, but they let Nature take her course on the curves and the poundage.

And, immediately, they had set a style again. The smart world, seeing them skiing at Peckett's and sunning at Southampton, infinitely healthy, glowing and active, suddenly got the point and curves came back to cover the sunken chests, cheeks and necks of yesteryear.

And there's the 1935 ideal, a new American figure. It's—well, take the modeling statistics of Leone Sousa herself, since artists combine to call her the American Venus. She is five feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 137 pounds, waist 27 inches, bust 35 and hips 37. She wears size 7 gloves, 8A shoes. And back of every single one of these measurements is a meaning that makes them modern and American. It's an ideal with feet given shoe room and action enough so the arches can work freely for good footwork on the tennis court or dance floor and also provide the support necessary for a perfectly poised body—weak feet and ill-fitting shoes keep you from standing easily erect. It has hips slender both for style and grace, so that the torso forms a column only slightly larger around the base than around the top. It has shoulders and arms broad but relaxed, which means ready for housework, golf or to set off an evening dress, for we have a minimum of servants and a maximum of interests. And last of all it means a head poised erect on a firm, upright neck, the sign of a carriage graceful in action and repose.

Add these characteristics all together and the total spells youth. Not youth in the painful, mistaken sense of perching a flapper hat on gray hair or putting a débutante dress on a grandmother. But youth in its deeper sense of vitality, firm flesh and buoyant carriage.

The smart world keeps its fitness and trimness by following the sun and the seasonal sports. But the workaday world isn't far behind these days and is going in for the kind of exercise that trains you down through the middle and makes your whole body glow with good spirits and vitality.

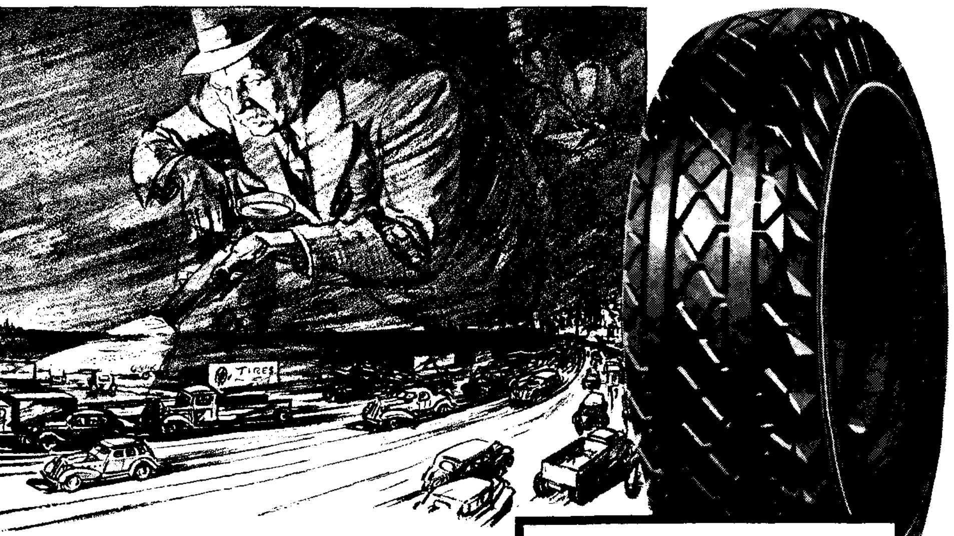
Pull Yourself Together

So if you want to keep up with the times, pull yourself together. You can't grow taller, maybe. But erect carriage and good proportions will give you the good new lines and the good new healthy feelings—and that skims the cream of the new style anyhow. Watch your weight—not as a life work, but automatically. Then pick out some form of exercise that you really honestly like, and do it until you're good at it. Nothing gives you quite the same glow and sparkle of recreation.

Keep at these things, make them part of your routine, and you'll pick up the new easy good looks which consist of good proportions, good health and lean, casual sophistication to which the new generation has a birthright.

Red waffle-weave swim suit by Jantzen; brown maillot-in-back-brief-skirt-in-front swim suit by Gantner & Mattern; blue and white printed cotton bathing suit from Best & Company; red lisle shirt and blue knitted slacks by B. V. D.

WE PUT A MAN-HUNTER ON THE TRAIL OF G3 -SHADOWED HIM WITH AN ACE REPORTER—THIS IS WHAT THEY FOUND!



How a famous operative from the New York Detective Bureau—the sleuth who introduced the Bertillon and fingerprinting systems in America—accepted the strangest assignment a detective ever covered—and what he learned of the private lives of the greatest tires Goodyear ever built

(**EDITORIAL NOTE:** *We are a little tired, and we think the public is, of vague superlatives and unsupported claims in advertising. So a year ago, when we introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather Tread Tire, we held the story of that tire to the facts about the punishment it took on the Goodyear test fleets. Now the "G-3" has been in public service for a year or more, and we wanted the evidence, the cold truth, about its performance in the hands of users. This page tells how we went after that evidence, and then turned the findings over to a newspaper reporter for writing, that you, as a car-owner, may have a true picture for your guidance in tire-buying.)*

By JAMES CANNON

Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

JOSEPH A. FAUROT

He introduced the Bertillon system and fingerprint identification in America—he has been Deputy Commissioner of the New York Police Department—head of all detective activities for Greater New York—member of the Police Chiefs Association of America. And he is chosen now to run down the facts and gather the evidence on the Goodyear "G-3"

EVERY police reporter who has ever worked Manhattan knows the name Faurot.

Inspector Faurot-Captain Faurot—head of the New York detective force—Deputy Commissioner of the New York police department—these are some of the titles he has won—and he has run down killers, traced bank robbers, broken up gangs—gathered evidence that many a jury has agreed clinched the case.

So Goodyear figured he was the ideal man to get the cold-turkey facts on how its famous "G-3" All-Weather tread tire was treating the public—whether it stood up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage—how it ranked in safety.

. . . peering at treads, checking parked cars, cross-examining car owners—to get the cold-turkey facts on "G-3"

Would the Tests stand up?

You may remember the brutal punishment given the first "G-3" All-Weather tread tires while they were still in the experimental stage.

The problem on all tires then—even on Goodyears—was fast tread wear, due to the higher speeds and quicker starts and stops of the nimbler, more powerful new cars.

People wanted longer wearing tires—and more non-skid safety, too—both of which came right down to longer non-skid mileage.

In trying to find the answer, Goodyear even shipped granite grit from mountain and desert districts to make grindstones to test tread toughness.

One tire out of the many under development stood out head and shoulders above the rest—one tire marked with the laboratory symbol "G-3."

And then came the merciless road tests on that tough, new design Goodyear, the long battering day-in and day-out third degree, when the orders went out to the test fleets: "Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—and keep it up 24 hours a day!"

The "G-3" triumphed superbly in those tests, and the tires went out to the public, shattering all sales records as they went.

But there was one factor in tire performance they yet had to meet, and only time could tell how they would meet it—so the bold step was taken, and one of the foremost detectives in America was hired to trail these tires and report.

The evidence rolls in

Let's skip the days and nights of checking—peering at treads—reading speedometers on parked cars, quizzing gas station attendants and tire repairmen—and all the rest of the endless search that amassed the facts, not only about these tires but also about the people who owned them.

Let's read instead, in the laconic words of the experienced detective, of a typical case he covered:

"**Tire No. C3,178,387K.** *Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather, right front wheel, light sedan. East Griffin, Ga. Speedometer not working, broke at 25,000 miles. Goodyear dealer verifies estimate of more than 48,000 miles on tire under investigation.*

"**Condition of tire.** *Slight trace of tread pattern remains.*

"**Other tires.** *Two "G-3's"; one tire of other make, badly worn.*

"**Report on owner.** *Fast but careful driver. Piles up mileage. Gas station reports he purchases about $6 worth of gasoline per week. Comes into gas station with rush, 'scoops up gravel' when he puts on brakes.*

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire

AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

"**Owner's statement.** *Well pleased. Has had more than 50% longer non-skid tread wear."*

Over and over—reports show amazing mileage

Here are fragments from other typical reports, condensed here for brevity:

"**WHITESVILLE, W. VA.** . . . *drilling contractor . . . 21,466 miles. Drives mountain roads. Tread smooth, but former tires gave only 10,000 miles."*

"**ROYAL OAK, MICH.** . . . *police radio car, driven 24 hours a day, 3 shifts. Speeds, 35 to 80 miles per hour. Roads, paved and gravel. Mileage 20,341, tread almost perfect. At least 45% better than former tires."*

"**CINCINNATI, O.** . . . *mileage 37,713. Owner buying new set of "G-3" tires when interviewed. First car he ever owned."*

• • •

There, you've seen a leaf or two right from the detective's note-book, on one of the strangest assignments he ever was given.

Something else is there, too—something valuable to you—information well worth remembering when next you buy tires.

It sums up to the solid fact that *the biggest money's worth of slow-wearing, safe-traction, long-lasting non-skid tire mileage you ever bought* is waiting for you in the All-Weather "G-3" no farther away than the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

OVER ONE BILLION GLASSES IN A YEAR

Hires
ROOT BEER
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
HOME-MADE
BEVERAGE

EVERYWHERE folks are making Hires Root Beer—the great money saver.

Think of it! One little bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer—all you add is water, sugar, yeast.

And how economical! 8 glasses for 5c. Think what you save!

Hires Root Beer is not only delicious, but wholesome and nutritious—The American Medical Association's Committee on Foods has accepted it. The Good Housekeeping Bureau has approved it.

Get a bottle of Hires Extract *today* from your dealer. Give your family a treat.

To avoid oil flavored imitations insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER
FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. M.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. C.—6-1

Name..

Street..

City..........................State..................

Canadians should mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Man Who Went Back

Continued from page 13

A little later the Arnolds' front door opened and the figure of Lee Beam emerged into the night. He paused to shake Tommy's firm hand. "I'll give you a ring tomorrow night," he murmured. So sleepy. He shuffled down the walk.

She certainly kept up her interest in the Delta Delts. Like arrested development. Oh, no, it was just that she was a Delta Delta girl. Splendid girl. He yawned.

He stopped in his tracks. He had been on the one hand a fool and on the other a prig. Well, thank God, five years had changed his perspective. He might once have married Evelyn, or Elizabeth Noble, or Tommy. But, Lord, that was no consolation for what he had just lost.

THEN he remembered, at last, Alice. And the memory was more startling because it came from the wider explorations of his mind—the memory of a girl in a bank, a file clerk, furnished rooms in an old house. He used to meet her coming home tired from work. She was eighteen. One night he kissed her the way he kissed Evelyn, and she sobbed at him, "You fool!" and when he went slammed the door behind him. He had never gone back. And only now, five years later, he understood what a fatheaded, arrogant puppy he had been. Tommy and Evelyn and Elizabeth!—and he had hardly recalled the only girl who might have meant anything to him. Alice, who had no undergraduate appeal except a special brightness that was hers and inviolable. The one girl whom he might have loved.

It was past eleven but he rushed into a drug store at the foot of College Hill and called the telephone number on his list.

She was not at that address any more but a voice with Polish accents told him a number to call and when he called it, it was she who said, "Hello."

"Alice—"

Her voice tumbled out in one breath: "He's all right now, he's much better, his temperature is down and—"

"This is Lee Beam," he said.

There was silence and then an uncertain laugh. "I thought it was my husband. He was going to call at eleven o'clock. Our baby's been sick."

"Oh, I didn't know you were married. I guess you hardly remember me."

"Why, of course, I do. Are you coming up to see us? You know my husband, Bill Baker: he was in your class. He's night city editor at the News."

"Is that so? I thought I'd just give you a ring. Up for my fifth." He paused, and said desperately, "Alice—are you happy?"

"Supremely," she laughed.

He plodded out to the street. That was all. Everything was gone. He walked back to the hotel. He went up to his room. He took the list of telephone numbers out of his pocket, crumpled it violently, and flung it into the wastebasket, and went to bed.

WHEN he woke the next morning, because he could think of nothing better to do, he called Waterman B. Tower, and said: "I am up for my fifth—came up ahead of time so I'd have a chance to drop in at the main office."

"Come right out," said Mr. Tower cordially.

Sourly he took a bus out to the Tower & Patton factory. Sourly he went up the stairs to the reception office, and saw sitting beneath the framed lithograph of a forty-eight-piece set of their Lady Margaret design, Abigail Mary Tower, who raised her head and smiled.

"Where did you come from?" he expostulated. It *was* she, but he was startled by something about her. He was at a loss to say what it was. He was at a loss anyhow, strangely tongue-tied by the sight of her.

"I came from New York, of course," she said.

Her voice and manner were different, challenging, where she had always been cold and slightly defiant.

"I mean, how long have you been in town?"

"I took the train after yours. Frankly, I was waiting for you to get out so I could skin."

"Oh," he said. He stood there dangling his hat.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. She seemed taller; there was something different about her. "I closed the office for the week-end and got up in time to have a date last night, get invited to the game this afternoon, and make another date for tonight."

"I suppose it's all right," he said. She had a puissance. She had a softness. It was hard to define. There was a perfume he had never noticed in the office. "You seem to know a lot of people," he said with sudden anger.

"I used to live here."

"That's true. Hmph! I wonder if I know any of the men you know—men from the hill, I suppose?"

"Probably not. I guess I was too young for your contemporaries. You might know Art Kelton. He's run up, from Boston."

"Yes," he said, "I know him."

"Oh, do you? I'm having a date with him tonight."

The girl at the desk turned to her switchboard, and then called, "You can go in, Mr. Beam."

THE father of Abigail Mary Tower sat behind his disordered desk. "What's the matter with the Lady Paine pattern in New York," he demanded, "when in Philadelphia it is one of our biggest sellers?"

In a sense she belonged to him; he had priority, for she was his secretary.

"They go more for modern designs in New York," Lee mumbled. "Lorman's Skyscraper—"

Waterman B. Tower spluttered, "Lady Paine will be selling when that other stuff is outmoded."

He would not see her again until Monday morning. He thought of Art Kelton taking her out tonight.

"Lorman's uses modern advertising methods. Sex appeal. Not just a picture of a spoon—"

"Ugh!" Mr. Tower shuddered in his stiff collar and a tweedy suit. "They tried to sell me an advertising campaign which had been turned down by a stockings manufacturer with girls with beautiful legs in their bedroom, only looking at knives and forks and spoons."

He was jealous. But why should he be jealous about Abigail Mary Tower?

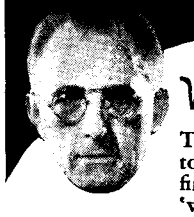
"Come out to the house for lunch. Abby is waiting outside for me. What does she do down there besides close the office over week-ends?"

Lee said desperately, "Thanks, I will come to lunch."

Driving out to the Towers' house, Abby had the wheel, and Lee and the old man sat on the back seat. And there was no opportunity at lunch to say much to Abby with the three of them and Mrs. Tower, who suddenly asked, "What time is the game, Abby?"

Lee's heart sank. He sat with his eyes on Abby. An automobile horn

"Don't be a ½ shaver"


W. G. Mennen

There are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of the 'whiskers.' The second is to care for your skin. So, don't be a *half-shaver.* Finish up this way: 1—To make your skin FEEL fine—use Mennen Skin Bracer. Cooling—tingling—refreshing. Heals the tiny, invisible razor-nicks. 2—To make your skin LOOK fine—use Mennen Talcum for Men. Kills face shine. (Also—swell after the shower.)

• *That's why we say* •

Finish up with:

MENNEN SKIN BRACER
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint

MENNEN *for* MINE

LOOK CAREFULLY

FEET ITCH—SKIN BETWEEN TOES CRACKED, PEELING?

IT MAY BE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Be on your guard. When your feet and toes itch or when the skin between the toes becomes red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white, peels or is covered with tiny blisters, you may have "Athlete's Foot." Stop it, before it has time to spread. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a special remedy for this condition. It is formulated to stop the itch and heal the tissues. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX if you are offered a substitute. 50¢ and $1.00 jars at all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. ***You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.*** Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste*** money on substitutes but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2407-F, Elmira, N.Y.

LAW

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Be independent. **Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 640-L, Chicago

honked outside and through the window he saw a young man in flannels coming up the front walk.

Abby rose. She was gone. He would not see her again until Monday. She called goodby from the hallway and he peered through the window at her going down the walk with the youth in flannels. The car rushed off. She was gone.

"I'll miss my gang if I don't go." He mumbled his thanks and some words and left.

He strode along the street in the direction of the campus. He supposed they would be driven down to Matunuck by their classmates who had cars. He would have to stop on the way at the hotel and get his suitcase. He started to turn a corner and came within sight of the class of 1930 forgathered in front of University Hall. He would not see her again until Monday, and Art Kelton, meanwhile, and these other squirts . . .

In front of U. H. the class of '30 were shaking each others' hands and trying to remember each others' first names. They began to load themselves into cars with a general air of doubt whether the whole thing were worth while. With a blast of horns and some scattered yells they moved off. Somebody just to make conversation, said, "Where's Lee Beam, what's he doing these days?"

Lee had never turned the corner. He stood behind an elm tree. And when they were out of sight he walked swiftly out to the athletic field. The baseball game had started. He climbed to a seat at the top of the bleachers from which he could see a large flowery hat under which sat Abby Tower. He sat there without even knowing the score of the game.

Kelton would have to be disposed of, he thought fiercely. He might use physical means. Art, he had learned at luncheon was staying at the hotel, too. It would be a simple matter to attack Art in his room, possibly tie him up with sheets from the bed and lock him in the closet.

He would suffocate! Well, he would devise *some* means.

The game ended. He lost sight of the flowery hat. He walked back to the hotel. He inquired where Art Kelton's room was and went to his own room to think.

AT SEVEN o'clock he knocked on Art's door. Art was throwing off his clothes. His dress shirt and his dinner jacket were on his bed. "I've got a date at seven-thirty to take a knockout to dinner," he said.

Lee looked grim. With a lunge he took Art's dress clothes from the bed and threw them over one arm.

"Hey, look out—!" Lee backed away from Art's frantic voice.

"I'm working for an advertising concern!" he lied loudly. "I'm trying to sell Waterman B. Tower a campaign which a silk stocking manufacturer turned down with girls with beautiful legs sitting in their bedrooms only holding knives and forks and spoons, and I've got to warm him up by taking his daughter out tonight." He gave the onrushing Art a one-handed push which sent Art down on his back on the floor. "Indirect selling, Art. You know, smart business. I don't want your clothes. I want your date. Look, twenty bucks—" He held out a bill. Hopefully. He would raise it another twenty if he had to. If Art sneered at forty he would have to use violence. He held it before Art's eyes.

Art got to his feet, clutching it. "You mean you are offering me twenty simoleons for my date? Well—hmm! Well, O. K." He backed away, holding the bill behind him. "O. K., I said now—O. K.!"

"Don't call her up," Lee shouted. "I'll explain it when I see her." He tossed Art's clothes on the bed and rushed out of the room.

He leaped out of his cab and up the walk to the door of the Towers' old brick house. He reached for the knocker, and stopped. He could see a figure walking rapidly back and forth in the library. It was Abby.

He stood watching, wondering. She seemed to be all alone, pacing up and down in a pistachio gown, her lovely face set in unusual lines of anger, one hand raised and clenched and the other hand holding a book at which she glared. It was his old red notebook. He rattled the brass knocker. He saw her rush to a couch and thrust the notebook under the cushions.

"I THOUGHT you went to Matunuck!" she exclaimed at the door.

"How do you do? No. I came to take you to dinner."

"I have a date with Art Kelton."

"Art is sick. He asked me to come."

"Art—*sick?*"

"I mean he was called out of town and he asked me to come."

"Oh, but Art—"

He dismissed Art with a wave of his hand. "He is out of the picture. We are going to dinner. But, first, where did you get my old red book?"

"That's not true."

"I saw you. You were looking at my notebook." He reached under the cushion and had it. There was silence. He must have left it on his desk. What was she doing with it? He scowled and turned to her for an explanation.

"What makes you think I have any desire to go out with you?" she inquired hastily.

"You are dressed to go out, Art will not show up, and it is wasteful to sit home looking like that." He looked at her appreciatively. "First I wish to know where—"

"I will say this being traded around does not appeal to me." She was nervously gathering up an evening cape and a beaded bag. "But very well, I will go."

He said nothing. In silence they walked together out the door.

Even the bright smile of the headwaiter did not thaw out the wintry silence that reigned over the table in the corner where the stern young man and the slender girl in the pistachio gown sat eyeing everything and everybody except each other.

The crooner in the orchestra began to croon:

"When the sky with dawn is pink
And the birds go tinky-tink,
I love you, I love you, I love you. . . ."

"A couple of Martinis," Lee ordered. "Hmm, that's a very good number. Would you like to dance to it?"

She rose dignifiedly and they moved out upon the dance floor. When they returned to their table she said, "Fancy you taking your secretary out."

"Why?"

"You're so reserved."

He hummed to himself, *"I love you, I love you, I love you. . . ."*

By the end of the roast, silence had broken up softly like sunrise and the beginning of birds' matutinals and he was looking at her and she at him. "What were you doing with my notebook?" he asked tenderly.

She whispered, "I was making myself jealous enough to go out with Art—"

"Darling."

"Those girls on your list! I found your book on your desk, and I saw the list and I closed the office and I followed you up—and then we met."

He sighed contentedly.

For the first time in five years the Alumni Monthly had an item about Lee Beam, in the July issue. Lee Beam, it appeared, had been married in June.

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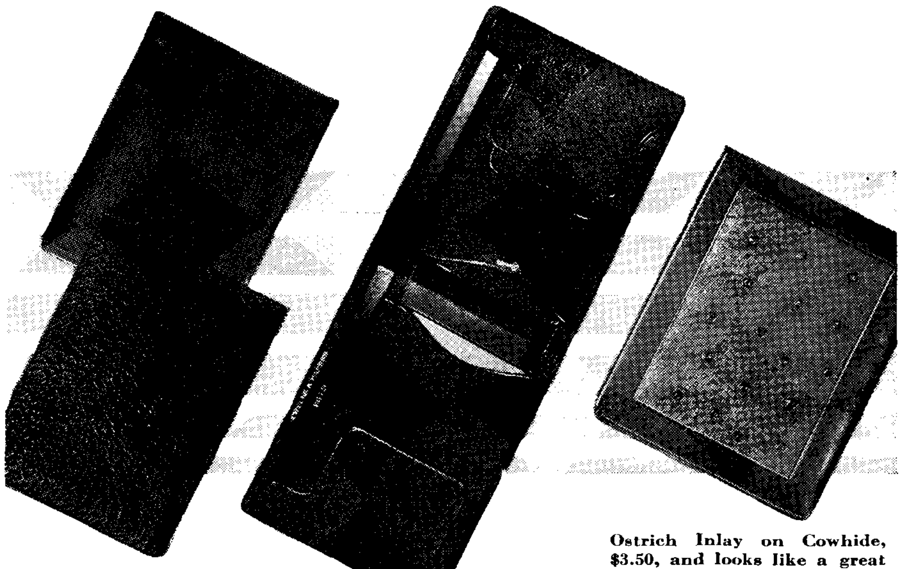

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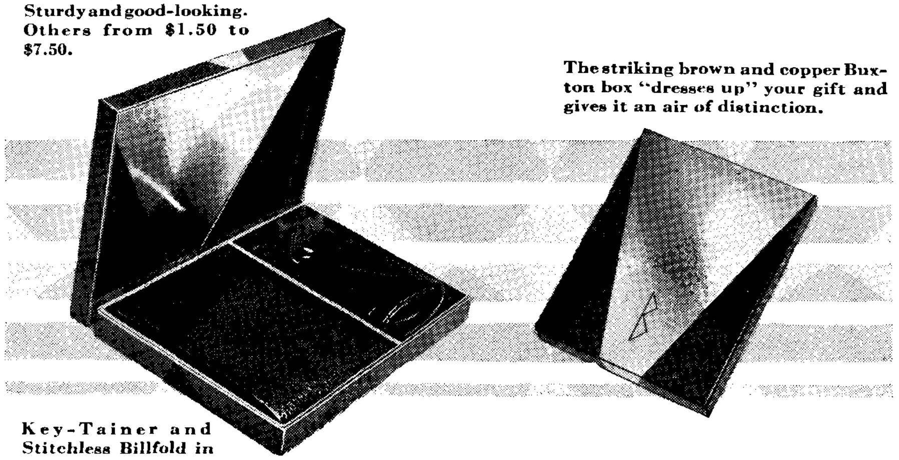

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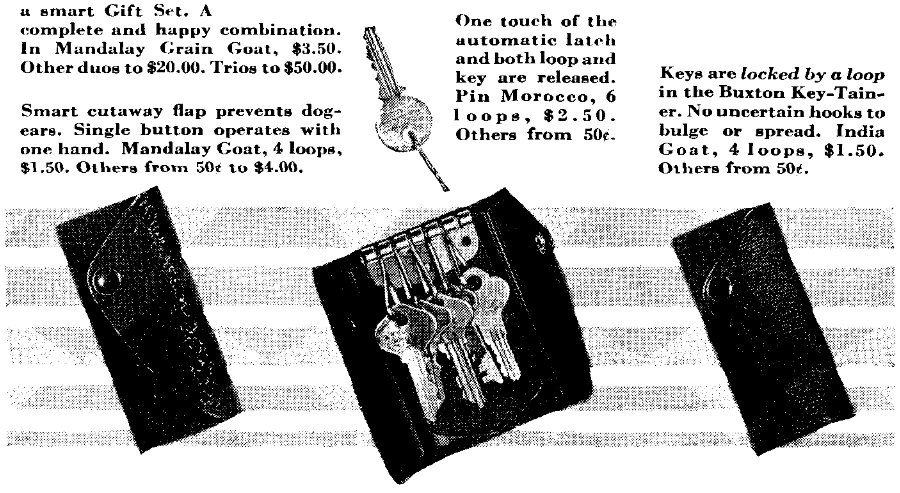

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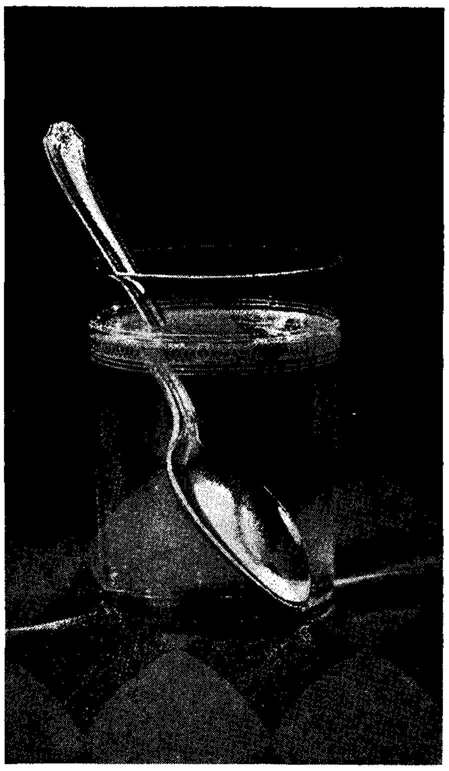

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 15

The physician-monk was of the opinion that a night's rest, suitable nourishment and medical treatment would fit Mr. Mick to take the road on the morrow. Lincoln Hayes had no intention of leaving until the invalid was ready to accompany him.

He blew clouds of smoke into the air.

His project had failed. The intrinsic honesty of the man could not deny the fact that Mohammed Ahmes Bey and the singular organization which he represented were entirely justified in retaining those secrets committed to their charge. "If you or any other," the Egyptian had said, "can rediscover the principle of the Light, help will be given to you from us—that is the law. Your recovery of the principle would mean that the world again was ready for this particular piece of knowledge. . . ."

But in regard to Hatasu?

Humanly, he had succeeded. She was his—if he were prepared to pay the price!

Her love was a possession more precious than any he had. He had won it. Dare he claim it?

LINCOLN HAYES had never shirked either peril or hard work in his life; he knew what he wanted, and for what he wanted he was ready to make any sacrifice reconcilable with a stiff Puritan conscience.

He stood up, sighing. Speculations were idle; it was a matter of hard facts. . . . He would have liked half an hour's exercise before turning in, and when the silent monk came to clear away the relics of his meal:

"Any place I could walk a while before sleeping?" he asked.

The monk smiled and invited him by a gesture of the head to follow. He followed to the end of the long corridor, where the monk set the tray on the floor. He then led him left, and up a flight of stone steps; right again, and Hayes found himself upon a flat space surrounded by a low parapet, evidently the roof of part of the monastery. On one side another wall arose; he could see the blind eyes of many windows. The space, which was rectangular, was perfectly bare. The monk bowed slightly and retired through a dimly lighted doorway, leaving Lincoln Hayes alone.

Here the air was cool. Cigar in mouth, he began to walk up and down the length of the parapet, feeling like a sentry in some prehistoric fortress. When to the chill imposed by the evening a pleasant glow supervened, he returned, went down the steps, meeting never a soul, and found his way back to his apartment.

HIS bed had been prepared and material for shaving placed in the bathroom. He was a man who possessed that quality common to most great men of closing down his brain to profitless speculation; he could sleep almost when he wished. In ten minutes he was fast asleep.

Unused though he was to dreaming, he began to dream vividly. . . .

A faint sound disturbed him . . . someone was moving in the room! Light came and, lying quite still, he saw Hatasu lighting one of the lamps! . . . He was dreaming of that which he desired most. Lying back upon his pillow, he resigned himself to that sweet illusion.

Hatasu came softly across and seated herself beside him.

"Lincoln, dear—"

He raised his eyes.

"I am here tonight, Lincoln," she said, and the voice was the voice of the inspired priestess, "because I have a duty to do."

He waited, watching her eyes.

"Whether this is to be our last meeting rests with you, dear. Remember all that I told you; although it must have seemed strange, nevertheless it was true. I am to take you to the temple. You will never see it again—unless you choose to do so."

And in his dream Lincoln Hayes slipped his bare feet into sandals which lay upon the floor, and followed Hatasu. Outside in the corridor, lamps were burning in their niches. She led onward and downward until at last they came to that stone corridor which he remembered.

She opened the ancient stone portcullis, the secret of which was evidently known to her, and signaled that he should follow. A few paces farther and he found himself in the rose-lighted temple.

Hatasu raised her hand warningly.

"Please be quite still!"

Both stood listening.

"Did you hear a footstep?" Hatasu whispered.

"No."

"Of someone—following?"

"No."

For a while they remained still, then Hatasu took his hand, and because of his love for her he followed like a child when she led along the length of the Great Hall and up the black marble steps to the foot of the golden veil. She knelt, and gently intimated that he should kneel beside her. Roseate light upon the ring of lapis lazuli which she wore upon the first finger of her right hand turned it to deep violet. In his dream he thought that it was the color of her eyes—he thought her beauty supernatural.

"Now that you know what it means to claim me, do you still want me, Lincoln?"

"More than anything else in the world."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Promise that if ever your heart changes, and few of us can know, you will never remove this."

She stood up.

She slipped the lapis lazuli ring from her finger and forced it on the lean fourth finger of Hayes' right hand.

"I promise."

Then, at the foot of the altar, at last, she resigned her lips to his.

LINCOLN HAYES awoke with a start. Someone was in the room drawing back the heavy shutters.

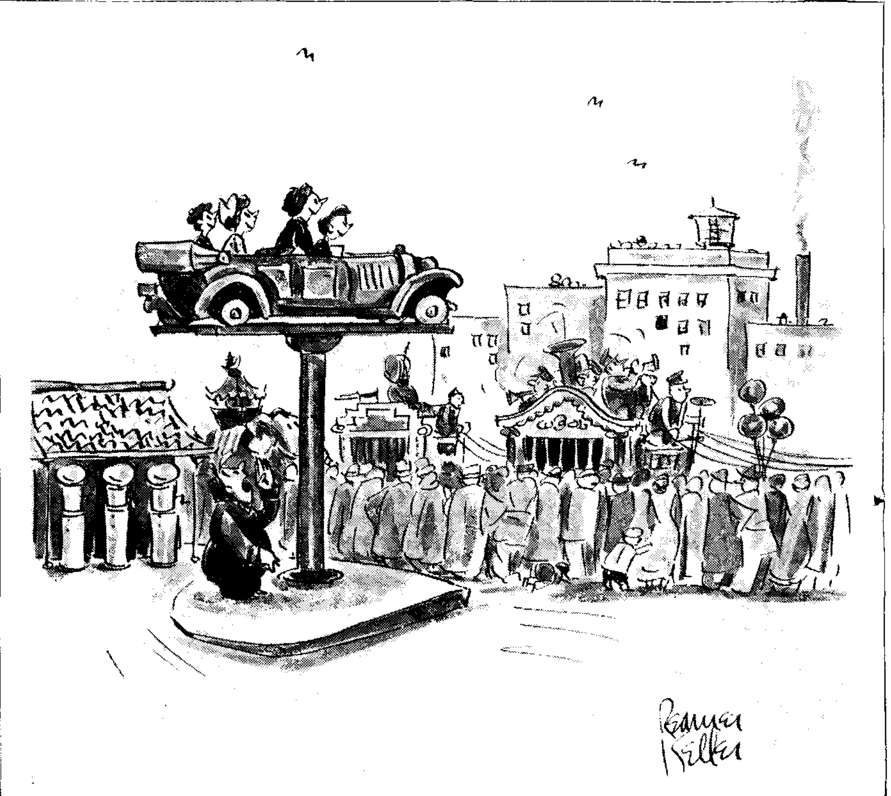
Blazing sunlight penetrated. He sat up, staring about him. It was one of the shaven monks, who now, smiling and slightly inclining his head, passed through into the bathroom. A second monk followed, carrying two huge leathern buckets filled with water. These he emptied into the bath as Hayes could hear, and went out with the empty buckets. A third monk arrived with two more buckets, and then the first returned, laden as before. This apparently completed the proceedings. The first monk smiled and withdrew.

Lincoln Hayes had spoken never a word; just sat there staring about him vaguely. Some mystery lay like a shadow over his brain. He could not even identify its nature. What had happened? How did he come to find himself in bed in this room?

He clearly remembered his arrival some time on the previous day; he had been shown to this place and refreshments had been offered to him. Later, Hatasu had come—Hatasu! He could remember every word she had spoken, every intonation of her soft voice. . . . Then he had been taken to a queer cell resembling a library, where Mohammed Ahmes Bey had received him—had told him that he knew of his love for Hatasu; told him the strange story of her parentage and race. Yes, he clearly recalled the entire conversation, up to the moment that the Egyptian had said: "Nothing that has passed within these four walls shall ever be divulged to a living soul. . . ."

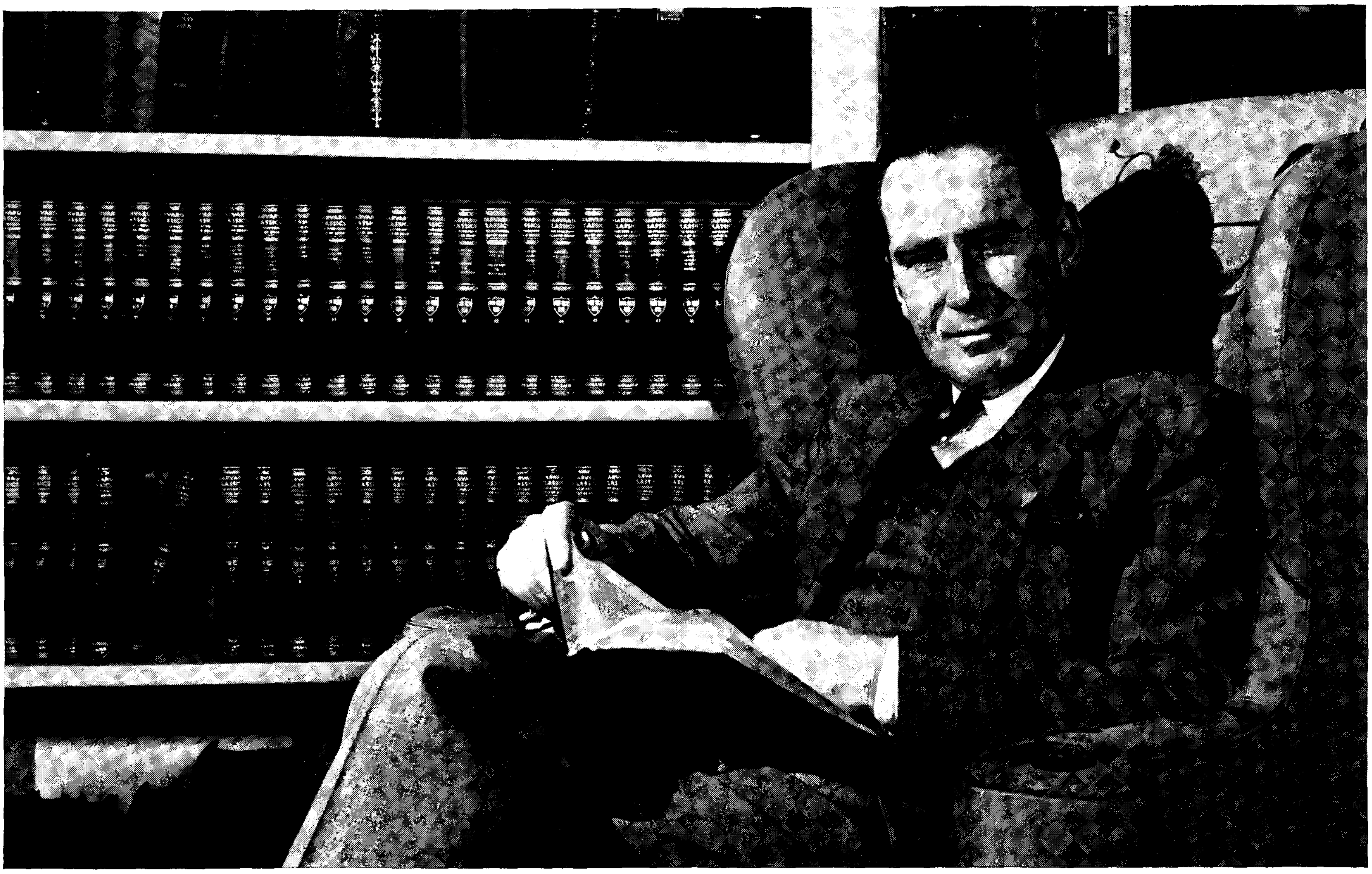
Then came the crowning recollection

(Continued on page 54)



"How's that? Can you see better now?"

REAMER KELLER



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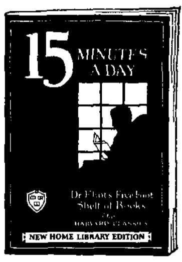

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 52

—and, strong-nerved though he was, it made him shudder. A bat—a great black bat had flown in through the open window, casting the entire room into shadow!

A bat. . . .

It was unaccountable. He was not prepared to believe that even so strange an occurrence could have made him faint—a thing he had never done in his life!

What had happened from that unbelievable moment to this?

He checked his pulse. It was conceivable that without realizing the fact, he had had a touch of sun. Sometimes it developed suddenly in that way, as he knew from experience. It might account for that strange memory—the bat; the first phase of delirium.

His pulse was regular. He got out of bed and stood up to test his fitness. He felt as well as he had ever felt in his life; nor was he aware of any trace of headache. Yet there was a hiatus which he found himself unable to explain. He was wearing a kind of loose nightshirt—of very fine linen. His own clothes, which he remembered he had been wearing, were stacked upon the only chair in the sleeping-room. But he had no recollection of having undressed—no recollection of anything that had happened from the time that Mohammed Ahmes Bey had spoken those words up to the present moment!

His jaws very tightly clenched but his face quite expressionless, he walked into the bathroom. He shaved, bathed—the water was lukewarm—and dressed. A movement in the outer room brought him to the door.

A MONK whom he did not remember to have seen before was placing breakfast upon the plain table. Two eggs in wooden cups, native bread and a bowl of butter; fruit and a pot of coffee. The man turned as Lincoln Hayes came in.

"I am past my novitiate, Mr. Hayes," he said, speaking English with a faint accent, "and therefore I am permitted to converse with you."

The words sounded like an echo coming from some vast abyss of time, yet Hayes could not remember where, if ever, he had heard them before.

"I am happy to see you yourself again. A slight touch of Berber fever, but your constitution is strong, and if you wish to leave us so soon, arrangements have been made for you to start this morning. The decision rests with you, Mr. Hayes."

"Berber fever?" Lincoln Hayes murmured.

"Rarely dangerous, Mr. Hayes, but it rapidly produces a very high temperature, which as rapidly subsides. In this remote monastery of ours we occasionally entertain rash travelers who are suffering in this way. We are happy to offer them any assistance in our power. We have patched Mr. Mick up, although he, unlike yourself, is a man of very weak constitution. However, he will be ready to take the road. And now I must leave you, Mr. Hayes."

He bowed smilingly and went out.

Lincoln Hayes throughout the interview had kept his hands thrust in his coat pockets. This, although a characteristic gesture, in the present case was dictated by a definite motive. Now he withdrew them and raised his right hand before his eyes.

On his little finger, where it fitted very tightly, was a ring of dull gold in which was set a large blue scarab cut out of a piece of flawless lapis lazuli.

A great wave of exultation lifted Lincoln Hayes out of himself. He was a man transfigured—a man that no one of his associates would have recognized. He kissed the ring rapturously. His cold eyes were alight—they were cold no longer.

"Hatasu!" he murmured. "Hatasu!"

She had worn that ring the first time he had ever seen her, on the index finger of her hand. She had worn it in Cairo—and when she had come to him in this very room. The mystery of its presence baffled him. But its significance made his heart glad.

He could not—indeed, for all his level brain, he dared not—try to unravel the happenings of the night that was past. But the ring was a pledge. He turned the scarab inside. As long as he lived, and even if he never saw Hatasu again in the whole of his life, that ring should never leave his finger.

AN HOUR later he stood at the foot of the palm-trunk steps which seemed to be the sole means of entrance into the monastery. The English-speaking monk who possessed such a charming smile stood beside him, and:

"I should have wished," said Lincoln Hayes, "to say goodby to Mohammed Ahmes Bey."

The monk shook his head.

"He whom you know as Mohammed Ahmes Bey rarely visits us, Mr. Hayes," he replied. "He was here last night but he left before dawn."

"And his niece?"

"The Lady Hatasu?"

"If she is so called. Is she gone too?"

"Yes. It is my pleasant duty this morning to be your host, for I am now in charge of the monastery."

"Thank you," said Lincoln Hayes, "for all the hospitality I have received. Am I allowed to make an offering to your order?"

"Most definitely no; although I thank you. We live in the simple manner that you see, Mr. Hayes, but we have adequate resources to enable us to entertain such travelers as come our way. It is a pleasant duty."

The car which he had bought in Cairo was standing twenty yards away, a shaven-headed monk seated in front beside the driving wheel. Another car, which he did not recognize, was drawn up beside it, and a second monk sat in front. Hassan ès-Sugra by the open door of Hayes' car saluted him gravely. Hayes returned the salute but did not speak.

"We arranged," his informant went on, "for your own car to be brought back for you. I assume that you will drive, and the brother whom you see will direct you to the point where the remainder of your party are waiting. We have made the same arrangements in regard to Mr. Mick."

Mr. Mick, very pallid and weak, was assisted down the ladder by a tall Egyptian, black-robed and white-turbaned; a second Egyptian, who wore a striped robe, followed. As he reached the foot of the ladder:

"Well, sir," said Mr. Mick, breathing heavily, "funny things do certainly happen to me. But I have the most amazing luck in finding myself in pleasant company. I am told we take the road together, and that's good hearing. I have had a bad time, but these kind people have patched me up in a wonderful way. Do you feel all right yourself, sir?"

"Great!" said Lincoln Hayes dryly.

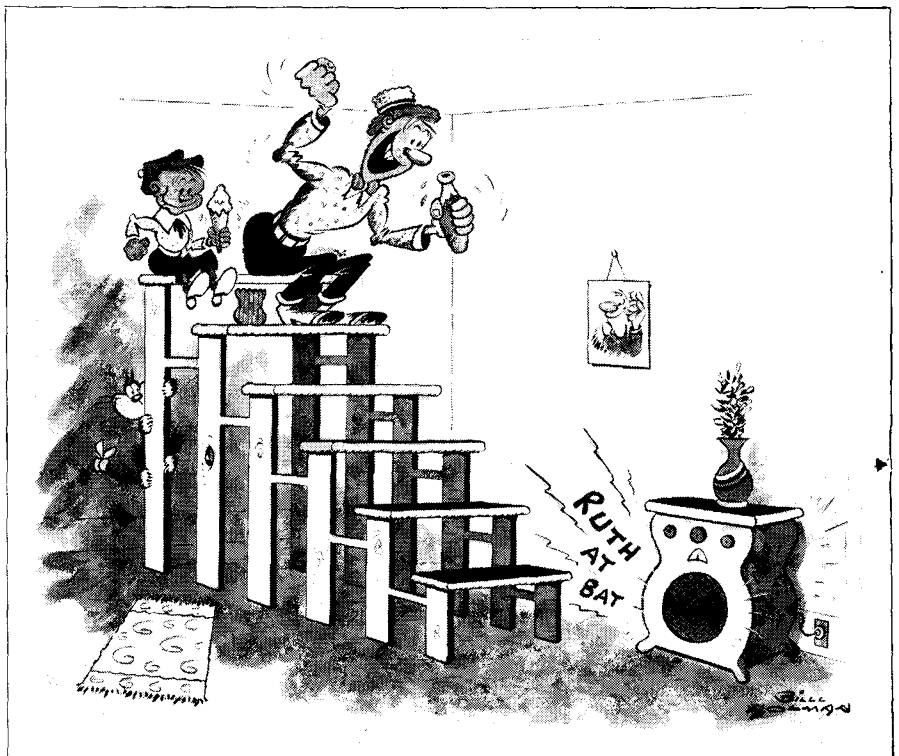
That hiatus checked speech; he was uncertain of himself. The mystery of Mr. Mick's presence here was not the least of those which oppressed him. He wanted to think.

The Arab in the striped robe was evidently the driver. He took his seat at the wheel; Mr. Mick and the tall Egyptian climbed into the rear of the car.

MR. MICK, whose state of weakness was distressing, appeared to possess a certain amount of hand baggage in regard to the disposition of which he was very touchy. At last, however, everything was arranged to his satisfaction. Hayes took his place at the wheel of the car, beside the silent monk. Hassan ès-Sugra sat behind. Hayes turned for a moment and raised his hand in salute.

The monk in charge returned the salute gravely. The two cars set off, Hayes leading.

(Continued on page 56)



"Sock it, Babe!"

BILL HOLMAN

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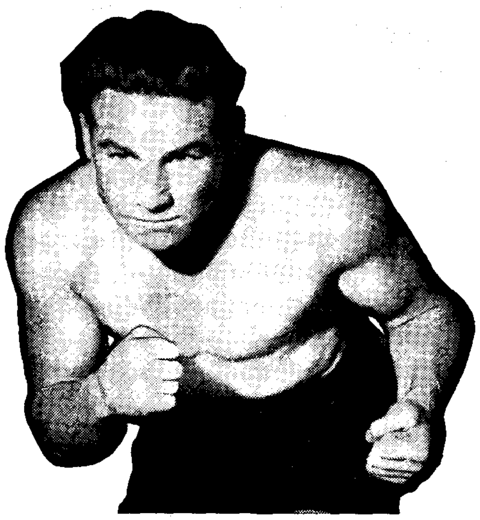

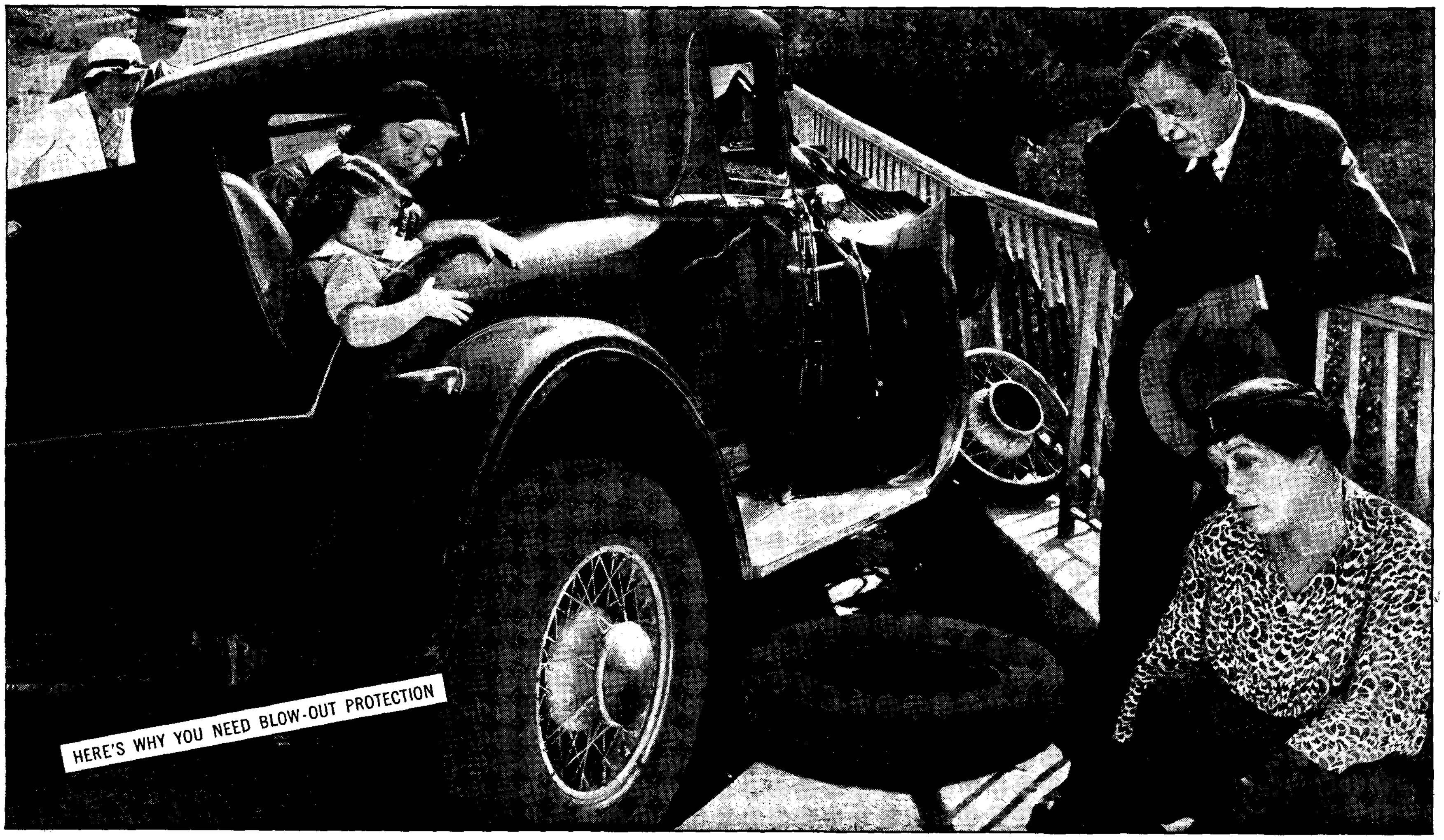
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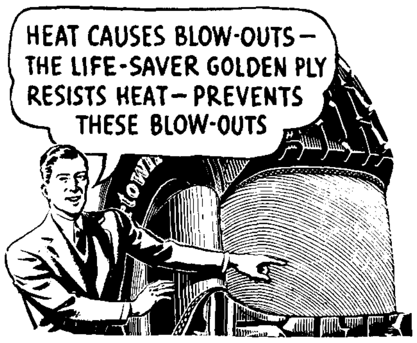

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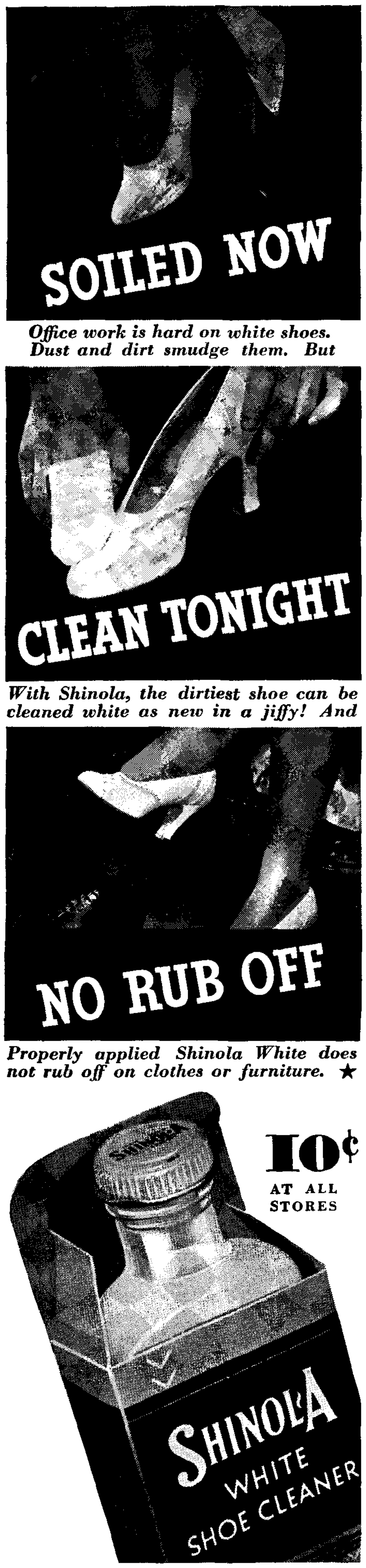

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 54

By means of a system of signs which was almost hypnotically clear, Hayes' silent guide indicated the path. Hayes was a clever and fast driver; but the character of this road demanded all his skill. He recognized the fact that Rorke was his superior on caravan tracks.

At the point where the camp had been . . . there was no camp! He did not even question this phenomenon. To bear sharply left was indicated by the monk. . . . He drove on and on until a sheer mountain barrier loomed ahead. It was split by a narrow pass which he remembered having noted in Rorke's map. The going was of such a character that he trembled for his tires.

The way through the pass was particularly bad. Here he was forced to crawl along. The road continually wound higher. Clear of it and of the shadows of the great cliffs, a distant streak of green appeared far below—then, dimly, groves of graceful palms. That distant oasis presented almost the only vestige of vegetation which Lincoln Hayes had seen since they had left the fringe of the Nile.

Several times he looked back. The Egyptian driver was never far behind.

Actually, it was a weary journey down to the trees, but at long last the road, if road it could be called, led into a grove of neglected date palms. Somewhere ahead, glittering through the palm trunks, was a building of bleached mud brick. Here, at a sign from the guide, Lincoln Hayes pulled up. It was a rest house of sorts, and in a compound he saw a collection of cars, some of which he recognized as those which had accompanied him from Cairo. He had little time to inspect them, however, for having descended from the car, he was still stretching his cramped limbs when:

"Mr. Lincoln Hayes, I believe," said a pleasant voice.

Lincoln Hayes turned sharply and found himself staring into the face of a tall Arab, muffled up in white garments. The Arab had a glittering, but humorous smile—a definite atmosphere of friendliness.

"My name."

"I am called the Sheikh el-Mâni. It has been my privilege to entertain the other members of your party. They are now at breakfast in a small villa some little distance away, where no doubt you would wish to join them. And this, I suppose"—he was glancing in the direction of the second car—"is Mr. Mick."

How this handsome Arab, who spoke such faultless English, could possibly be aware of the identity of the other traveler, was a mystery beyond Lincoln Hayes' imagination. He nodded, wonderingly.

THEY set out for a little bungalow perched on an eminence above the trees. The news of their approach had gone ahead of them.

"Lincoln! Lincoln, dear!"

Ann Wayland came racing down the slope, disheveled, flushed, her eyes very bright. She threw herself into Lincoln Hayes' arms.

"Did you think we were lost in the desert, Ann?"

"I don't know. I was frightened."

She refused to look up; he knew that she was crying. Rorke was coming down from the bungalow—the whiteness of his teeth in the tanned face enabling a glad grin to be distinguished even at that distance. Stefanson brought up the rear. He appeared at the door of the bungalow for a moment, glass in hand, but, darting back, came running down without the glass.

"Lincoln!"

Rorke grasped the outstretched hand.

"Good to see you, Paddy."

And that rare smile of Lincoln Hayes lighted up the lean face.

"Hello, there!" said Stefanson, arriving, breathless. "It's fine to see you again, Hayes."

Lincoln Hayes started slightly—then wondered if he would ever get used to Stefanson without his stutter. At which moment:

"Hello!" cried Stefanson, and stared hard.

Mr. Mick had butted in on the reunion. And Ann, looking up at last, suddenly saw him.

"Mr. Mick!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Mick! If this isn't *too* wonderful!"

Mr. Mick's pale face was transfigured.

"I'll say it's wonderful!" he replied. "There's no man in the United States or out of it could ever beat my luck!"

"But I simply don't understand!"

"You'd understand less, Miss Wayland," Mr. Mick assured her, "if you had spent the night like I did, in a first-class hotel a thousand miles from any place. But I'm taking no more chances on this desert—no, ma'am. First moment I set foot in Sîwa—if I make it without passing out—I'm putting a call right through to Imperial Airways in Cairo. I'm all for home!"

AN HOUR later they set out for Sîwa. There had been a three-handed talk between Lincoln Hayes, Captain Rorke and the Sheikh el-Mâni. Rorke was disposed to be troublesome.

"In regard to your comfort, Captain Rorke," said the sheikh with calm dignity, "you have no possible cause for complaint. If I detained you, I assure you that I did so in your own interests."

"Let it go at that, Paddy." Lincoln Hayes had clinched the matter.

The sheikh had undertaken that all the service cars belonging to both parties should follow on without delay to Sîwa. He made himself responsible for their safety and the safety of their contents. They parted amicably. No guide was necessary. The road from this fringe of the Oasis to the walled town of Sîwa was comparatively good. Lincoln Hayes and Rorke, with Ann and Stefanson, went ahead. Slim, who seemed to accept these singular occurrences as part of his ordinary duty, followed in the American car, with Hassan ès Sugra and Abdûl the dragoman. The Egyptian driver brought up the rear with Mr. Mick, the other native members of whose party the sheikh undertook to transport safely.

THEY dined that night with the district officer.

The district officer, Mr. Gay, was a very blond young Englishman. His chronic state of boredom would have silenced a circus.

"I don't know," he said, when coffee was served on a terrace framed by many flowers in boxes, and overlooking from the heights of his rocky residence miles of palm groves and orchards, unreally lovely beneath a purple sky, "if you folks have really got very much to complain about."

He yawned; Stefanson yawned also. Rorke stifled an inclination to follow suit.

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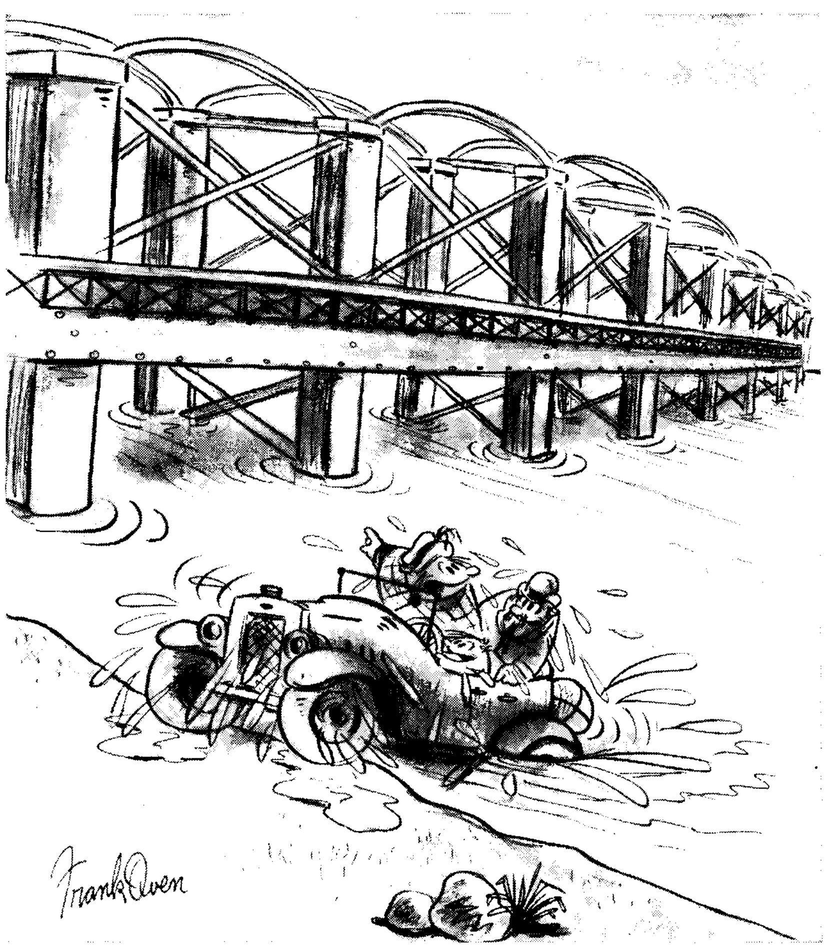

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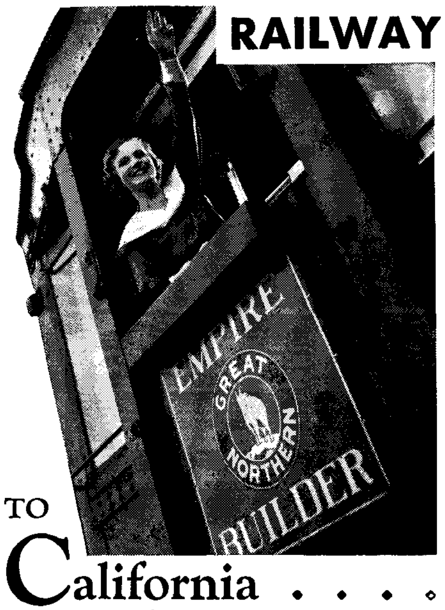

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"You Americans seem to think," he went on, stifling another yawn, "that because your permits require you to report to a British officer it isn't necessary for you to do so."

"I don't happen to be an American," said Rorke quietly.

The district officer put down his coffee.

"All the worse," he commented. "I mean—speaking as your host—you ought to know better. You go pottering about in some place which I've certainly heard of"—he was battling bravely not to yawn again—"but which I have never had time to visit, and get held up by a bunch of Arabs—what they wanted to hold you up for is not clear—"

Stefanson was now thoroughly infected. He was yawning continuously, so was Mr. Mick.

"You must know the Sheikh el-Mâni?" said Rorke. "He's got about two hundred head of first-class fighting men out there."

"Heard of him," Mr. Gay admitted. "Much respected in these parts. You can't expect me to pick a quarrel with a high-hat like that, simply because you take it into your nuts to stroll through his territory!"

He shook his head sadly, yawning, and clapped his hands for more coffee.

"From what little I saw of the gentleman you refer to," said Mr. Mick, "I regard it as a great piece of luck that I had the opportunity of meeting him."

The question of accommodation was settled, but not without difficulty. The district officer obviously was not used to entertaining so large a party. Mr. Mick's requirements were also dealt with.

"Airways are sending a bus first thing in the morning," the yawning voice announced. "My laddie has just fixed it up. They quote one-fifty pounds English to take you to Heliopolis—but you said expense didn't matter, I think."

"Nothing matters to me, sir," Mr. Mick replied fervently, "but just one thing: I want to go home."

LATER, on the veranda of a small bungalow annexed to the Residency, and commanding an astonishing view of the towerlike walls of Sîwa, apparently rising from a sea of foliage, Rorke and Lincoln Hayes found themselves alone. Rorke, leaning back in a cane armchair, watched his friend with a certain anxiety. Lincoln Hayes, cigar in mouth, lolled in a similar chair, staring up at the star-studded sky. Except that he had grown even more silent, perhaps only one very intimate with him would have noticed any change in Hayes. Nevertheless, Rorke had noted it.

"I rather think, Lincoln," he said suddenly, "that something very queer's happened to you since we parted. It's not like you at the first hint of opposition to throw in your hand. Yet, as I understand it, you propose to go back."

Hayes nodded slowly.

"Why?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Nothing to go on for," Hayes replied at last.

He raised his hand to his cigar. Moonlight glittered on the blue ring which he wore on his little finger.

"Lincoln!"

Lincoln Hayes removed his cigar.

"What?"

"That ring!"

"What about it?"

"I may be wrong—but I think I've seen it before."

Lincoln Hayes stared down at the ring, replaced his cigar and leaned back.

"Where?"

"The lady who called herself Mrs. Fulton, and whom I met in the train to Port Said, wore that ring, or its double, upon the index finger of her right hand."

Hayes did not reply for a moment, then:

"Quite right, Paddy," he answered monotonously. "God knows I'd like to give you my confidence—ask your advice. First time, almost, in my life, I don't see my way through."

"Have you made a promise to keep silent about something?"

Hayes nodded.

Rorke took a cigarette from a box which stood upon a cane table, set between the two chairs.

"I don't suppose I could help, anyway, Lincoln," he said quietly. "Where a woman's concerned, nobody can help—except the woman."

Silence fell between them.

CERTAIN formalities detained the party in Siwa. To what extent they were inventions of the district officer was not clear. But that desolatingly bored young man rarely left Ann Wayland.

"I say," Stefanson whispered to her when luncheon time approached, "you'll have to be pointedly rude to this cavalier, or he'll have us here filling in forms for the rest of the week."

"I can't," Ann replied in her sympathetic way. "He's so lonely."

"They all say that. It's as old as the confidence trick—and never fails with women."

"It's true."

"It may be. Ask Paddy if you can stay behind."

Lincoln Hayes' phenomenal taciturnity had now become apparent to everyone. When they explored the mysteries of Sîwa, the district officer leading with Ann, always Lincoln Hayes brought up the rear of the party, ducking his head automatically in the steep, twisting tunnels which pass for streets—labyrinths of dark passages with openings supported on split palm beams. Apathy seemed to be claiming him, a fact which Rorke observed with alarm.

Actually, his mind was engaged with the puzzle which centered around the scarab ring. That he had been subjected to the same kind of hypnotic interference as that which had robbed Stefanson of his memory of the formula he was now convinced. But when this had taken place, by whom it had been exercised, he found himself unable to determine.

When had Hatasu placed that ring on his finger?

It represented a definite, a final understanding; but his gladness was clouded by the awful doubt—what was the nature of that understanding? Its presence could mean one thing only: that that which he had desired more than anything else in the world had come true: Hatasu had given him her love.

But of himself? What were his obligations? What was he pledged to do?

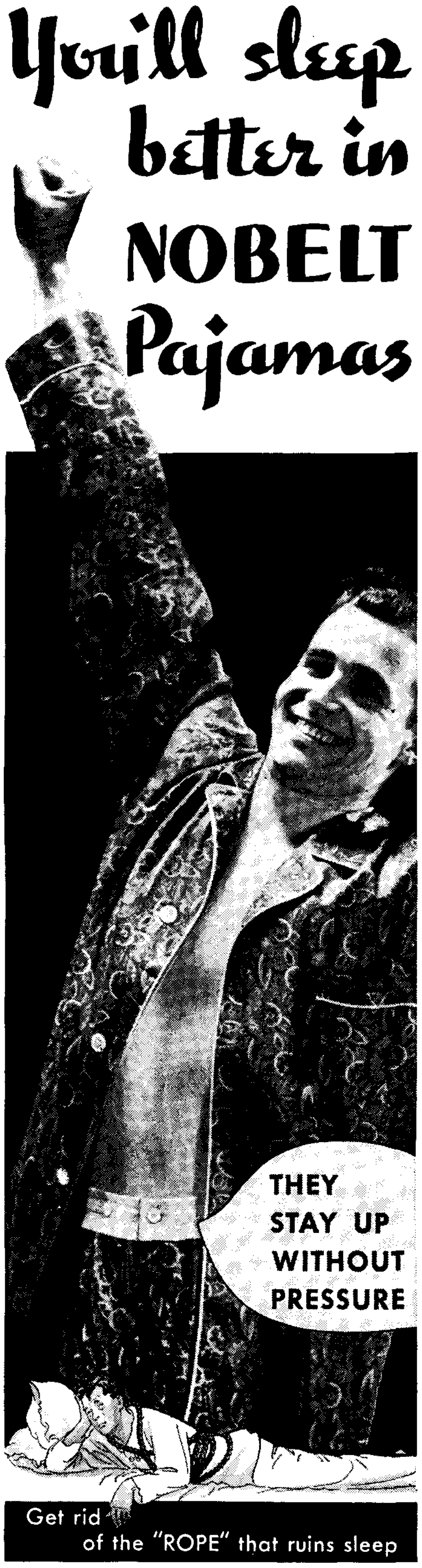
If, as he suspected, Mohammed Ahmes Bey had exercised his uncanny powers at some time during his sojourn in the monastery, what had occurred subsequently? Had Hatasu been with him, perhaps in his arms, but ignorant of the fact that his brain was under control?—that no memory of those precious moments would outlive them?

Was it his duty to her to leave the East? Had he pledged himself to stay?

Hour by hour, almost minute by minute, he hoped for some message, some sign . . . but none came.

His last conscious memory of Hatasu afforded no clue. Not prone to seek advice readily, in this, the supreme problem of his life, how he would have welcomed it! Surely, in the shadowy jungle of his mind some clue must lurk, which examination by a clever and sympathetic friend might bring to light.

(Continued on page 58)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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 57)

Paddy Rorke? Ann? . . . It was impossible. He could not speak.

In due course, an Airways pilot arrived, a stockily built man, very red-faced, snub-nosed and stubble-haired. His face might otherwise have been described as a cheery grimace. He did not disguise the fact that he regarded moneyed Americans of Mr. Mick's type as highly amusing lunatics. He roared with laughter when he met Mr. Mick, and unmistakably screamed when the sick little man told his naïve story of desert wandering.

Mr. Mick looked pathetically straight-faced.

"I will say," he stated, "that I don't find it funny."

Whereupon Captain Scotty, for such was his cheery name, leaned back in his chair and laughed till tears streamed down his red face.

"You are the limit!" he declared. "It's worth coming out here just to talk to you."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Mick solemnly. "It's this way with me. I am used to being laughed at—it's my name as much as anything else; but I don't mind. If I can make people happy that way, it's as good a way as any other. That's how I argue it out."

"You're completely potty," said the pilot, who possessed that staggering frankness of speech which ignores consequences, "but you are certainly a sport!"

"That's very kind on your part," Mr. Mick returned. "But I must say I've met with nothing but kindness since I started out from home. I've met nice people and been to some nice places."

Whereupon, after a glorious struggle, Captain Scotty again collapsed.

Mr. Mick, with Abdûl Baruch, the Cairo dragoman, with as much of their baggage as the pilot would allow, in due course waved their farewells to Sîwa and disappeared over the distant skyline. Ann had parted almost tearfully from her little invalid, and there was a queer, sad expression in Mr. Mick's eyes, also, as he held her hand before stepping into the plane. However, he had gone, to afford the party the memory of a strange, pathetic, little figure whom Fate had cast across their path.

"May I remark, Mr. Gay," said Rorke to the district officer, and a certain acid had crept into the light voice, "that I see no reason why our party should not leave also?"

MR. GAY looked at the speaker and immediately began yawning.

"No good starting now; not till dawn tomorrow. Look at your map. Where would you camp tonight?"

"All the camp stores have come in—we could take an adequate supply of water from here, so that we should be independent of wells. I would undertake to find a camping ground. What do you say, Lincoln?"

Lincoln Hayes stared toward the distant walls of Sîwa, pink turrets against a sapphire sky, a queer, unreal place, resembling a Dulac illustration to a fairy tale; then:

"We'll start in the morning," he said dryly, plunging his hands into his pockets—and began to walk toward the car.

Stefanson exchanged glances with Rorke. Ann had already been commandeered by Mr. Gay.

"Something funny about the chief," said Stefanson.

Rorke nodded but made no reply.

This strange form of inertia was so totally unlike Lincoln Hayes; and it began to affect the whole of the party. In the late afternoon they went out to a deep pool and the bath was a luxury to the desert-weary travelers, but although it afforded much refreshment of body, it failed to refresh their spirits. Even in the wonderful light which precedes the desert sunset, Ann was conscious of a cloud overhanging them. The mystery of Lincoln Hayes' sojourn in the monastery, for of what had befallen there he had spoken no word to her; the mystery of his altered attitude toward the whole project, depressed her. Something resembling the fear which she had associated with those strange bat memories threatened to come back.

Mr. Gay was beginning to bore her intensely. She could no longer stifle her yawns in his company. In fact, he had the whole party yawning from morning till night.

"I can't make out," said Stefanson, "how it is that all the inhabitants of Sîwa aren't yawning. I have never stopped since I met this record-breaker."

However, final arrangements were made for a start at dawn. And another yawning competition, interrupted by dinner, took place at the district officer's house. During coffee on the terrace, Stefanson, glancing at Gay leaning beside Ann on the flower-bordered parapet, turned to Rorke, and:

"Better look out, Rorke," he whispered; "I believe he's asking her to yawn through life with him."

THE party broke up soon afterward, since so early a start was to be made. Ann retired to her apartment, where she had the services of a native maid, and the district officer, bidding the others good night, walked off to the lonely quarters which he had taken up since their visit, having given over those which he usually occupied to his guests. Lincoln Hayes, Rorke and Stefanson sat on the terrace over a final drink.

They were very silent, each being in his way preoccupied. Yet, silent as they were, no one heard the sound of approaching footsteps. No one was aware of any other presence, until suddenly, out of the shadows beside them, a tall figure appeared.

Rorke started to his feet. Stefanson uttered an ejaculation. Lincoln Hayes removed his cigar and looked up from the depths of the cane armchair in which he was lying.

Mohammed Ahmes Bey stood before them!

His eagle features were set like a mask of doom; his eyes in the moonlight resembled jewels. He looked from face to face—and each man, meeting that piercing gaze, experienced the dreadful sensation of having his brain laid open for inspection. Then Lincoln Hayes spoke:

"Mohammed Ahmes Bey," he said monotonously, "this is an unexpected visit."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey, seeming to dismiss Rorke and Stefanson with a glance, focussed the whole of his attention upon Lincoln Hayes. For ten, twenty, thirty seconds, their eyes met and clashed. Then the Egyptian slightly shrugged his shoulders and turned aside; his gesture was one of despair.

"Forgive an unworthy suspicion," he said, the bell note in his deep voice unusually pronounced.

A silence of astonishment followed his words. It was broken by Captain Rorke.

"If I may say so," he interjected, "Mohammed Bey, you seem to be in some kind of trouble."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey slowly turned his head in the speaker's direction.

"It is not I who am in trouble," he replied, "but others, who *may* be."

Lincoln Hayes' heart was beating very fast; a momentary sickening fear chilled him.

"What has happened?" he asked.

His voice was quite level.

"One of the temple Lamps is missing!"

(To be continued next week)

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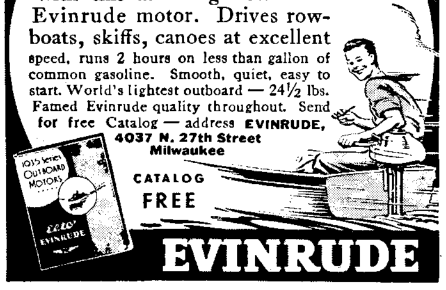

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NEW BOAT

The Pretty Life

Continued from page 17

cried. "I'm sick of the smell of it and the sound of it and everything else about it. I'm tired. Don't you see, Goadby?"

Stubbornly he shook his head. "All I see is cows."

But trotting home through the late afternoon glow he kept thinking about it.

Reining her mount alongside, Fifi said, "Brooding again, cowboy?"

It was friendly. Goadby cleared his frown away. "I guess I am."

"Do you want to tell me about it?"

He shook his head. "Not much use in doing that. I guess I'll have to figure it out for myself."

They rode along a while to the squeak of leather. Voices mingled in laughter as Sue and Neuville Jones dropped back. They didn't notice the people riding at their rear.

Fifi made a face. "That looks like something to me."

"What does it look like?" Goadby asked quickly.

"Well, Neuville happens to be one of those men. When he gets it into his head that it's time to get married he'll get married."

"You think he has his eye on Sue?" Unconsciously Goadby leaned towards Fifi and the horse answered the pressure and flung sidewise against Fifi Maddox.

Fifi said angrily, "Just because I tell you something you don't have to kill me."

THE sight of Sue and Neuville Jones set Goadby worrying. He decided that a vacation was perhaps a good thing for Sue. It would keep her from doing anything reckless, such as marrying the first man that came along. A vacation might be a good thing.

Unfortunately, before Goadby told her about his switch in viewpoint he was called away, this time on legitimate business. He did not get back to the home ranch for three days. The night he returned he found a note propped against his pillow asking him to come up to the house.

He was slipping off his sheepskin in the hall when Sue caught sight of him. She hurried out.

"Goadby," she said, "what do you think? I'm going to be married."

For a moment Goadby didn't make a move. He didn't utter a sound. Afterwards he was thankful for the dimness.

Sue said, "Aren't you excited? Aren't you pleased? You haven't even asked about the man."

Goadby swallowed. "I am," he said. "It's Jones, isn't it?"

The silence in that cluttered room grew dense. Sue laughed uncertainly. "Why, Goadby!"

Then he got hold of himself.

There was another short, awkward silence. Then Goadby said, "I wonder, would you care if I kissed you?"

She held up her face and he took a step and bent and kissed her. Giving her a pat, he started away.

"Wait," said Sue. "Another thing. Could I go down to San Francisco for a while? I need clothes so badly."

"Why, sure," said Goadby heartily. "Of course; go down."

ONE evening about a week after Sue Worrall had left, Goadby put in a long-distance call for her—Goadby, who always suspected telephones anyway. He could hear the operator calling. Calling. And a moment later he heard Sue's voice, distant, then immediately close.

"Hullo," he said. "Goadby speaking."

"Why, hello. Why, isn't this nice!"

"It's about some business," Goadby said. "The man from the Sprig Meat Company's up here. He wants fifteen hundred head of three-year-olds. Okay?"

"You're the boss, Goadby."

"Thanks"—laconically.

"By the way"—Sue's voice came dancing over the wire—"do you miss me?"

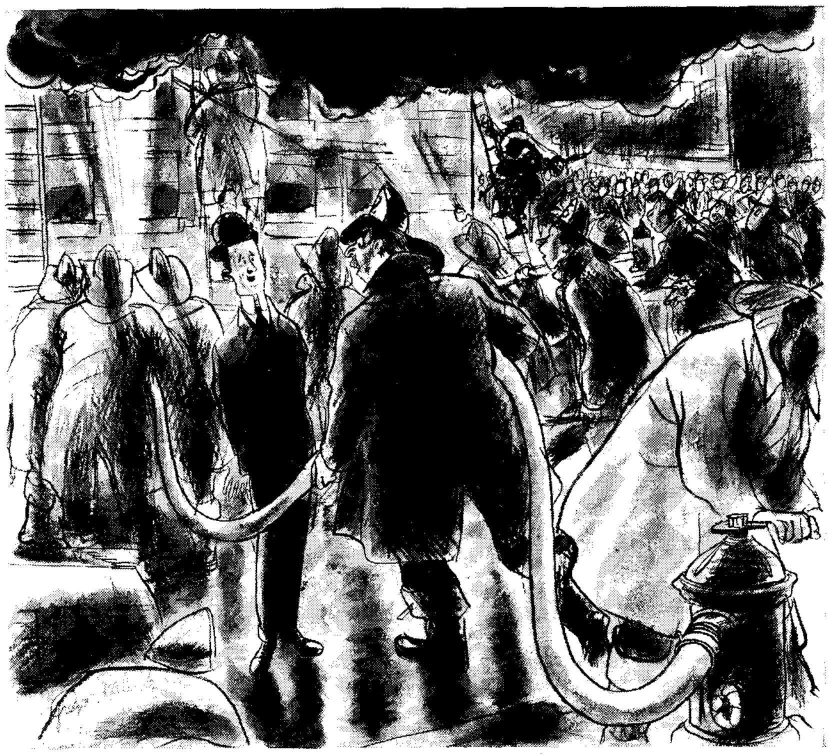
Goadby frowned. "More or less," he admitted. "Are you having a time?"

"Grand," said Sue.

After shoving the receiver back on the hook, Goadby made up his mind that he wouldn't call her again.

But he wasn't to cut loose so easily. Riding down the road one day he ran into the truckman with a telegram:

(Continued on page 60)



"I'm from the Hunkville department. Mind if I look on?"

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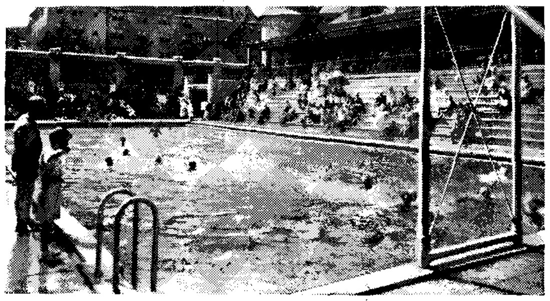

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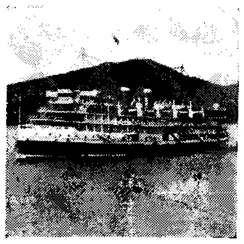

Inexpensive Cruises

PLAN a motor trip through Canada this summer. Visit Canada's National Parks —easily accessible from all sections of the United States—where the day holds too few hours for the vacation delights. Here you may ride mountain trails, motor on smooth highways, golf or go on long hikes or canoe trips through glorious vacation country. You can lounge at luxurious resorts or you can rent your own cottage or pitch camp deep in the forest beside some woodland stream or lake. Safe, clean, sandy bathing beaches await the whole family. Deep rivers, crystal clear lakes beckon the fisherman.

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- Let us help you plan your vacation in Canada this summer. Write us or enquire at the nearest Canadian railway or steamship office.

FREE NATIONAL PARKS BOOK
Write and tell us what section of Canada you would like to visit and we will be pleased to send you a booklet describing one of Canada's National Parks that is located in that part of Canada.

CLG2135

Riding

Game Fish

Safe Beaches

CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa, Canada

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The soot, carbon, and Oxide Coating that collect on your spark plugs cause a real loss of power. They cause hard starting, too, and waste as much as 1 gallon of gas in 10. The scientific AC Spark Plug Cleaning Machine will stop that power loss—and improve your car's performance. Go today to a Registered AC Cleaning Station. Have your plugs cleaned. Replace worn plugs with AC Quality Spark Plugs—**NOW 60c.**

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New pictures—135 sparkling photos; new inspiration; shooting celebrities; club scenes; rifle ranges, trap shooting and skeet fields; hand trap; pistol marksmanship; 24-page rotogravure tabloid, FREE!

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New .22 cal. Winchester Repeater—bolt action, box magazine, 6 shots.

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.410 bore Repeating Shotgun shoots the sensational 3-inch shell. Light. Quick handling. For shooters of all ages.

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Sure thing! Mail me FREE your 1935 "Shooting Holidays" and folders on Models 69 and 42.

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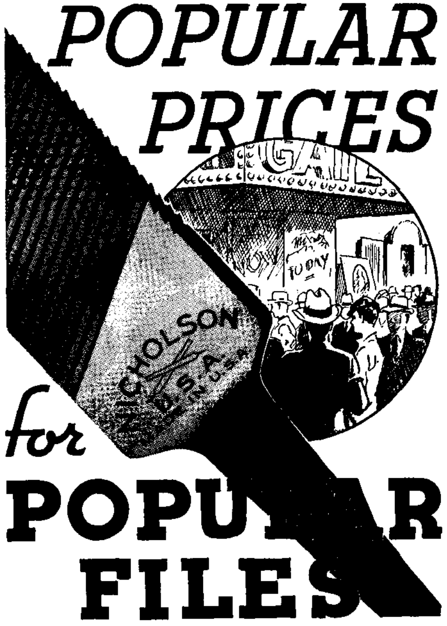

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Genuine
NICHOLSON FILES
A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(Continued from page 59)

"Come right down. Important. Sue."

The truckman said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Goadby.

And twenty-four hours later he was in San Francisco.

Afternoon was dying when he was ushered into Fifi Maddox's white and chamois living-room. From within things outside looked blue. Goadby, standing by the curved window, looked down on the tops of houses, on gardens and wide streets stooping to the Marina. The bay was full of the stillness of deep water, and a ferryboat pushed towards the blur of Lime Point. Hearing someone coming, Goadby turned. It was Sue, trim and citified, in a dark tailored suit.

"How quick you were, Goadby."

"Yes," he said.

She smiled, holding out her hands, and Goadby took them, but he grew self-conscious.

They sat facing each other, Sue on the sofa and Goadby in a deep chair.

"It's odd seeing you here," she said. "Have you any idea?"

"None at all," he said. He couldn't tell her that he had been too busy thinking of her.

"I suppose I'd better tell you and get it over with. Goadby, I'm going to sell the ranch."

Her eyes ran against his, then dropped. Goadby pulled his upper lip under his teeth.

"You're going to sell the ranch," he said. "Good Lord, Sue, you can't do that!"

"I must," she said. She picked up a tiny jade figure from the low table in front of her and held it in her hands, letting her eyes rest there. "You see, it's this way—once Neuville and I are married I'd never get back. It would just be a worry all the time. It's too much responsibility for me to shove off on you and you've told me yourself, often, that no one but the owner should try and run a place that size."

"Did I tell you that?" said Goadby. His voice was slow and flat like water splashing on a rock. "Probably I was right."

"I can't help it," cried Sue. "I've got to sell. Neuville and I want to buy a place in Burlingame."

"A place in Burlingame," said Goadby. "A place in Burlingame," and now there was insulting scorn in his tone. "You want to trade five years' work and worry and twenty thousand acres of good grazing land for a show house and maybe some roses."

SUE'S knuckles stood out white. "Well, I do want that and I'm going to get it. It's a shame that this has come up just when you stand to make money on your share, but I can't help it."

"Don't worry about me," said Goadby. "I can get along."

He stood over her, his eyelids jerking with indignation. Through his mind paraded the long days under the dusty Oregon sun and the slow Oregon rain. They had all been for nothing. This woman could sit and trickle them away.

He said softly, "You dirty quitter."

"Goadby!" She sat up straight.

"You'd throw the whole thing away for a little fancy nonsense. A little ease."

"Don't you dare talk that way to me," Sue snapped, pounding the sofa.

"You are a quitter," Goadby said with bitter calm.

"You go!" she cried. "You get out of here!" And she commenced to sob angrily.

Goadby turned towards the window. His lips were moving still. From a pocket he took a pack of cigarettes, stuck one between his lips and lit it, and put the pack and the burned match back.

For perhaps five minutes he stood there staring into the twilight. At first he didn't see a thing; he only heard Sue's sobs. Then as that sound ceased he saw lights marching up and down the hills. The city seemed large and lonely.

After a while Goadby said, "I guess I see. I'm sorry I kicked up such a row."

Sue put away her handkerchief. She was looking at Goadby's stiff back, smiling a little.

"Goadby, you kissed me once. Kiss me again—goodby."

He turned then. For an instant he didn't move but a muscle in his cheek flickered. Walking over, he drew her to her feet and kissed her. But in this kiss there was nothing of sentiment. It was quite a good solid kiss.

She jerked away. "Goadby," she said, furious, "what do you mean?"

"You asked for it," he said, and walked out.

IN THE dim hall, groping for his topcoat, he heard a husky chuckle.

"Can't you find it, Goadby, you fool?"

At the foot of the long stairs sat Fifi Maddox, grinning and clasping her knees, and her dress of many little pleats swam the stairs around her.

"Goadby," she said, "try going back."

"In there?"

"In there."

"Not on your life," said Goadby. "She's made her choice."

"But are you sure she's made the choice she wants to make?"

"How should I know?" said Goadby.

As he closed the door behind him he felt the salt wind on his cheek and there were stars. Farther on, on the crest of the Webster Street hill, he stopped to take off his hat. In the dusk you could catch that smell of the strange, too early California spring and a boy was striving with a bugle. Something in Goadby hurt.

He thought that when he got back to the ranch and went about his business the feeling would grow less, but it didn't grow less. As long as the ranch had been there he still had something of Sue. Now that she was determined to sell, the place took on a different aspect. Goadby's outlook changed. The difference in viewpoint was that of a man who expects to live until he is old and a man who has been told he has one more year.

Spring round-up was not far off and there were corrals to be repaired and gear to be gone over and the hiring of hands to think about. There were leases to talk over with the government people and the Association needed cussing out, as usual. Goadby couldn't keep his mind on these things. He was angry still with Sue, and he was still in love with her, and he hated the thought of selling the ranch.

Often on those long rides which he now made by himself he reconstructed that final bitter conversation. And sometimes he pondered over the talk he had had on the stairs with Fifi. What had she meant, urging him to go back? What had she meant when she had said, "Are you sure she's made the choice she wants to make?"

Eventually, because Goadby knew it would annoy Sue and because the uncertainty really was getting on his nerves, but above all because he wanted to hear from her even if only in connection with business, he wrote a note. It said merely, "Are you doing anything about selling?"

A WEEK passed and he didn't get any answer, so he wrote again, saying the same thing in different words. Again he didn't hear, so he sent a telegram. When there was no answer to that he decided that he'd had enough of that. He'd see about selling the ranch himself.

Goadby managed to get an offer from

an outfit in Klamath Falls. That night he wired the facts to Sue Worrall, requesting a reply.

But still there was no word from her. Goadby waited one day, then two days, then three days. He spent a good deal of time sitting and scowling at the telephone. On the evening of the third day he decided that tomorrow he would telephone and he would tell Sue a few things that it would do her good to hear. But early on the morning of the fourth day, as Goadby was working on his boots, the telephone rang.

"Hello," said Goadby. "Who's there?"

"I'm there."

"You!" said Goadby. Her voice jarred his nerves like the sound of ringing in the rear of a deserted house. "Where are you?"

"Here at the house."

"I'll come up. I want to see you."

"That's not necessary." She sounded cool. "Where are you riding?"

"Over towards Dry Lake."

"All right. Saddle up."

TO GOADBY, seeing her coming through the sunshine between the madrones, it seemed as if she were smiling, but by the time she was abreast of the saddle shed her face was as expressionless as his own. He gave the cinch a hitch and a slap. "All set?"

They swung into the cold saddles and, reining the horses, trotted towards the hogback trail leading to Dry Lake. Goadby rode with an odd mingling of painful joy and uneasiness. Once or twice he came close to asking Sue what she was doing here but he couldn't bring himself to poke holes in the comfort of uncertainty.

On the crest of the hogback, Sue checked her blowing mount. "So," she said, "you'd sell the ranch right out from under me?"

Incredulously he eyed her. "Sell it out from under you!"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," she went on, working herself into a quiet fury. "This isn't merely a ranch; it means something. All the work we've done; and the house, which is the only home I have; and the herds and this . . ." She made a gesture which took in all the dappled country beneath them, hidden in places by the morning mist. Her horse moved under her.

"What is this; an act?" said Goadby.

She swung towards him accusingly. "You knew when you let me go down there that I'd be fed up in a week."

"When I saw you last," growled Goadby, "you seemed to be having a fair enough time." Yet he felt a stir of hope, a tense joy. "What about this fellow Jones?"

"Oh, Neuville?" she said. "He never had anything to do but chat. To tell you the truth, Neuville and I got awfully tired of each other."

Not until then did Goadby fully realize how jealous he had been of Neuville Jones.

"And Fifi," said Sue. "Poor Fifi living in that silly little bandbox. When I look at this I don't see how she does it. When you think of the space here and the freedom and the . . ."

"And the hoof and mouth diseases," said Goadby. "What is this all about?"

"Can't you figure it out, Goadby?" she mocked.

"No."

"It's simply that I'm going to keep the ranch and live up here."

"You mean that?" said Goadby.

"Of course."

He forced himself to ask, "What about the lights and the music?"

"The lights and the music!" Sue smiled.

Determinedly Goadby waited for his answer.

"Goadby, don't you see," she said softly, "we're the lights and the music? You and I."

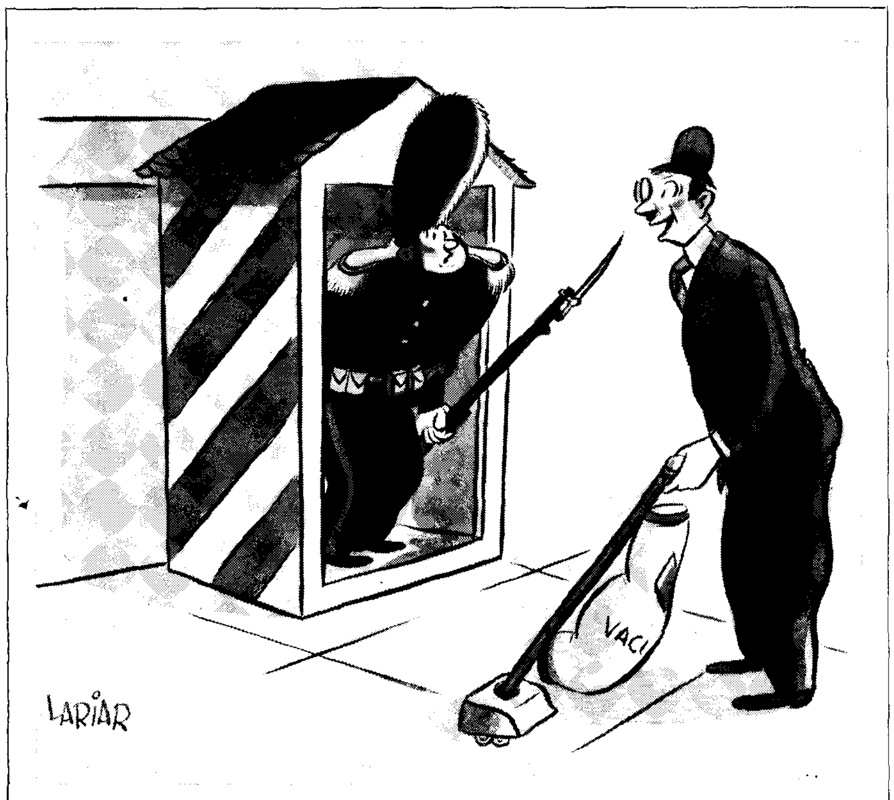
THERE was a pounding in his ears as if he'd just been picked off a bucker. For the first time he looked at her unreservedly and she met his look squarely. They didn't say anything; there wasn't much to be said. They sat their saddles on that high point, dreaming.

Abruptly, Goadby asked, "When did you find out all this? Was it the telegrams?"

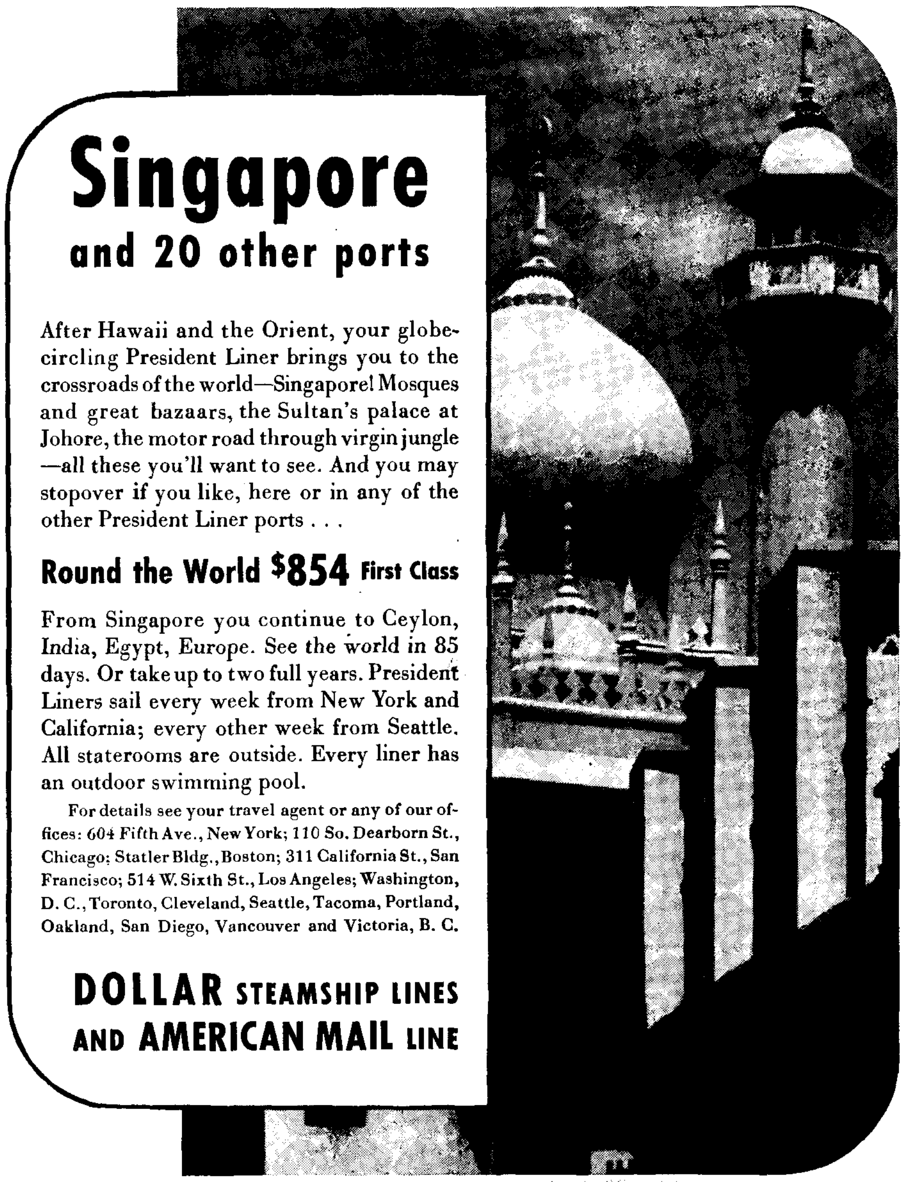
Sue shook her head. "Do you really want to hear?"

"Why, yes," he said doubtfully.

"Well"—devilment leaped in Sue—"you know how, on the way to Burlin game, you passed the stockyards? We were driving down one day and all of a sudden that smell came towards me—that cow smell. I'll never forget." She stopped to look at him. She was smiling. Suddenly she began to laugh. "And if you must know, Goadby dear," she said, "that's when I knew I loved you."



"Good morning! Is the lady of the house in?" LAWRENCE LARIAR



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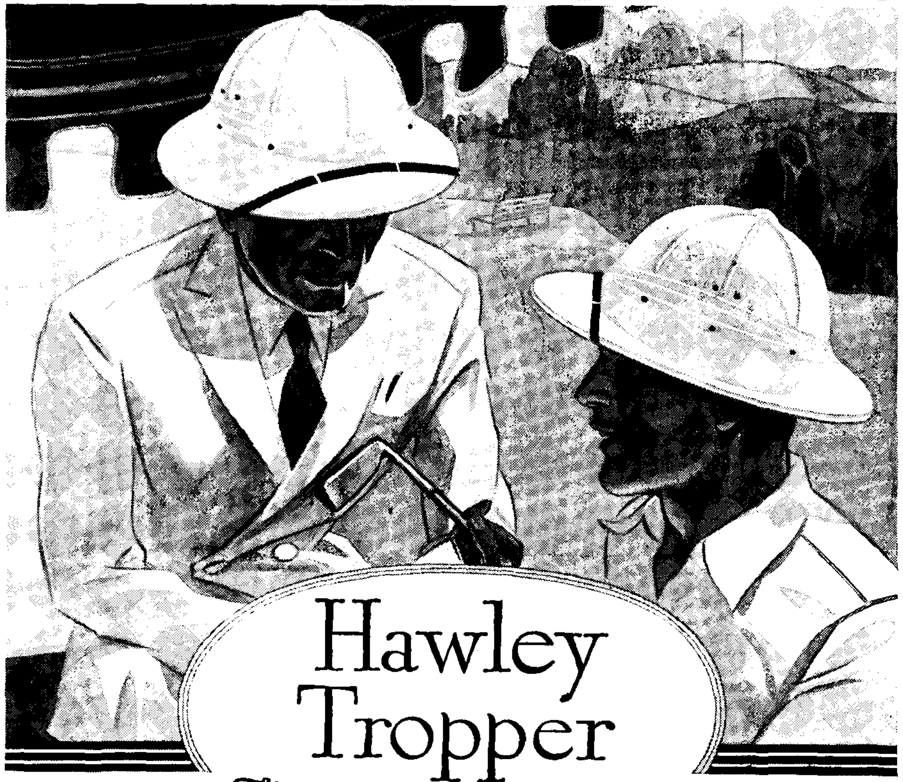
DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES AND AMERICAN MAIL LINE



The air-conditioned hat

Take a tip from the tropics—keep cool this summer under a swanky Hawley Tropper, featherweight, insulated, air-conditioned! Fresh air circulates constantly between your head and hat due to a revolutionary new principle of hat design. Made of Hawlite, the Hawley Tropper repels both heat and moisture. No sun penetrates this light yet sturdy material. The smartest hat for street, for sports, for every outdoor occasion. $1 to $3 at leading stores. Hawley Products Co., St. Charles, Ill., London, Eng.

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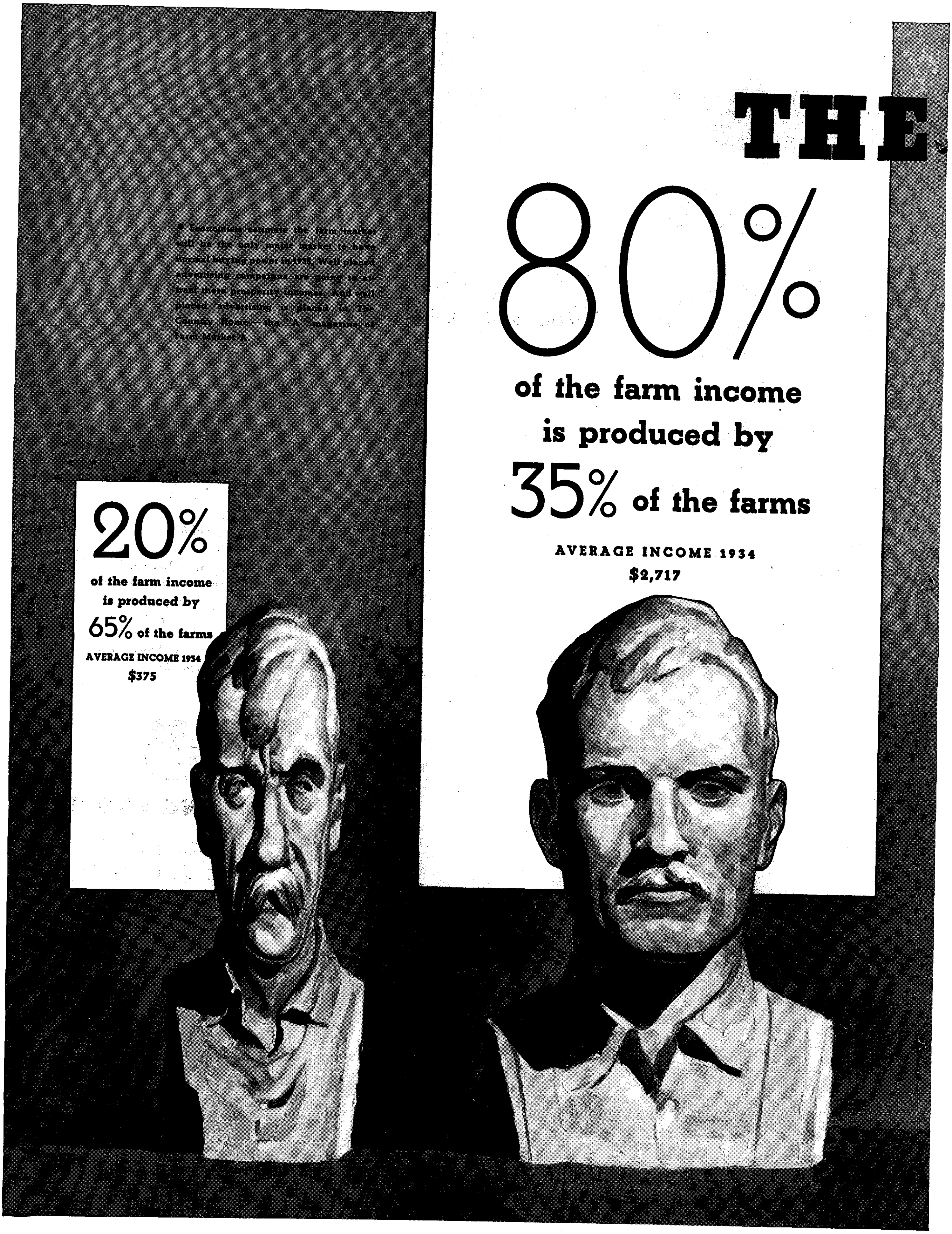

THE

80%

of the farm income
is produced by
35% of the farms

AVERAGE INCOME 1934
$2,717

20%

of the farm income
is produced by
65% of the farms

AVERAGE INCOME 1934
$375

● Economists estimate the farm market will be the only major market to have normal buying power in 1935. Well placed advertising campaigns are going to attract these prosperity incomes. And well placed advertising is placed in The Country Home—the "A" magazine of Farm Market A.

POINT OF VIEW HAS A LOT TO DO WITH FARM MARKET A

.and it's more than fertile fields that make this market four billion dollars richer

THE two farmers on the opposite page are shown that way to give you a more vivid picture of the vast difference between Farm Market A and "other rural markets." Taken as a whole, these "other rural markets" represent 65% of the farms in the United States. But—*note this*—they represent only 20% of the national farm income. It's a thin market, as you can see, geared down in its reading to scissors and paste-pot "rural coverage" magazines. Graded down in its buying power to cheap price-tags. A market of farm folks who toil from sun to sun, with nothing much ahead.

Now consider the second farmer. He typifies Farm Market A. The rich, broad rural market that is made up of only 35% of the country's farms that produce 80% of the national farm income. Why this startling difference in earning power? Is it because most of these farms are mortgage-free and more fertile? Partly. But also because of the greater mental alertness, the broader outlook and keener business acumen of the owners. Farm Market A uses its head as well as its hands. It is a rich market that it will pay you to cultivate. Remember, there are no slums in Farm Market A.

NOT A SECTIONAL · · BUT AN ACROSS-THE-COUNTRY MARKET

Farm Market A is not concentrated in one favored section of the country. It spreads from coast to coast. A national market that can only be completely and economically reached by a national farm magazine that specializes in the interests of higher type readers. The Country Home is proud that 91% of its circulation is in those counties containing the greatest concentration of rich Farm Market A. Reaches it for *less than half the cost per-page-per-thousand-readers* of localized "coverage" publications.

Look at an issue—any issue—of The Country Home and you'll realize that it is not a happenstance that this magazine has attracted a preponderance of top-income farm families to its readership. It is smartly made up. And its editorials, articles and fiction key right in with the ideas, the interests and desires of Farm Market A. With its more than 1,500,000 quality subscribers, The Country Home has changed the point of view of many advertisers on this subject of Farm Markets in America—*and profitably!*

SHORT CROPS LONG PROFITS

LAST YEAR'S short crops boomed the national farm income higher than it's been since the depression set in. More than that, they lopped off surpluses that had been holding prices down for years. With surpluses gone and prices still rising, authorities predict an even higher farm income for this year—many of them estimating it will reach 1922-1929 levels.

That means that the advertiser who reaches the right farm market—rich Farm Market A—*will reap his share of the profits that are being sown in millions of fields today.*

THE

ountry Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

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FLEXO-RHYMES
No. 4

Simple Simon bought an ice box
At the County Fair;
He didn't glance—to see, perchance,
If Rubber Trays were there.

So when he got his ice box home
And tried to mix a drink,
He had to thaw his ice cubes out
In the kitchen sink.

But then, he saw a little ad
About a rubber tray;
He purchased one and now he gets
His cubes the modern way.

A man has to have a pull like a donkey engine to free those old-fashioned metal trays—once they're frozen in the freezing unit of a refrigerator! And when he *does* succeed in yanking them out, he *then* has to melt the cubes out under the kitchen faucet—and take his chances on a thorough drenching! That's why most of the leading makes of refrigerators come equipped with Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids. These trays *can't* stick, and you pop the ice cubes out—one at a time or the whole trayful—right at the refrigerator, instead of fishing them out of the kitchen sink! Insist on having Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids in the refrigerator you buy.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. B-6, Dayton, Ohio.

FLEXIBLE RUBBER
TRAYS & GRIDS
ice cubes instantly • tray to glass

★

All a Gag

Continued from page 22

He hurried to his studio, consulted two writers on his staff and said: "Try a story in which the hero has to climb buildings. People seem to be fascinated by human flies. There's a great chance for laughs and thrills in the idea."

The writers got busy and wrote a tentative script and gave it to Lloyd. He read it, saw a hundred possibilities and went to work on it. He had the skeleton there—he clothed it with gags, and Safety Last turned out to be one of the funniest as well as one of the most thrilling pictures ever made.

Lloyd has the ability, denied to most comedians, of seeing the possibilities of gags. Usually comedians are mere stooges for writers and gagmen. Lloyd and Chaplin are the only two notable exceptions. They are, to a great extent, their own gagmen.

Blackouts and Banana Peels

This business of being a gagman is highly specialized. The best gagmen are to be found in Hollywood.

Suppose, now, you wanted to be a gagman. How would you train for the job? How would you break into the game? This is the way Grant Garrett did it:

Garrett used to sell tickets in a Los Angeles vaudeville house. He'd keep one eye on the tickets and the other on the acts which were appearing. He had an uncanny memory and sometimes when a vaudeville act would leave out a gag which had been a success the year before he'd ask them about it. He'd say, "If you aren't going to use that gag here's one you could put in its place."

Then he'd give the act a gag and if it was good the act would give him five dollars. This looked like easy money to the kid, so he started keeping a little book in which he put down the gags which audiences had laughed at the most.

Then, he now unblushingly confesses, he'd sell those same gags to other acts. There is no copyright law governing line gags—that is, spoken gags.

Finally he became so successful at it that he gave up selling tickets to concentrate upon giving those gags he had in his little book new variations, new twists. In this way he could sell one gag a dozen times. Garrett is strictly a line gagman. Typical of his work is the gag used in a recent Mae West picture.

Mae is very annoyed at a man. She looks at him scathingly and says: "When you were born they should have kept the stork and thrown you away."

Eddie (Blackout) Welch is one of the best known gagmen in Hollywood. He was famous on Broadway for his knack of writing "blackouts." A blackout usually goes something like this:

A husband comes home unexpectedly and accuses his wife of entertaining a man in his absence. "He is hiding here now," the husband storms. "In fact, he's there in that closet."

The husband pulls the closet door open and a policeman comes out. He is followed by a dozen other policemen and then comes a cop mounted on a horse. As he emerges the scene fades into blackness.

Unlike Garrett, Welch specializes in ocular or visual gags.

"Sometimes you think of a great gag and it is years before you can find a spot for it," Welch says. "Ed Wynn is a fine gagman. He had a gag which he didn't use for five years because he couldn't find the right place for it. Then he appeared in a show called Manhattan Mary and he used it. He is a waiter in the sketch. A customer comes into the restaurant and says, 'I am so hungry I could eat a horse.'

"Wynn goes offstage and then comes on again solemnly leading a big, white horse. 'Do you want ketchup or mustard?' he says.

"That gag raised a shriek every night," Welch went on. "It was the perfect combination of ocular and line gag. Actually all gags are variations of four standard gags. First, there is the banana-peel gag. Throw a banana peel on the street and show a fat man walking toward it and your audience will begin to laugh even before he slips. The poor fellow might break his neck, but what of it? Comedy and drama are very closely aligned.

"Second, there is the mistaken identity gag. A man says, 'I'm looking for a man in a brown derby who just threw a brick at me. Did you see him?' Someone says, 'Yes, he just went around the corner,' and the victim runs around the corner and hits the first man he sees wearing a brown derby. The laugh comes when the victim turns out to be an innocent bystander. Not very subtle but audiences still laugh at it and its many variations.

"Third, there is the false bravado gag. A little fellow shouts out bravely, 'I feel like hitting a policeman. Where can I find a policeman?' He turns and there in back of him is a huge policeman.

"Fourth, we have the good old reliable hokum—the throwing of a custard pie. Hokum is still good but not as good as it was once."

Gagmen tell you that the lowest form of a gag is the circus gag. To enjoy a circus all you need is a pair of eyes. Circuses were originally designed for children and the falling of the clowns and their grotesque appearance formed a laugh-provoking combination which involved no mental strain.

The pictures conformed to that formula in the beginning, but gradually audiences grew to expect more. The gag, either line or ocular, had to be related to the story.

Bobby Vernon was one of the first gagmen. You'll remember the hilarious two-reel comedies he made for Educational Pictures years ago. In those days Vernon wrote, directed and acted in the comedies.

Calling a Tall Man "Shorty"

"We sort of made up gags as we went along in those days," Vernon says now. "The gag has grown up since then, though some of those old ones are still good. There's one gag I've used a hundred times and I expect I'll use it a hundred times more. It's the situation where a young married couple get a letter from the bride's rich uncle saying that he is on his way for a visit to see their child and he is going to leave all of his money to the child. The bride yells, 'Uncle's coming! We've gotta get a baby.' That line always brought a howl in the old days and it still does. The catch, of course, is that the couple have no children. For some reason or other the idea of borrowing a baby has always been funny."

Vernon is an ocular gag specialist. "One funny bit of business is worth three line gags," he believes. Vernon is more than a gagman. He stands by while a director shoots a picture and when there is a loophole in the script—there never was a script without holes in it—he suggests a bit of business that covers the situation.

Harry Ruskin is one of Hollywood's better known gagmen. He writes pictures, doctors scripts and puts "business" and line gags into others.

"There's really only one good gag," Ruskin says. "That is calling a tall man 'Shorty.' It has a thousand variations. Now consider W. C. Fields. He has the greatest pair of hands in the world. They are uncanny in their deftness. He gets laughs by appearing awkward with his hands. You always think he is going to drop something. That's the old gag again of calling the tall man 'Shorty.'

"Remember the first entrance Fields made in Six of a Kind? He came on and took a pint of whisky which he drank down without making a face. Then he took a glass of water and had a horrible time drinking it. He gagged and coughed and choked. In other words, he made a whisky face while drinking a glass of water—and vice versa. Again calling the tall man 'Shorty.'

Where Gags Are Born

"There was, of course, only one great gagman," Ruskin went on. "That was Wilson Mizner. The rest of us are, at best, imitations. He could ad lib more gags at one luncheon than any other gagman could create in a lifetime. I could give you a hundred Mizner gags. Remember this one? It was an Edward Robinson picture in which Robinson is a reformed gangster who has become a polo-playing society man. He and a pal are having dinner in a swell place and they are given a menu which is printed in French. Robinson starts reading off the French.

"His pal, startled, says, 'Say, where did you ever learn to speak French?'

"Robinson gives him a withering look. 'I once owned ten per cent of a French dame,' he says. I saw that picture several times and that line never failed to get a howl from the audience. Oh, but Mizner was a master."

Having lunch with a group of gagmen is quite an ordeal. No one says anything. Each is afraid that he might say something funny that the others will steal, for let it be known that there is no code of honor binding gagmen. They steal cheerfully from one another and this is not even considered unethical.

"Where is Al?" someone said. "Isn't he coming to lunch?"

"Al hasn't worked in three weeks," another chimed in.

"What happened? Did someone steal his copy of College Humor?" a third asked bitterly.

One of them leaned forward, rested his elbow on the table and his chin on his hand.

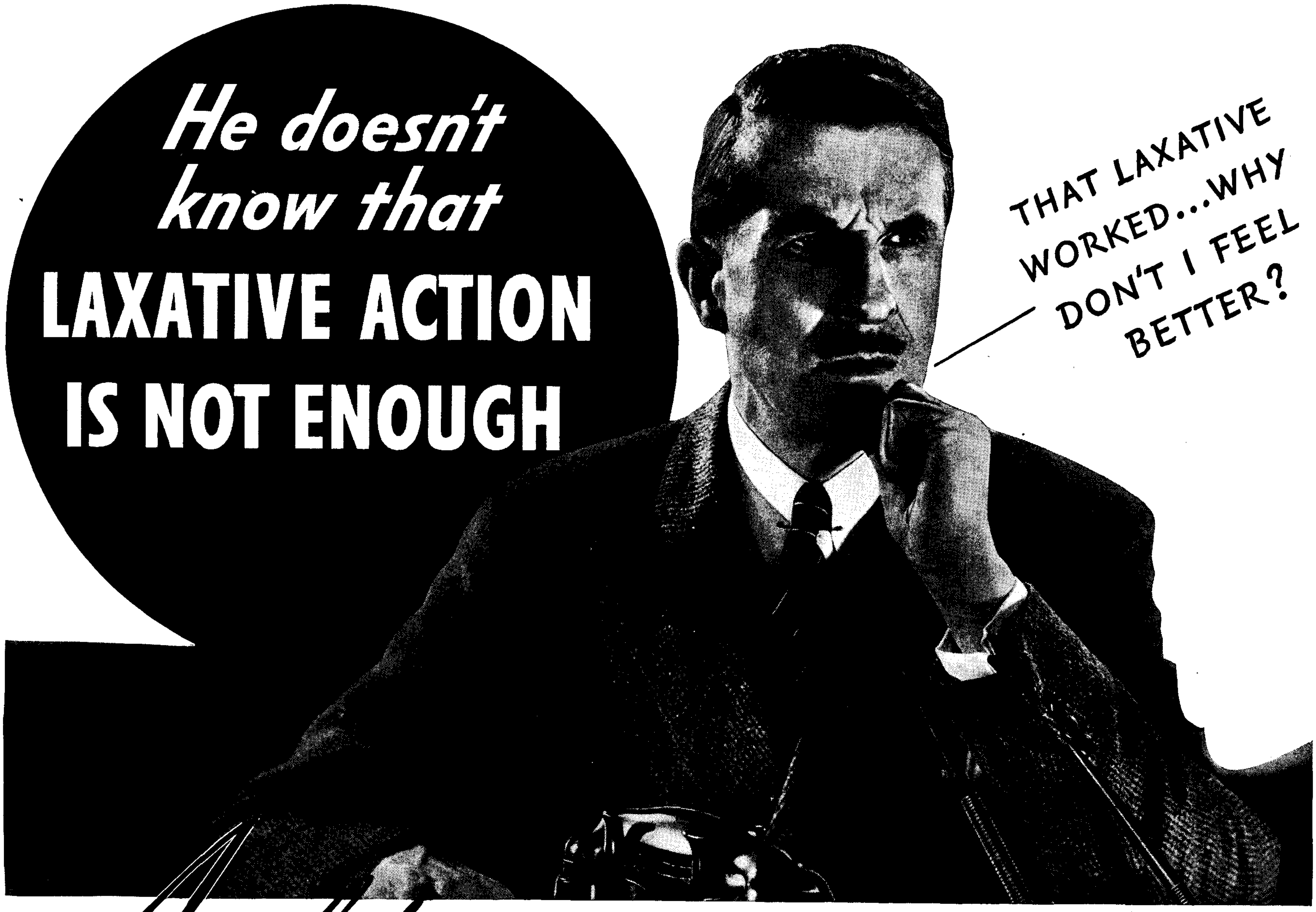
"He looks like The Thinker," a gloomy voice said.

"I wonder what that Thinker was thinking of?" someone asked.

Eddie Welch said, "He was probably trying to think where he left his clothes." Five faces brightened up. Five pencils came out of five pockets and five gagmen jotted down five notes.

You'll hear that gag on the radio. You'll see it in pictures and you can't miss hearing it in a musical show or two. It isn't especially funny on paper, but let an Ed Wynn, a Walter O'Keefe, a Groucho Marx or a Jimmy Durante say it and you'll howl. Gags are born at luncheon tables, at card games, on street cars, in pool rooms—everywhere. All a gagman needs is a good memory and an active mind. The gagmen of Hollywood have both.

He doesn't know that
LAXATIVE ACTION IS NOT ENOUGH


THAT LAXATIVE WORKED...WHY DON'T I FEEL BETTER?

Acidity **ACCOMPANIES CONSTIPATION**
... IT ALSO MUST BE *corrected!*

... How Sal Hepatica, unlike ordinary laxatives, does both—cleanses the intestinal tract, and corrects acid condition.

WHY is it that although a good laxative relieves constipation it so often fails to make you *feel* better? Why does it frequently fail to relieve the headaches... the listlessness... the stomach upsets and the many other disagreeable effects of constipation?

Why? Simply because ordinary laxatives are designed *only* to cleanse the system. They are not designed to correct the systemic acid condition that accompanies constipation and aggravates the resulting troubles.

But Sal Hepatica, unlike the usual laxative, does BOTH—gives prompt laxative action *and* counteracts your acid condition.

Sal Hepatica
[ORIGINAL]
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
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LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

All you do is take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Thoroughly, ye' gently, wastes and poisons are flushed away. your system cleansed in an easy, natural manr

And, at the same time, the alkaline reac of this mineral salt laxative begins to c your acidity ... to build up your alkal serve to normal. And then ... how muc you feel — clear-headed, energetic, mc

Why not get a bottle of Sal Hepati Take it at the first sign of consti see for yourself what an amazir when you correct your acidity as your system of clogging wastes!

★ ★ ★

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "TOV One full hour of music, d Wednesday nights, NBC C

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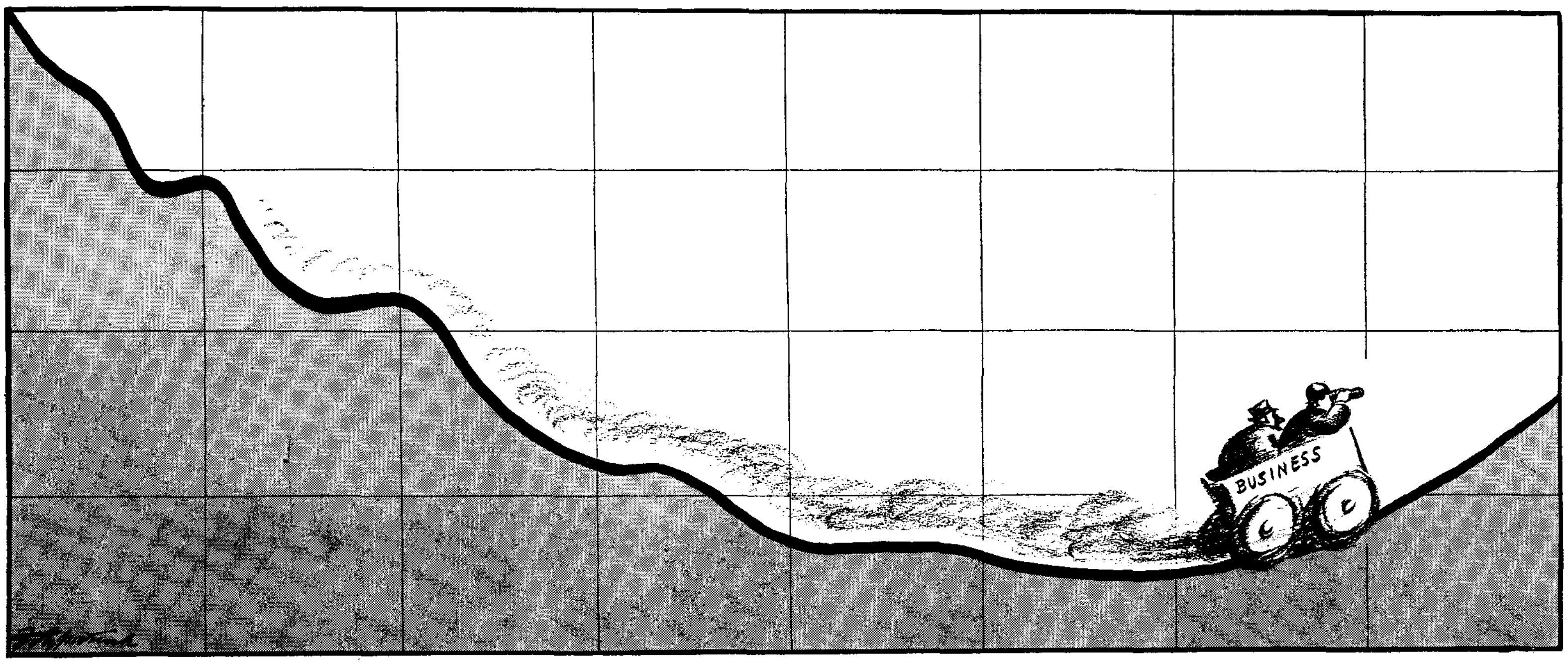


Business Prospects Brighten

THROUGHOUT most of the United States business has been better during the past few months than at any similar period within several years. Today prospects are encouraging. The outlook is good for those who have enterprise, initiative and a clear vision.

The reasons for anticipating continuing recovery are tangible and solid. Most important is the fact that we are in the upward phase of the business cycle. Mystery still surrounds the causes and the operation of the business cycle, but of the upward and downward movements of world business there is no doubt. We can measure the direction and the speed of the tides of business even though we do not understand fully the forces which impel the currents.

Not only in the United States but in many other countries the tide of business recovery is running strong. Canada, Great Britain, much of Europe, many South American countries and Japan are feeling its energizing effects. The general world situation is apparently right for recovery.

So far as we alone are concerned, the stage is set for rapidly accelerating recovery. First of all, capital to finance production is abundant and cheap. The strike of capital, due to fear of an uncertain future, is over. After many years of inactivity the investment market is once more busy.

The discreet administration of the securities acts has done much to give courage to investors. Government supervision of the ssuance of securities and governmental egulation of the exchanges made many re- ctant to assume risks. The period of ti- idity has passed.

Not only the government itself but many porations are recalling bonds which pay her interest rates and issuing new securi- at lower rates. Capital is searching for table opportunities. This abundance of y waiting for investment is one of the ful underlying forces now making for ued recovery.

Another effective force is the realization on the part of the business community that the New Deal is not a general attack on the system of profitable private business. The President has sought to make his own position in this matter perfectly clear. He has said again and again that private business must be relied upon to provide employment.

The drive of the New Deal has been against excessive speculation. Nobody denies that the security speculation of the years which ended in 1929 was an unmitigated evil which ought never to be repeated. The principal purpose of the restrictive New Deal statutes has been to prevent another such orgy of public gambling.

Surgery, whether on the human body or in the field of business, produces shock, and time is required for convalescence and recovery. So far as the securities markets are concerned, convalescence has been accomplished and we are in the midst of recovery.

Present fear centers chiefly in some of the provisions of the banking and holding-company measures. The complete governmental control over the Reserve Board advocated by Governor Eccles is more significant for the problems of the distant than the immediate future. There is no acute present issue to be decided by the degree of governmental control over the Reserve Board. The more contentious provisions of both the banking and the holding-company measures, moreover, will doubtless be eliminated before these proposals become law.

The radical opposition to the Administration is much too weak and diffuse to offer any real menace to recovery. It is exceedingly fortunate that Senator Long and his Populists are hostile to the Administration and not supporters of it. No concessions have to be made to Senator Long in order to conciliate him and his followers.

There is, accordingly, no real danger to continuing recovery in the domestic political situation.

The active economic forces are all making for recovery. During thin years needs and desires have not been satisfied. Even those with money to spend deferred buying. Consumer demand is now breaking the dam of apathy. This explains the prosperity of the motor industry and the high tide of retail sales.

The increase in the public debt is no menace for the simple reason that national wealth has increased more rapidly than the debt. We increased the public debt but we created new assets.

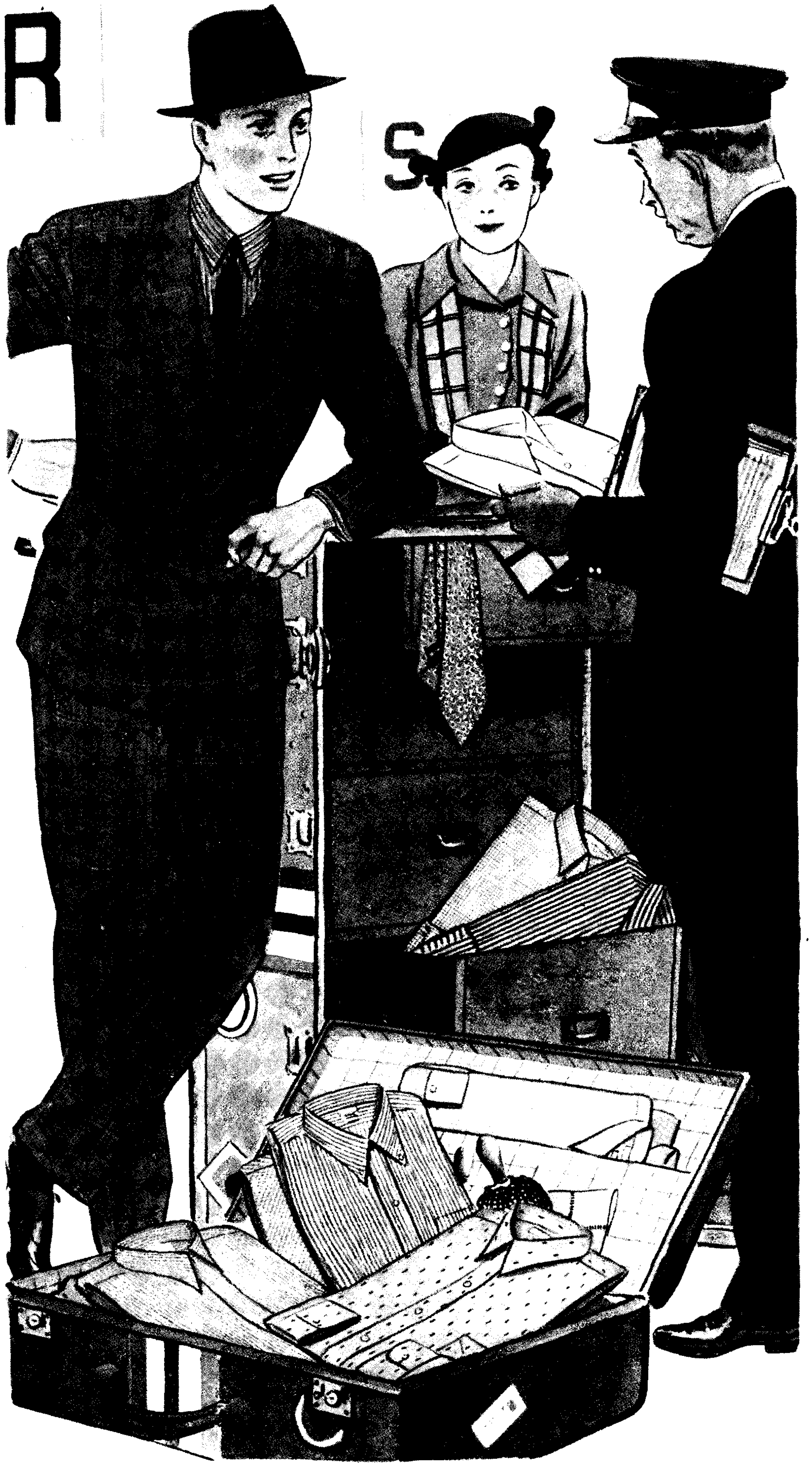
In normal times corporations did the borrowing for construction and expanding industry and our total debts, private and public, increased much more rapidly than in recent years. Between 1922 and 1929 we paid off $4,000,000,000 of federal long-term obligations. Within those same seven years we increased our private debts to the extent of $55,000,000,000. All debts, private and public, have to be paid out of production. Since 1932 the national government, rather than private industry, was the borrower, but the government's much-discussed debt is trivial in comparison with the obligations lightly assumed by private corporations during the speculative years.

The only real danger to continued recovery lies in the exaggerations of a nationalistic policy.

If, in response to petitions of particular groups asking favors, Congress takes action limiting the markets for American farmers and manufacturers, it will be possible to slow down the recovery movement. This impulse will not come from Congress or from the Administration.

If we cut off our opportunities to sell goods abroad and to collect our debts, the action will be taken because the government yielded to the pressure of those asking special trade favors. We, however, are under no necessity to subordinate the public interest to the demands of isolated groups. Without such interference business recovery undoubtedly will continue.

"You're darn right I bought them in America!"



IT used to be Bond Street, London...

Bond Street, Olympus of style, birthplace of all that was best, and smartest, and newest in shirts.

Today, Bond Street must bow to America. To-day, ARROW is the most significant label that can be sewn in a shirt. From the standpoint of style, tailoring, pattern and color that label expresses more than any other shirt symbol.

To uphold and enhance that reputation, Arrow presents for summer a colorful array of shirt innovations that will warm the cockles of any well-dressed man's heart.

Original ideas in patterns, especially in stripes, checks and figures. New collar styles designed to round out the most complete collar collection in the history of shirts.

These and a gathering of other shirt surprises—including the new *form-fit* Mitoga—await you at your Arrow dealer. Visit him.

And when you buy an Arrow Shirt rest assured that its perfect fit will not desert you—the collar will never lose its good looks and correct size—the sleeves will never go astray—because every Arrow Shirt is Sanforized-Shrunk . . . *guaranteed for permanent fit.*
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Arrow Trump **$1.95**, Arrow Par (form-fit version of Trump) **$2**, Arrow Gordon, in white, **$2**, Other Arrow Shirts, **$2.15**, **$2.50**, **$3.50** and **$5**.

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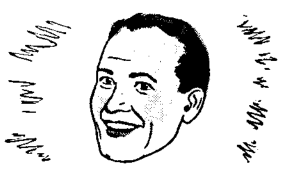
ARROW COLLAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

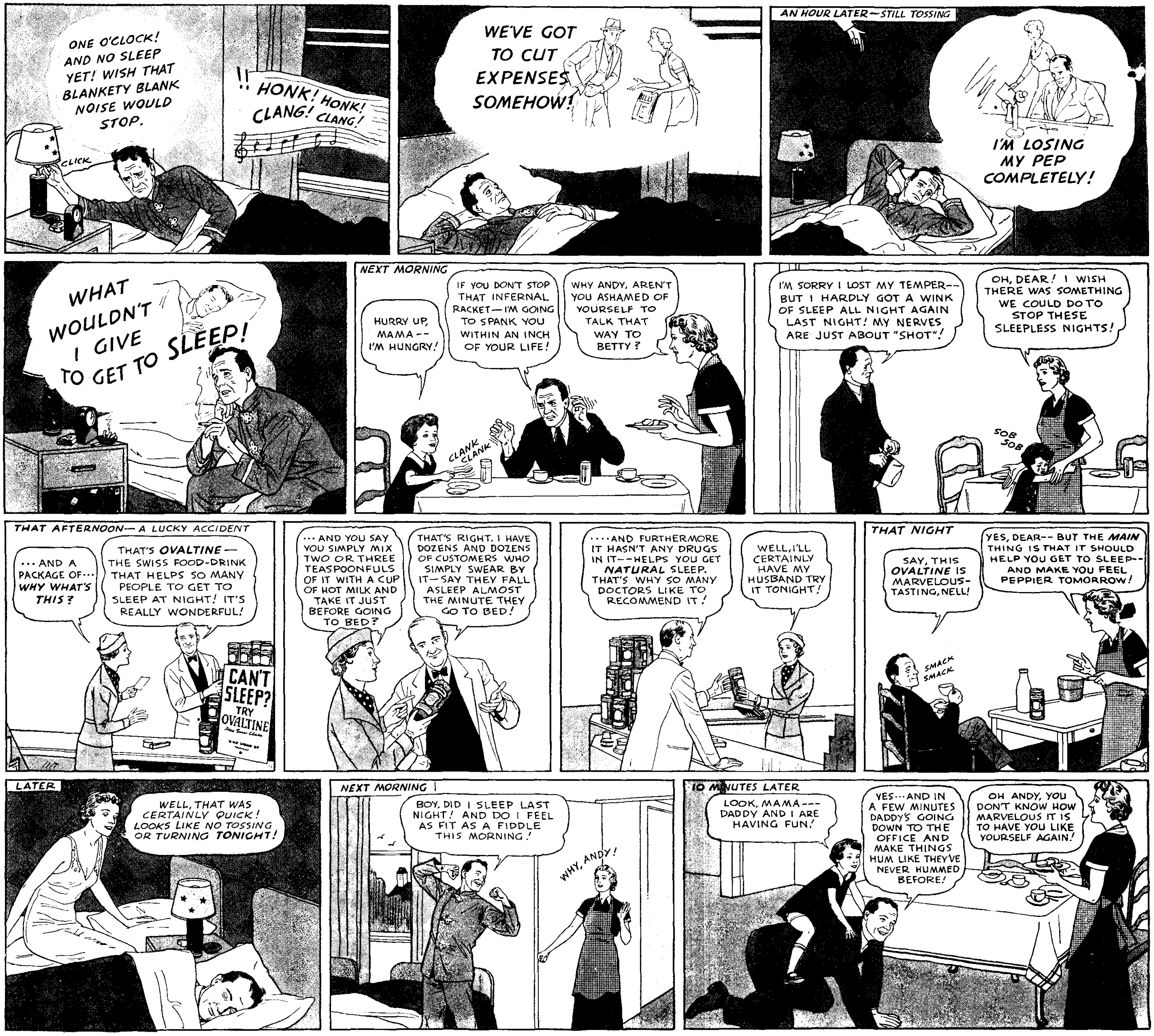
ARROW
SHIRTS

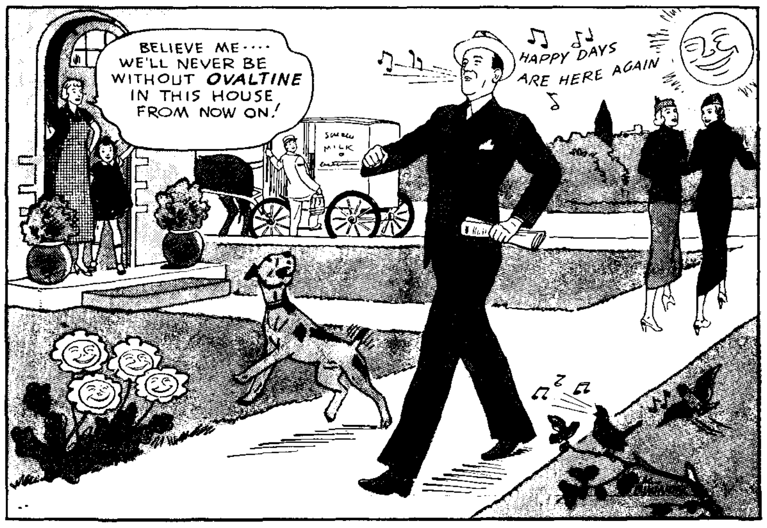
Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks

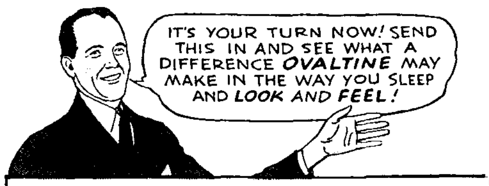
ANDY ADVERSE



AND HOW HE GOT A "NEW LEASE ON LIFE!"


ONE O'CLOCK! AND NO SLEEP YET! WISH THAT BLANKETY BLANK NOISE WOULD STOP.
CLICK
HONK! HONK! CLANG! CLANG!
WE'VE GOT TO CUT EXPENSES SOMEHOW!
AN HOUR LATER—STILL TOSSING
I'M LOSING MY PEP COMPLETELY!
WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO GET TO SLEEP!
NEXT MORNING
HURRY UP, MAMA-- I'M HUNGRY!
IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT INFERNAL RACKET—I'M GOING TO SPANK YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!
WHY ANDY, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF TO TALK THAT WAY TO BETTY?
CLANK CLANK
I'M SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER-- BUT I HARDLY GOT A WINK OF SLEEP ALL NIGHT AGAIN LAST NIGHT! MY NERVES ARE JUST ABOUT "SHOT"!
OH, DEAR! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO TO STOP THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS!
SOB SOB
THAT AFTERNOON—A LUCKY ACCIDENT
··· AND A PACKAGE OF··· WHY WHAT'S THIS?
THAT'S OVALTINE— THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK THAT HELPS SO MANY PEOPLE TO GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT! IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL!
CAN'T SLEEP? TRY OVALTINE
··· AND YOU SAY YOU SIMPLY MIX TWO OR THREE TEASPOONFULS OF IT WITH A CUP OF HOT MILK AND TAKE IT JUST BEFORE GOING TO BED?
THAT'S RIGHT. I HAVE DOZENS AND DOZENS OF CUSTOMERS WHO SIMPLY SWEAR BY IT—SAY THEY FALL ASLEEP ALMOST THE MINUTE THEY GO TO BED!
····AND FURTHERMORE IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT--HELPS YOU GET NATURAL SLEEP. THAT'S WHY SO MANY DOCTORS LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT!
WELL, I'LL CERTAINLY HAVE MY HUSBAND TRY IT TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT
SAY, THIS OVALTINE IS MARVELOUS-TASTING, NELL!
YES, DEAR-- BUT THE MAIN THING IS THAT IT SHOULD HELP YOU GET TO SLEEP-- AND MAKE YOU FEEL PEPPIER TOMORROW!
SMACK SMACK
LATER
WELL, THAT WAS CERTAINLY QUICK! LOOKS LIKE NO TOSSING OR TURNING TONIGHT!
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! AND DO I FEEL AS FIT AS A FIDDLE THIS MORNING!
WHY, ANDY!
10 MINUTES LATER
LOOK, MAMA--- DADDY AND I ARE HAVING FUN!
YES···AND IN A FEW MINUTES DADDY'S GOING DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND MAKE THINGS HUM LIKE THEY'VE NEVER HUMMED BEFORE!
OH ANDY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MARVELOUS IT IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE YOURSELF AGAIN!


BELIEVE ME···· WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE FROM NOW ON!
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN


IT'S YOUR TURN NOW! SEND THIS IN AND SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE OVALTINE MAY MAKE IN THE WAY YOU SLEEP AND LOOK AND FEEL!

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—a scientific food creation that helps promote sound sleep quickly when taken with hot milk just before going to bed. Thousands of delighted users report that it has brought them new strength and energy, as well as steadier nerves next day.

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